SEX ✦ SPORTS ✦ BEER ✦ GADGETS ✦ CLOTHES ✦ NESS

MAXIM

FOR MEN

JUNE 200

ANGELINA JOLIE PHOTO EXCLUSIVE
Girl, uninhibited p.114

SEX WITH 300 GIRLS
Read our survey. Get some rest. You'll need it p.102

'TRUMP! FETCH MY SLIPPERS!'
Moneymaking secrets from the filthy rich

TOPLESS MODELS
Nine great new convertibles road-tested

FORE PLAY!
America's wildest golf weekends

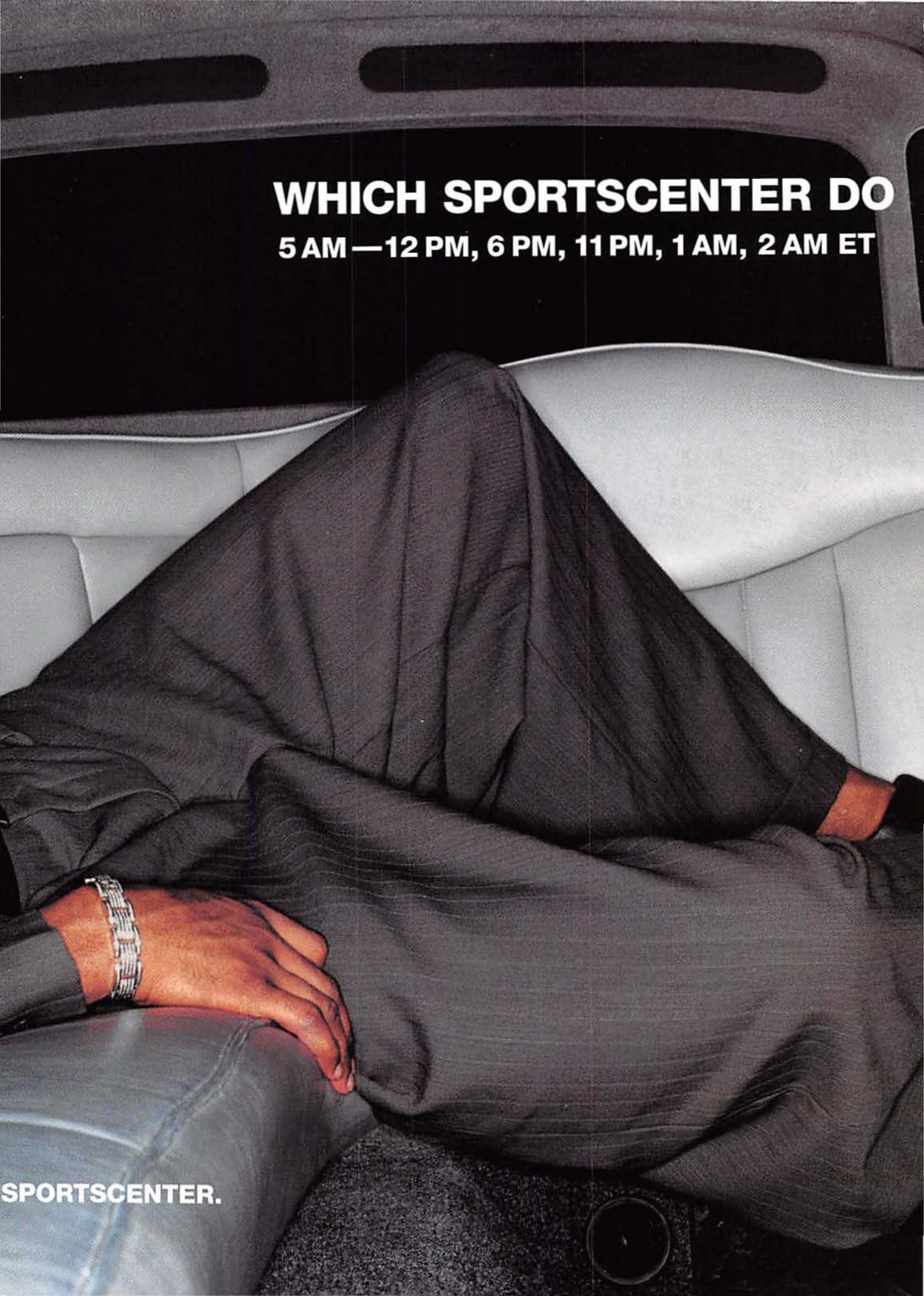
PLUS!
Dave Grohl, extreme climbers, old weapons & what lions taste like

Magazine may be used as a flotation device

GROVEL BEFORE TH[redacted] GIRLS

• SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR • KATIE HOLMES
• ALYSSA MILANO and... KATHERINE HEIGL!

PULL HERE! For more girls of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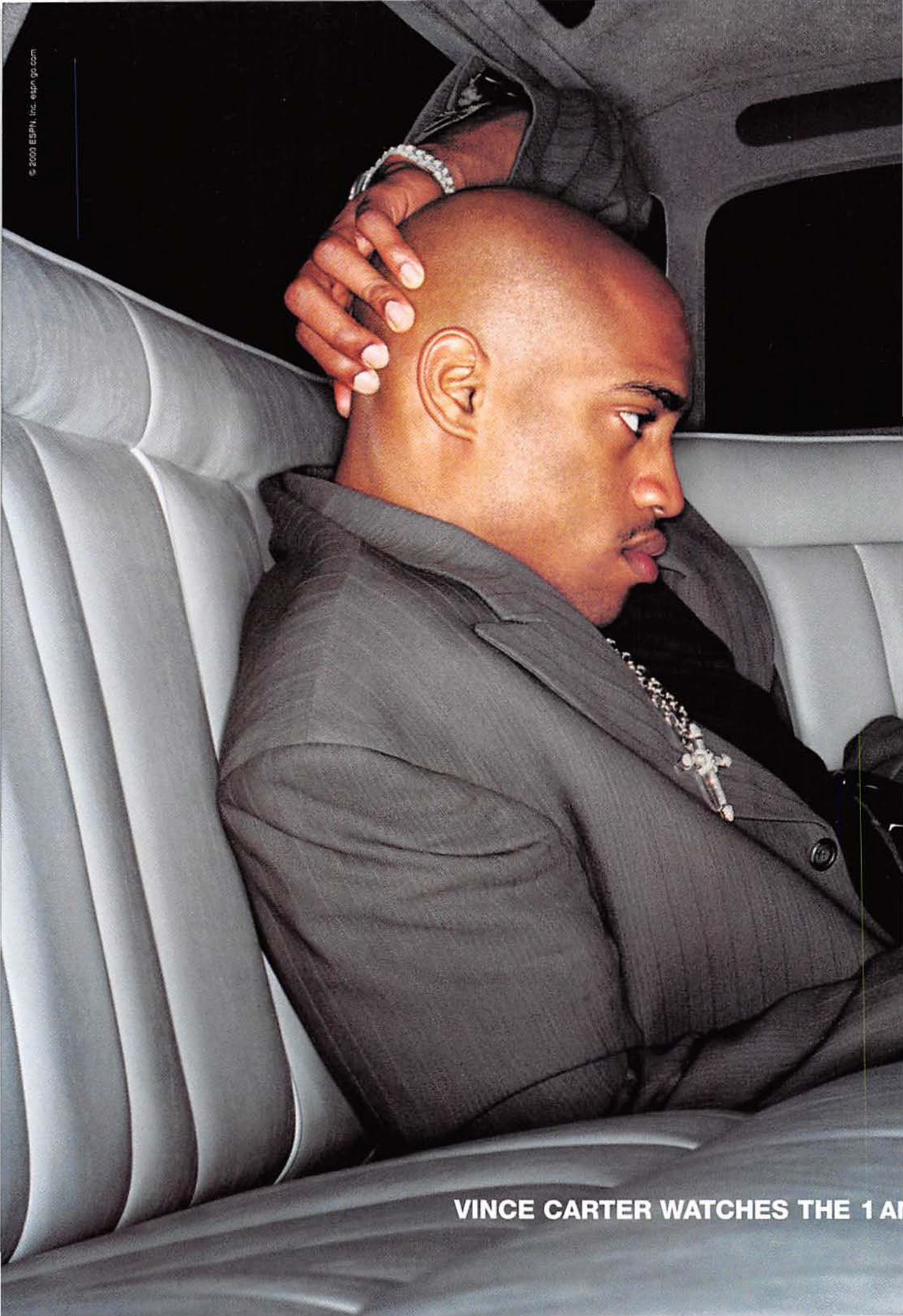
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VINCE CARTER WATCHES THE 1 A

CHOCOLATE ✦ KITTENS ✦ SHOPPING ✦ DIETS ✦ DRAPES

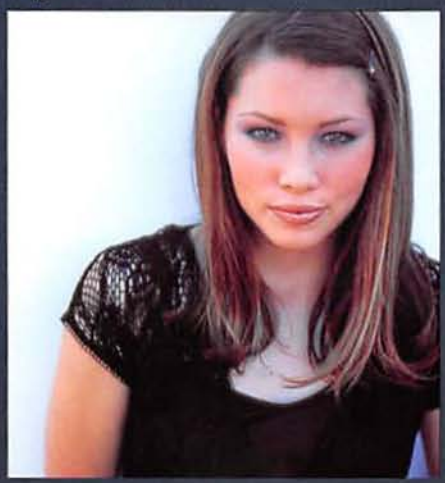
Amy Smart

Charisma Carpenter

Alyssa Milano

Sarah Michelle Gellar

Jaime Pressly



Jessica Biel

MEET THE PRIME-TIME DREAM TEAM

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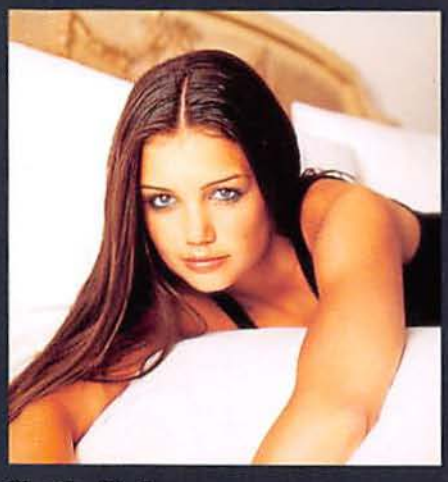
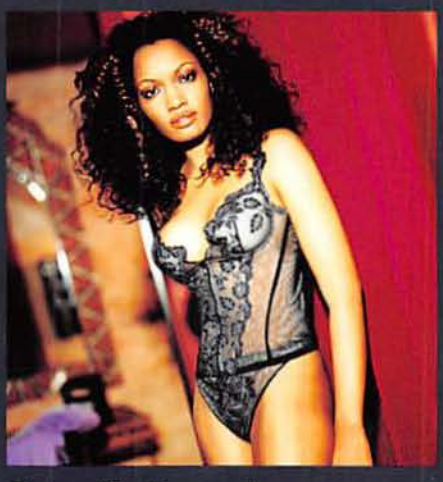
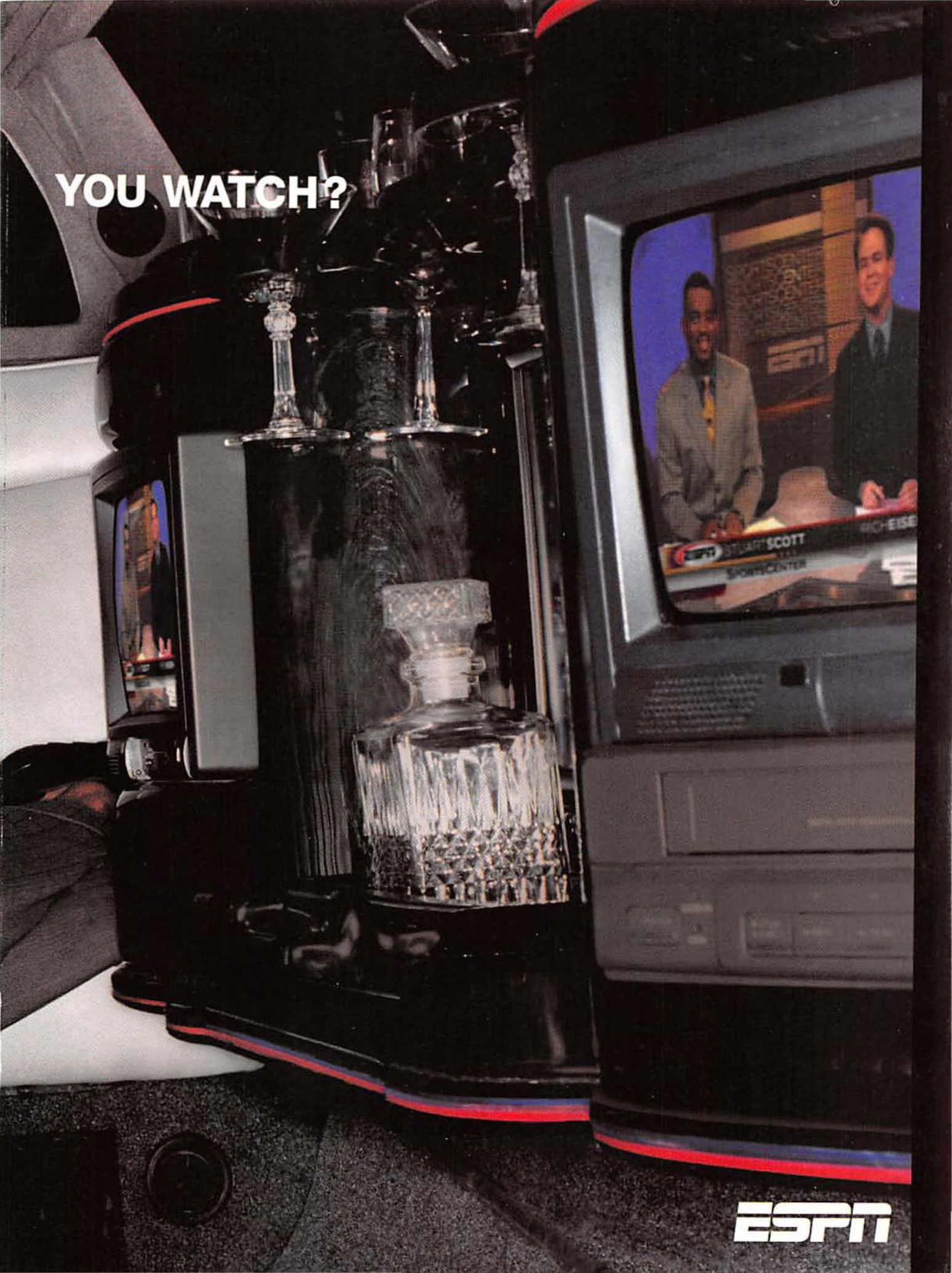


Katie Holmes



Garcelle Bouvais

Leslie Bibb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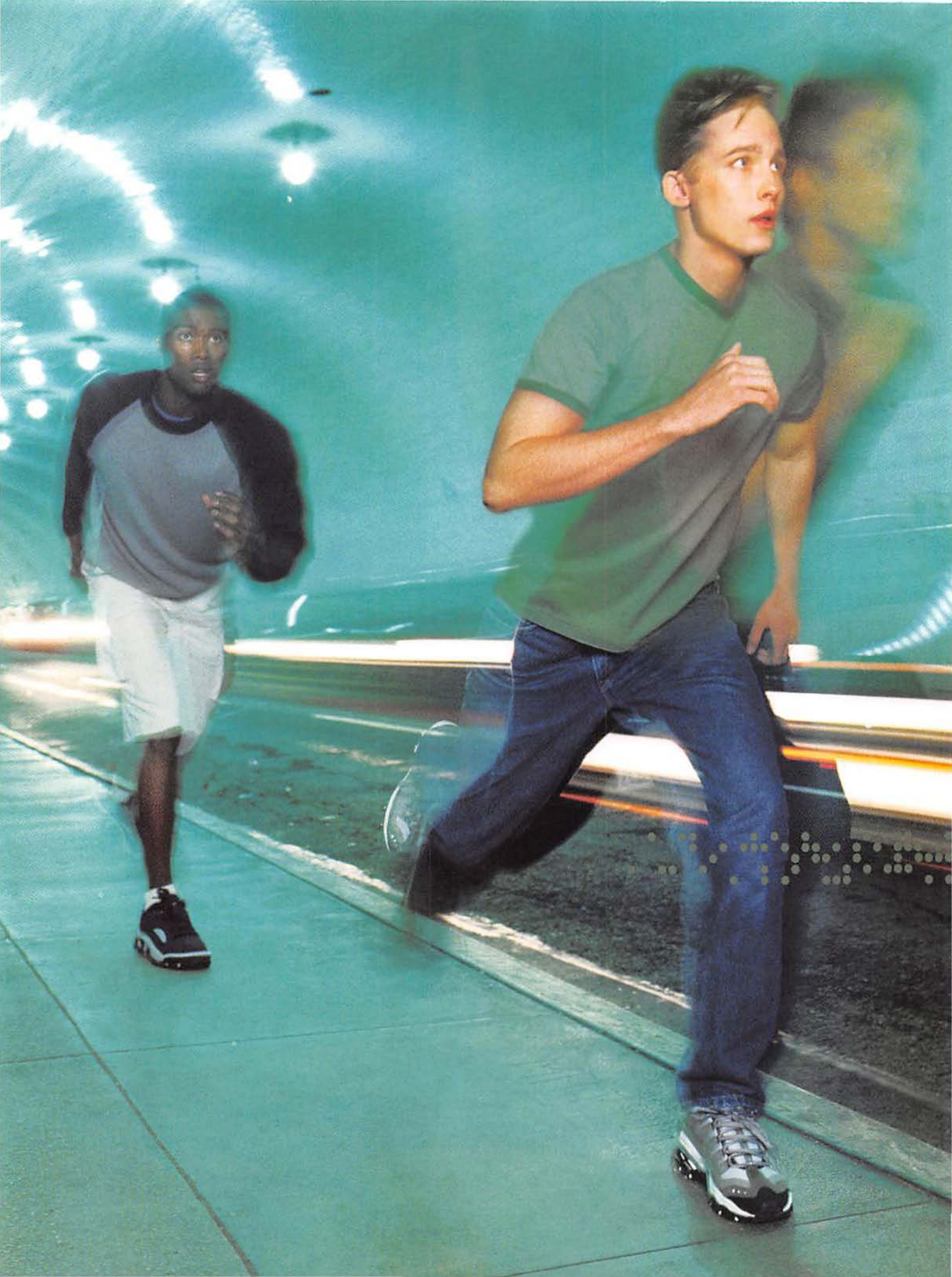

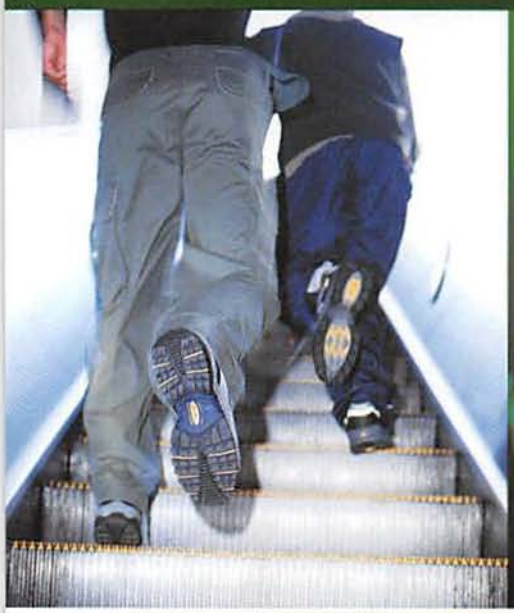

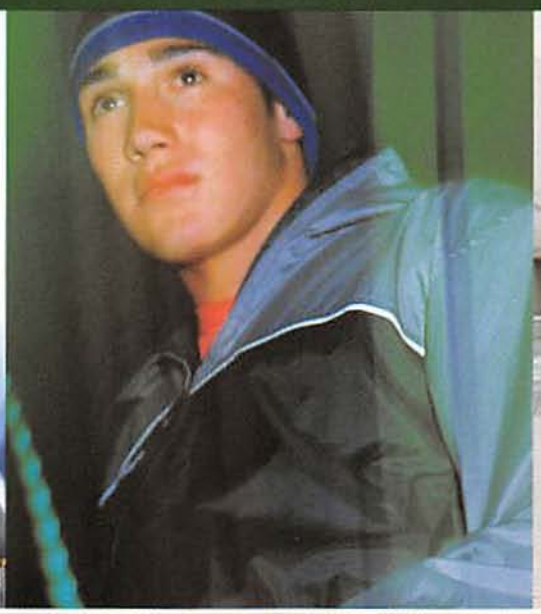

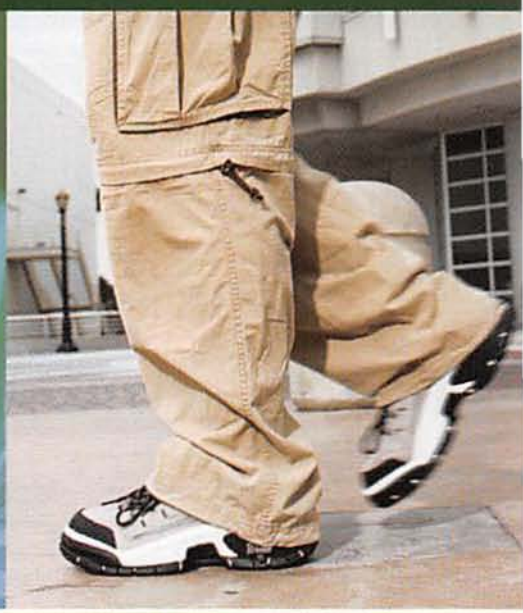

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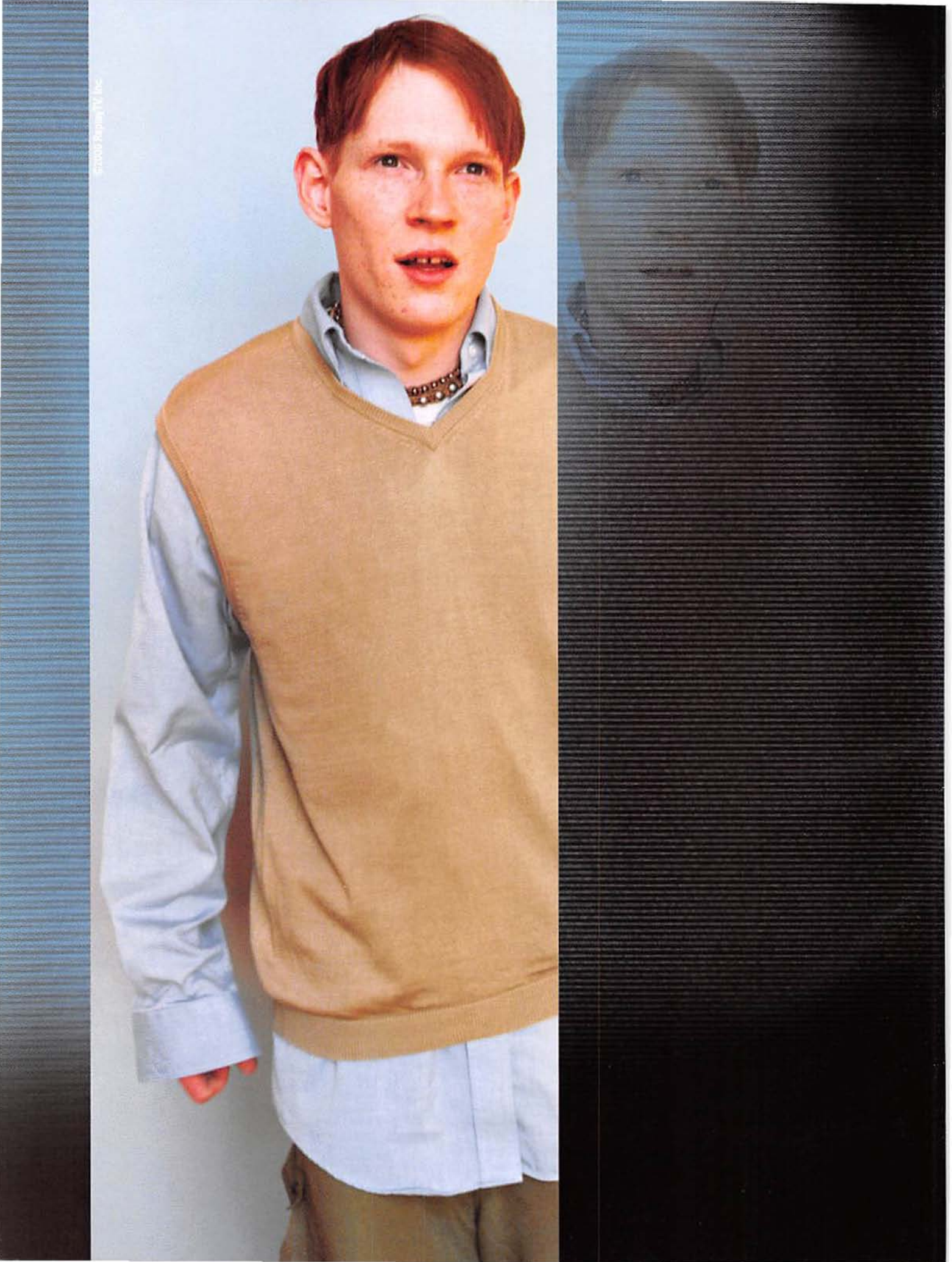

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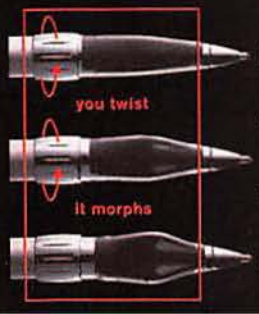

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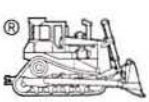

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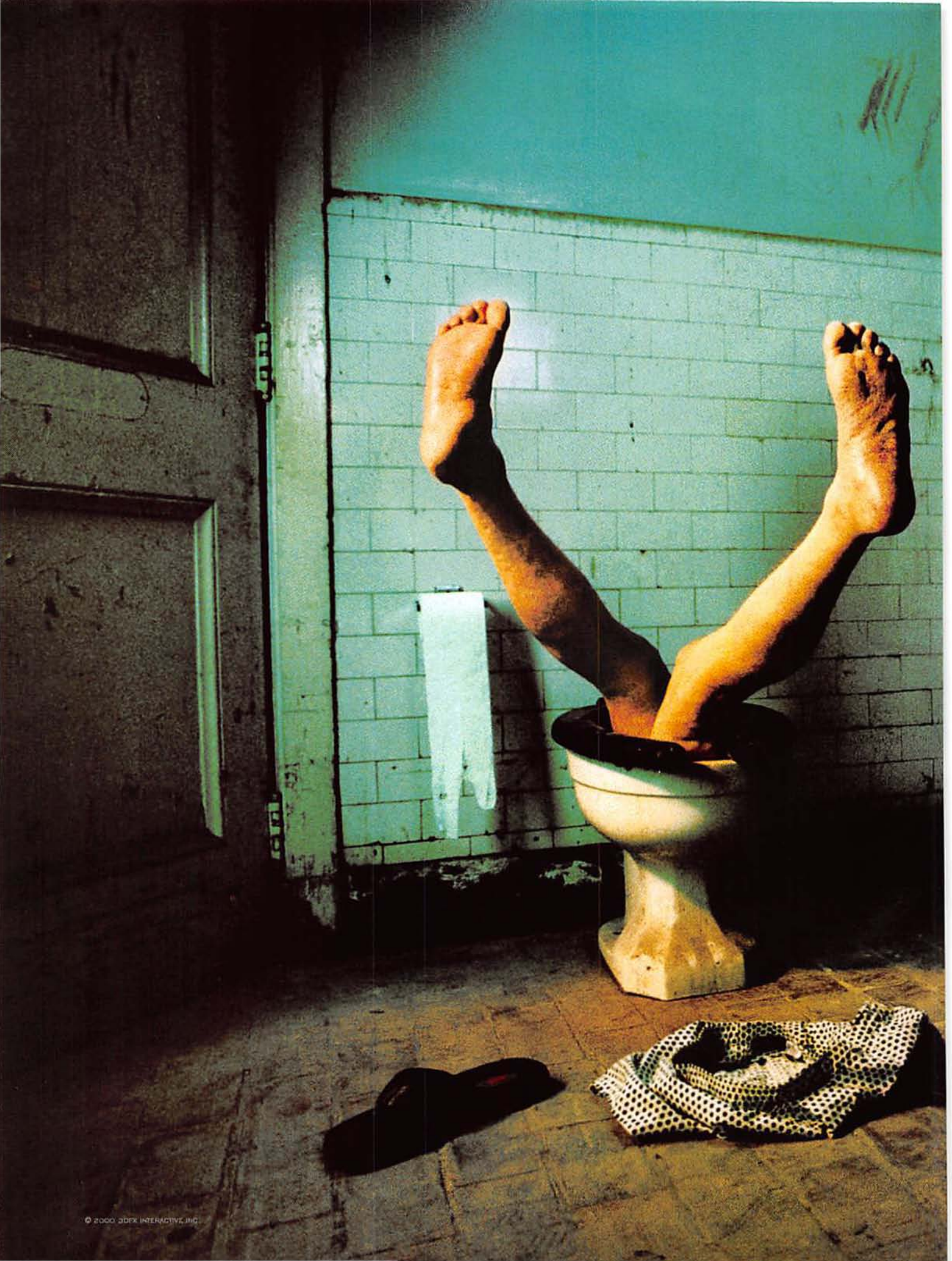
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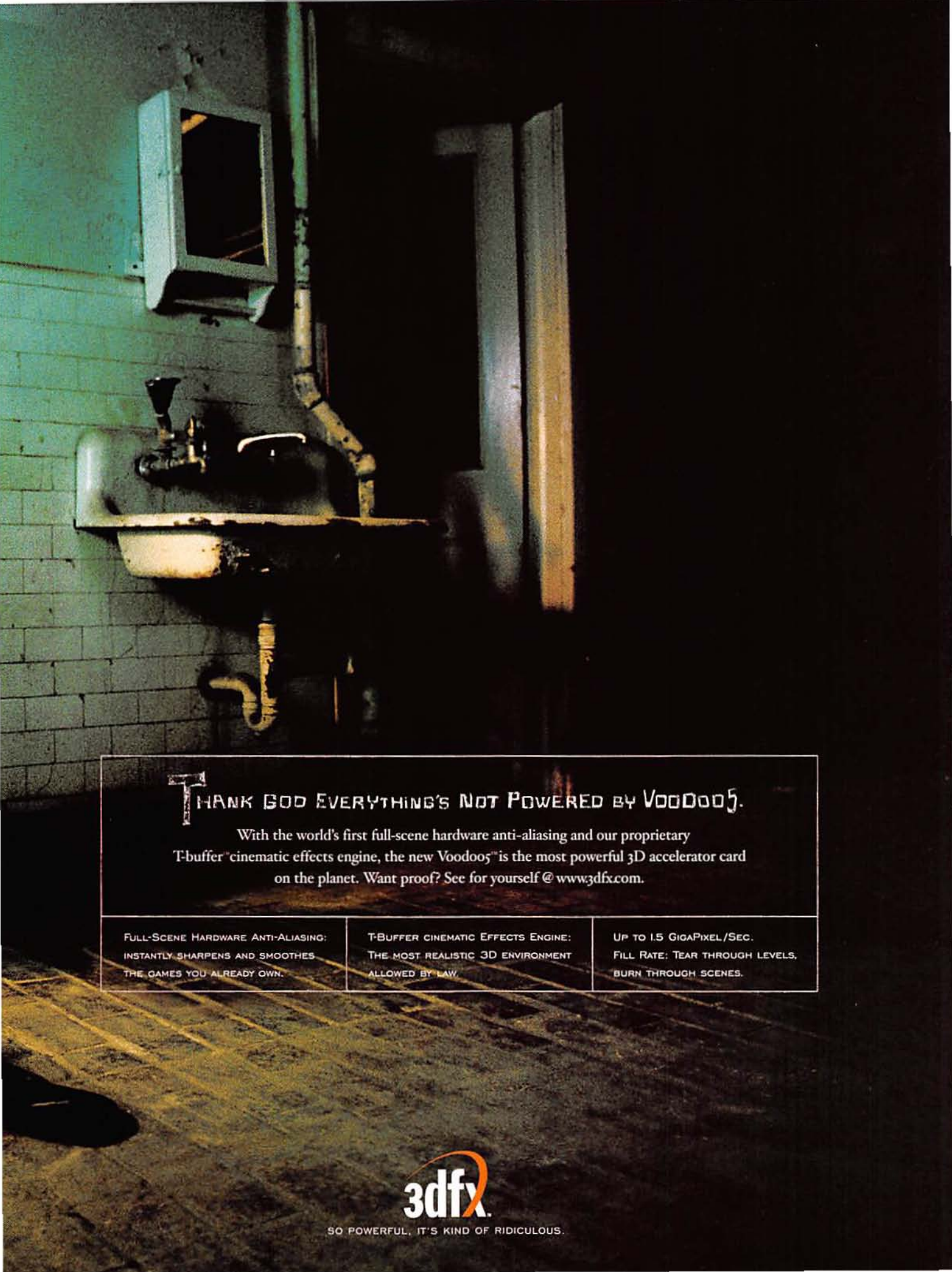
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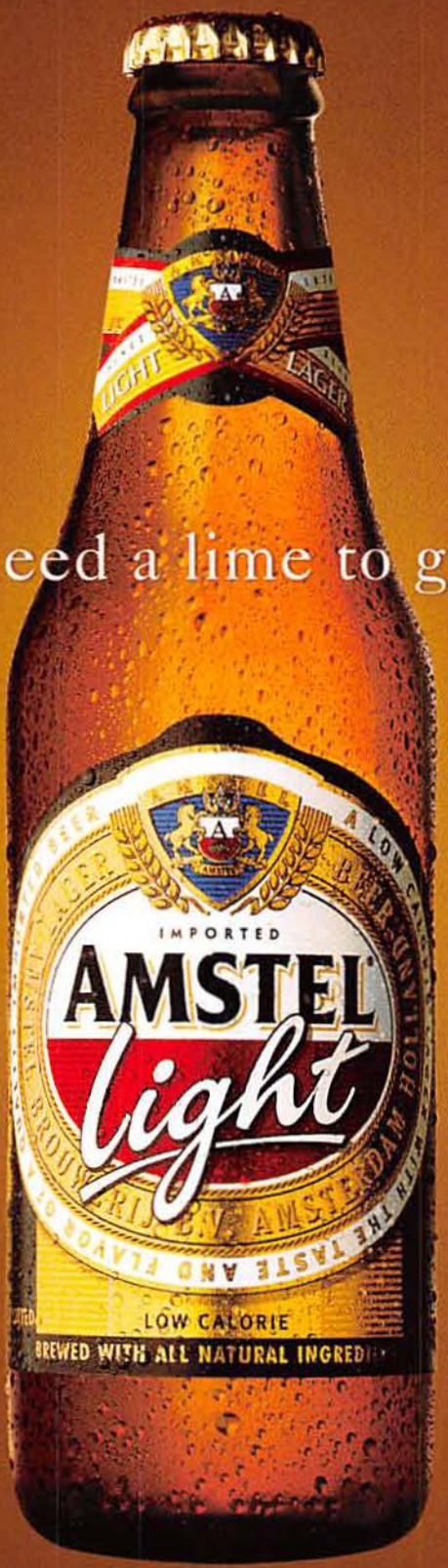

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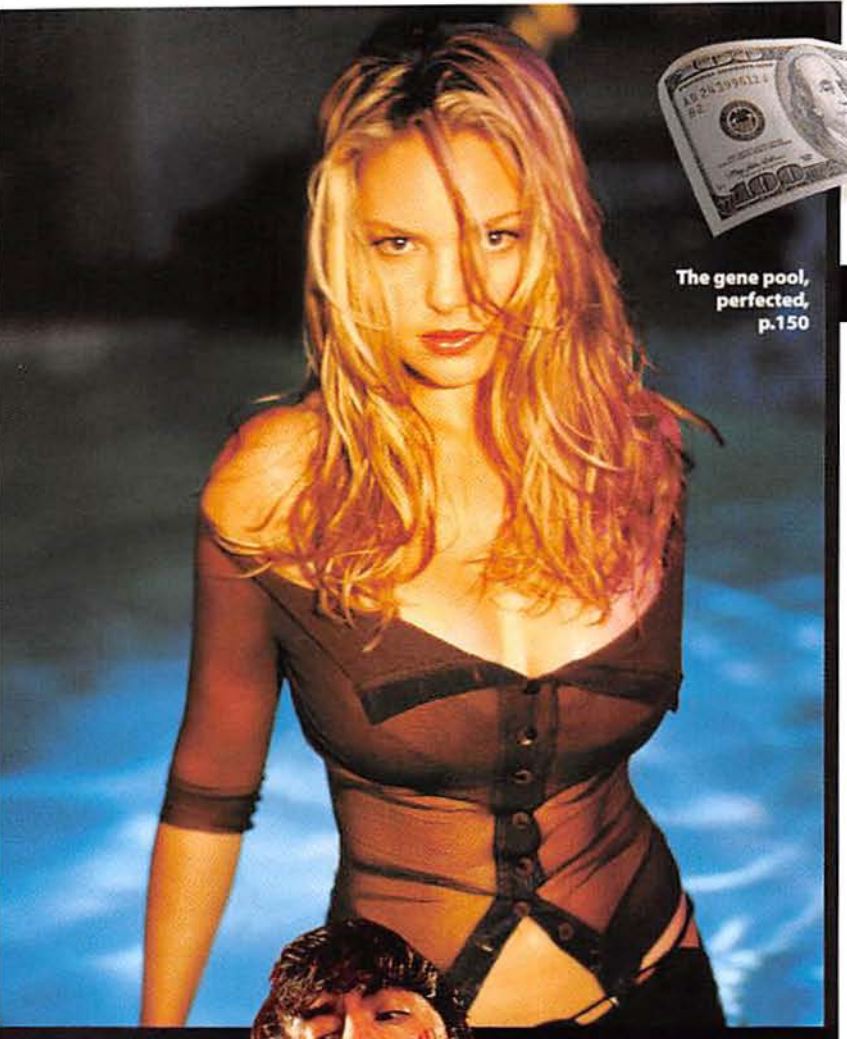
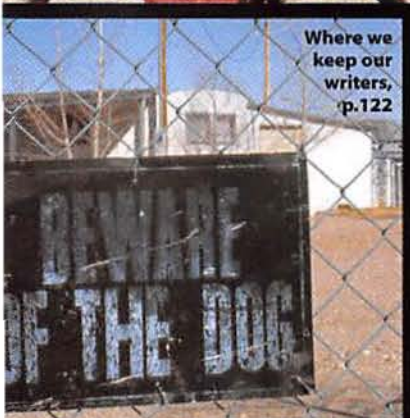
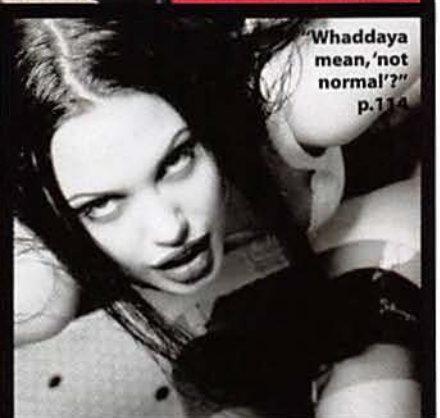


The gene pool, perfected, p.150

Okay! We won't mention Courtney again! p.82



Where we keep our writers, p.122



"Whaddaya mean, 'not normal'?" p.114

It's about the Benjamins, p.90

JUNE 2000

MAXIM

FEATURES

WE WANT ANSWERS!

82 DAVE GROHL

The axewielding Foo Fighters frontman on fans who beat on each other for fun, throw their bras on stage (the female ones), and why D.J.'s suck.

PARTY GIRL 2000

84 PAULA DEVICQ

She likes lingerie and lollipops. *Party of Five* was never this fun.

CASH MACHINE

90 EIGHT RULES FOR GETTING RICH

Here's how to go from zero to 60 million—straight from the lucky bastards who've done it.

TABOO YOU!

102 MAKE YOUR FANTASIES COME TRUE

We hacked into *Cosmopolitan*'s Web site and surveyed hundreds of women about what it took to bring their guy's fantasies to life. Whether it's sex in public, in costume, or in threes, here's how to get her to do it with you.

DO UNTO OTHERS

110 50 WAYS TO SCREW WITH ANYONE!

Suck more pleasure out of life by screwing with people's heads for no reason!

GIRL, UNINHIBITED

114 ANGELINA JOLIE

Hollywood's baddest bad girl has taken the silver screen by storm. Hey, we didn't want to miss out on the fun.

HOUSE OF HORROR

122 THE EVIL IN ELEPHANT BUTTE

He strapped them to a gurney. He tortured them with electric shock and sex toys. He even videotaped it. Or at least that's what the cops say. Take a peek inside The Toy Box, David Parker Ray's dungeon of horrors.

FORE PLAY!

136 CADDYWHACKED

Drinking. Putting. Chasing girls. Drinking. Join us as we scour the planet for the ultimate all-around golf vacations.

TUBE TOPS

144 THE GIRLS OF THE WB

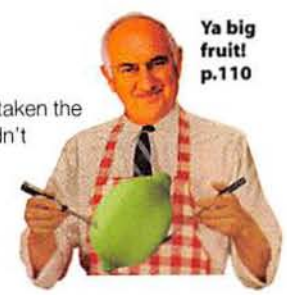
Sarah Michelle Gellar, Katie Holmes, Alyssa Milano...And no commercials!

BLAST OFF!

150 KATHERINE HEIGL

The blonde teenage alien on *Roswell* is totally out of this world.

Stroke me, p.136



Ya big fruit! p.110

On the Cover:

Katherine Heigl

Photographed by Willy Camden

Styled by Karen Shapiro

Hair by Leann Bilton for Prive

Makeup by Hiromi for Artists Group Management

Prop Styling by Jake Klein

Gyasi is a lifeguard. He watches over the not-so sandy beaches of New York City's Coney Island. Murky waters and low tides, Baywatch this is not. Yet he still makes his rounds ensuring that his waters are safe and secure. It's not glamorous, but then again saving lives doesn't need to be. So come on in, the water's fine–thanks to Gyasi.

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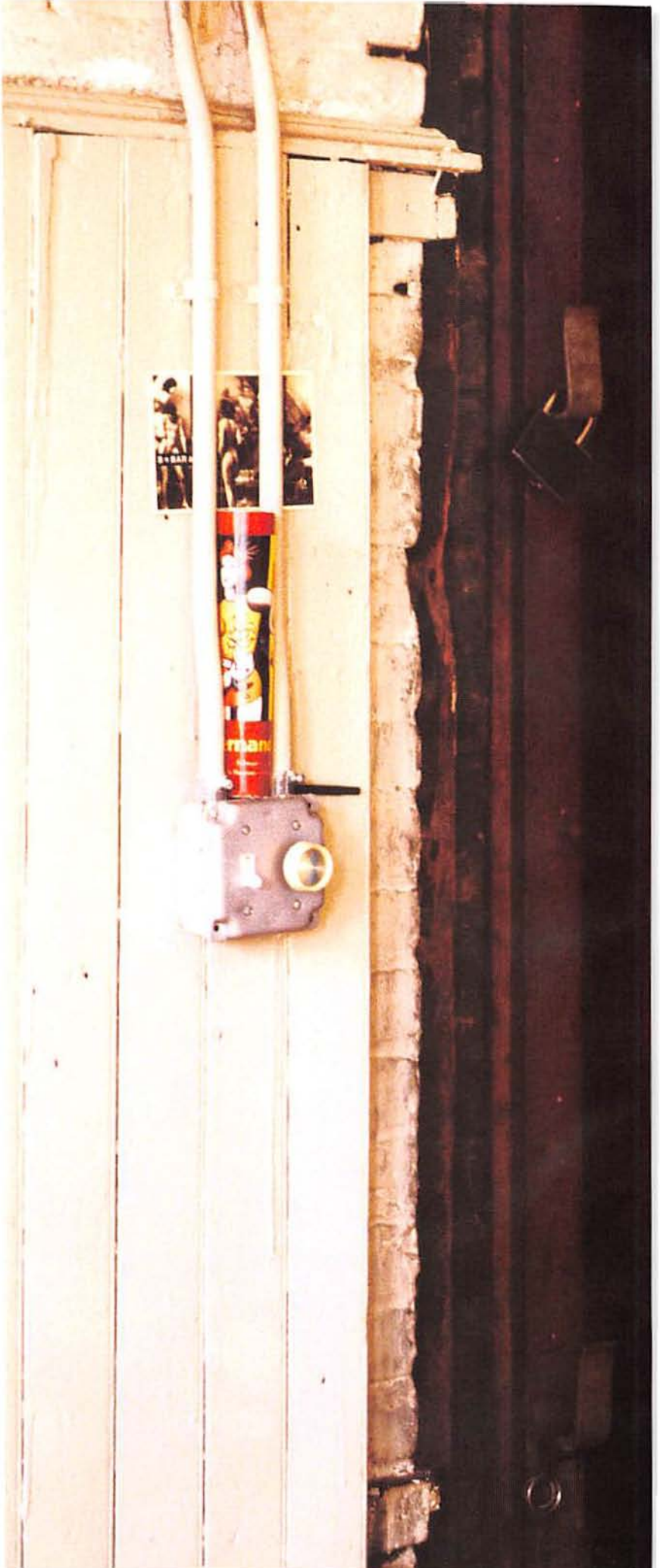
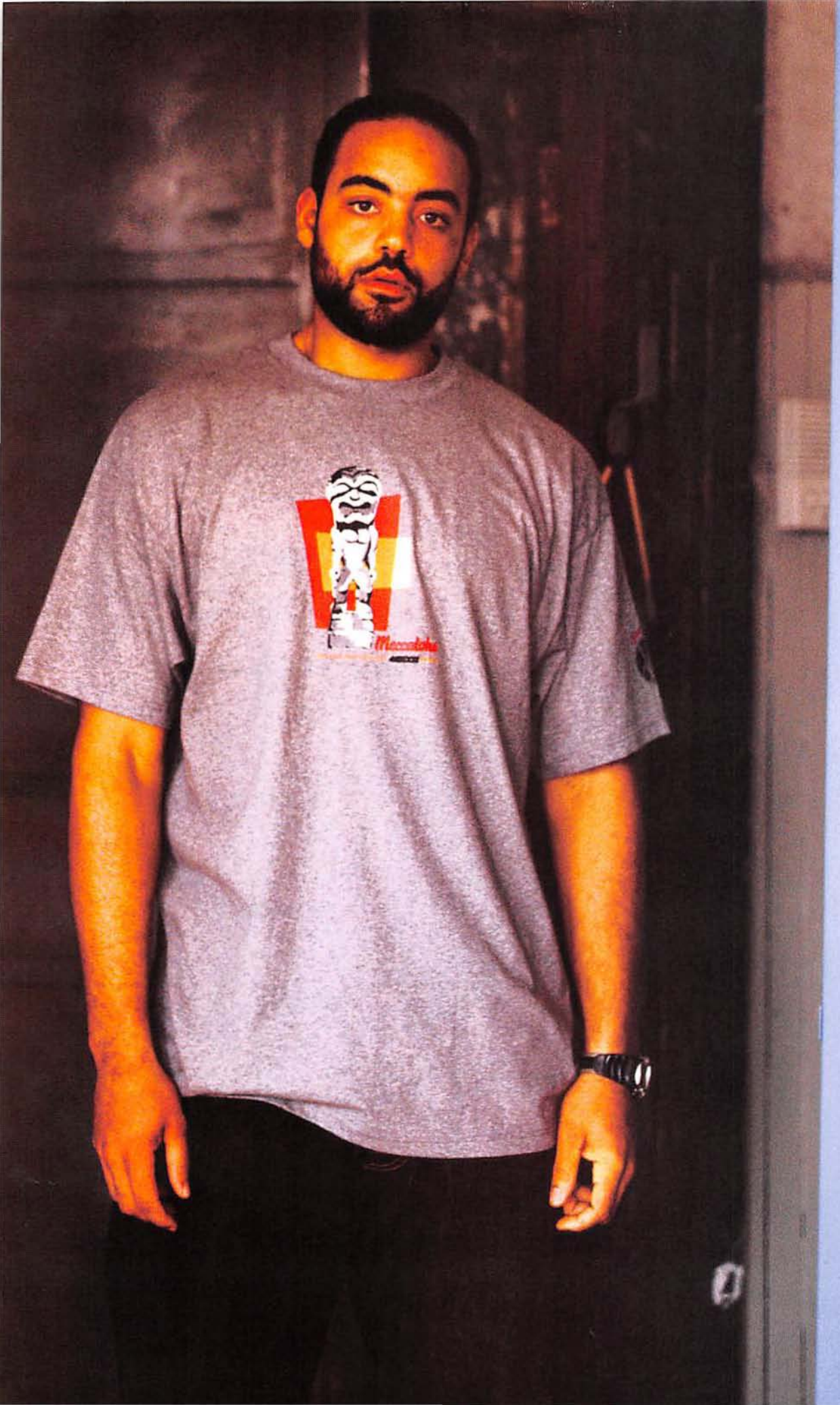
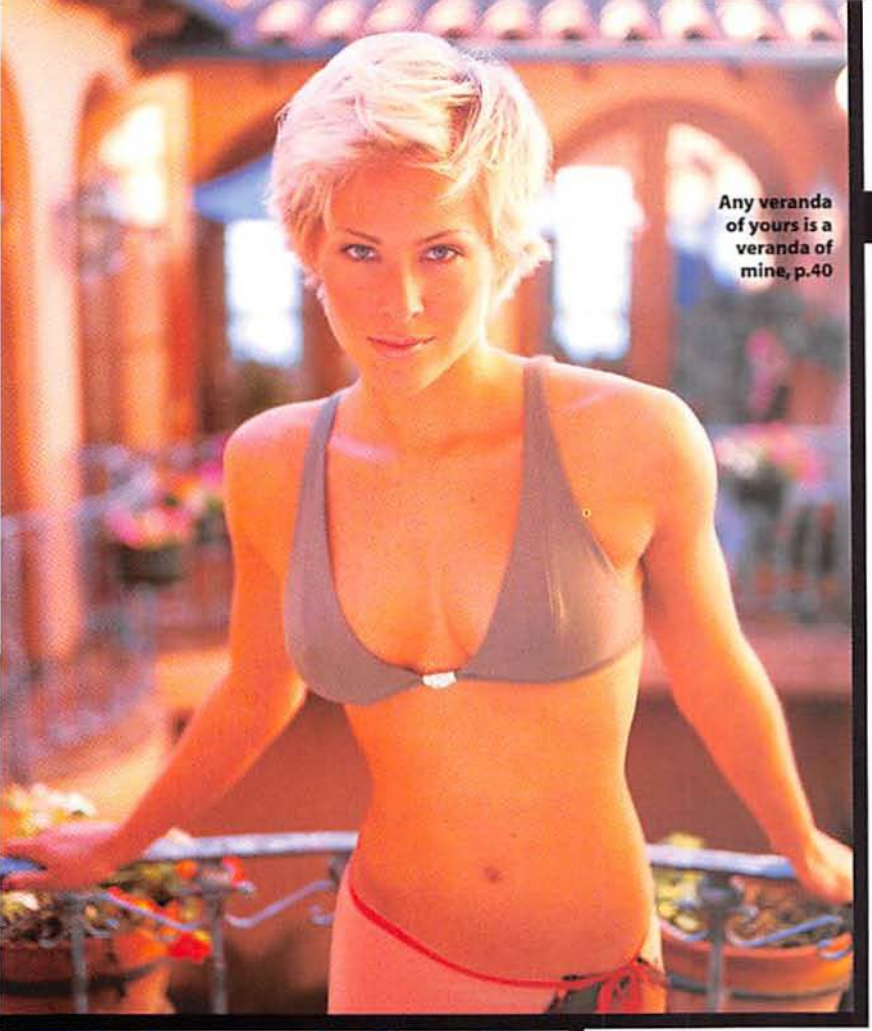






Any veranda of yours is a veranda of mine, p.40

Hiroki! is hungry! p.38

REGULARS

26 LETTERS
This month's male bonding: fun with pork products, bitching over Pearl Jam, a thank-you note from David Letterman, and God himself on sex and hair loss.

32 JOKES
Tell them to women and get drinks thrown in your face.

36 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Our scribes get down and dirty with medieval weapons, gopher-slaughtering festivals, and what really happens in the cockpit when a plane's crashing. If this doesn't win us a Pulitzer, someone's gonna get whacked.

56 HOW TO
Score chicks with feng shui, set a busted leg, escape from a stuck elevator, and get rid of unwanted guests (without killing them).

SAYS HER
64 HOW IT'S HANGIN'
Our intrepid female reporter talks frankly about our franks. Here's what women are *really* thinking when you whip it out.

"Oh, that'll leave a mark," p.44

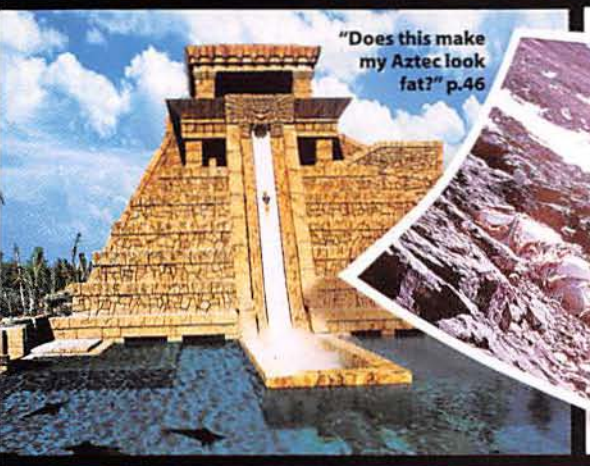
SPORTS
70 DYING TO GET TO THE TOP
Climb Everest with Conrad Anker, the mountaineer who found the corpse of explorer George Mallory. Plus: What happens to your body when you hike to the cruising altitude of a 747?

SAYS HIM
76 I'M EVERY WOMAN
Our reporter trades in his Y chromosome for a laugh. Here's what happens when he talks love with his hairdresser, says no to sex, and queries his friends about whether his ass looks fat.

161 MAXIMWEAR
The hottest threads to make you look cool: designer sportswear, travel gear, and Maxim's top-ten T-shirts she'll want to rip right off you.

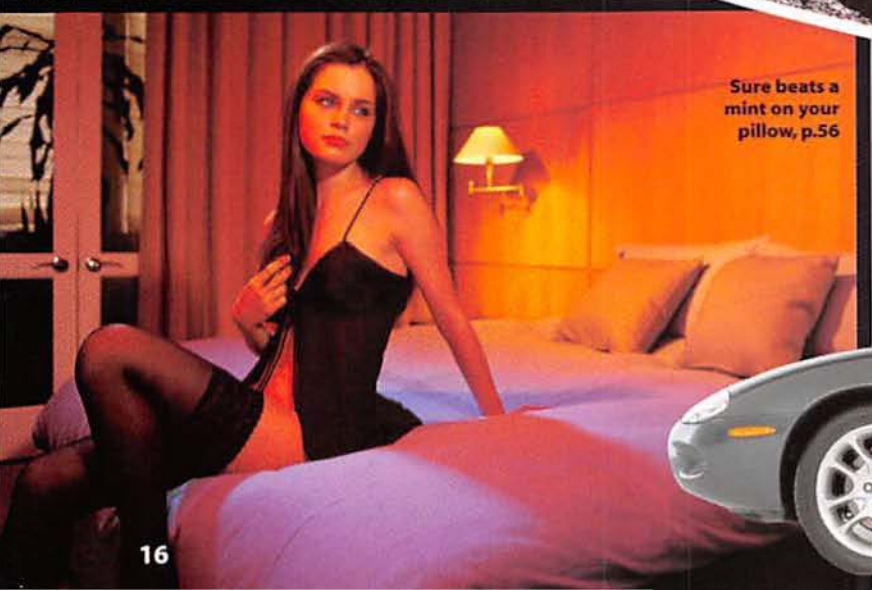
187 REVIEWS
We check it out to make sure it doesn't suck: Angelina Jolie's new flick, the latest from Pearl Jam, and the feds' Frank Sinatra files. We also test-drove the hottest new convertibles, terrorized delivery services, and feasted on some princes of the animal kingdom.

208 BEAT THIS CAPTION!
Are you as demented as we are? Prove it!



"Does this make my Aztec look fat?" p.46

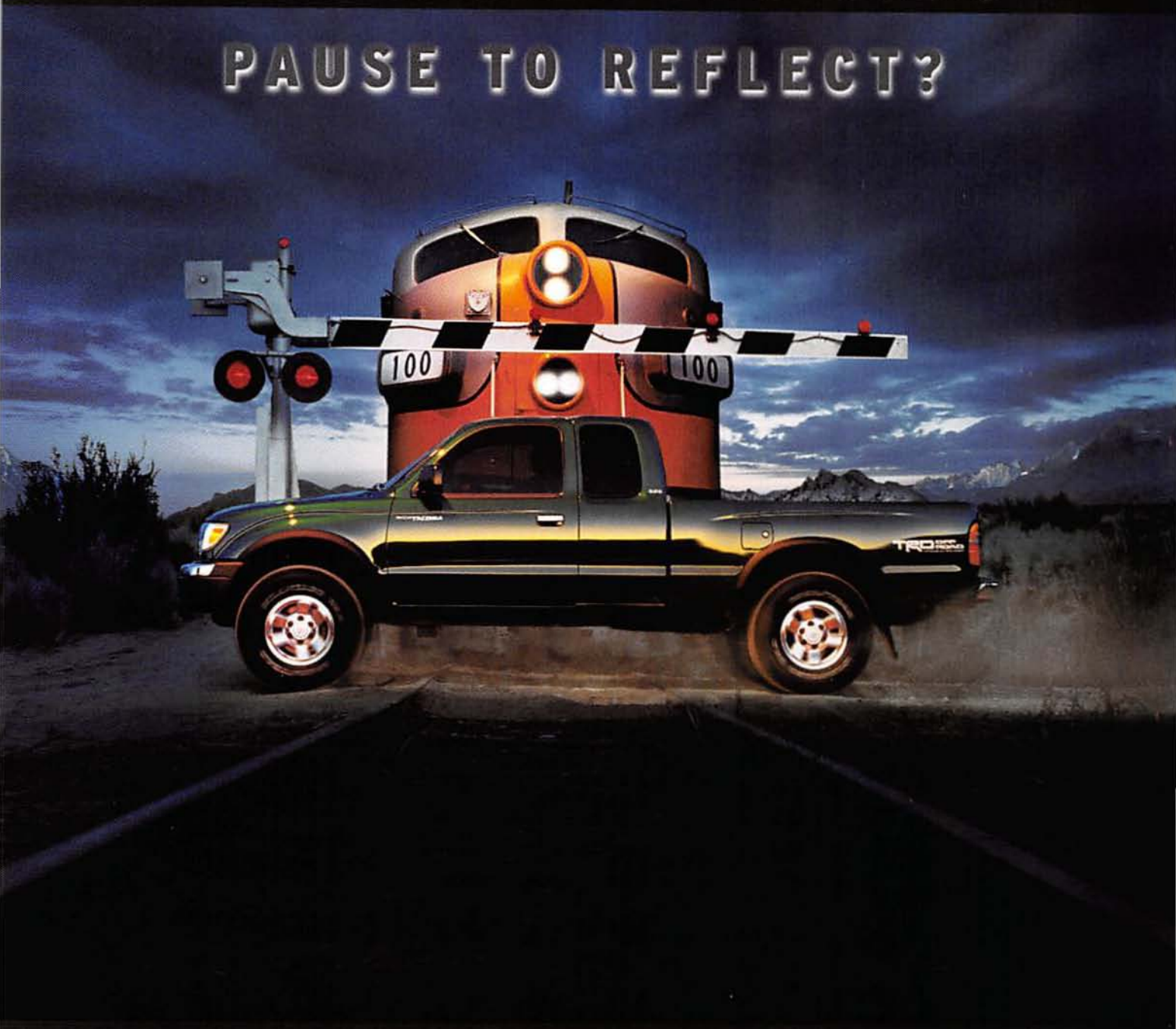
"We never talk anymore," p.70



Sure beats a mint on your pillow, p.56

Lots of room for head, p.198

WHAT MAKES 350 TONS PAUSE TO REFLECT?



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6/8	10:10pm/et	Licence to Kill
6/15	10:00pm/et	Pale Rider
6/22	8:05pm/et	White Men Can't Jump
	10:35pm/et	National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon
6/29	10:05pm/et	The Outlaw Josey Wales

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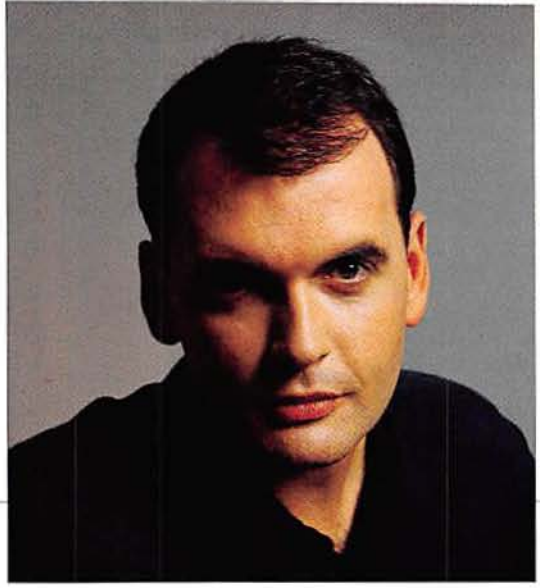


The other woman in my life is Big Bertha

Mark Twain once said that golf was "a good walk spoiled." Contemporary reports indicate that this line got a good hearty laugh at the time, which says to me that he must have said it late in the evening, when they were pouring the hard stuff. Because as fond as I generally am of Twain's whimsical observations of the human condition, every once in a while I feel like telling the old geezer to shush. "Spoiled"? What's he know about golf?

Perhaps we shouldn't judge Twain too harshly. Remember, he grew up in that benighted time before titanium clubs, liquid-center balls, and *Caddyshack*. Present-day duffers enjoy the precision play afforded by these modern marvels and the deep wisdom found in this, the most important work in the history of American cinema. I've had so much out of *Caddyshack:* Pick-up lines—"Hey, doll, wanna make $14 the hard way?" Philosophy—"A flute without holes is not a flute. And a doughnut without a hole is a danish." I even managed to pick up a little Tibetan, thanks to Carl the Groundskeeper.

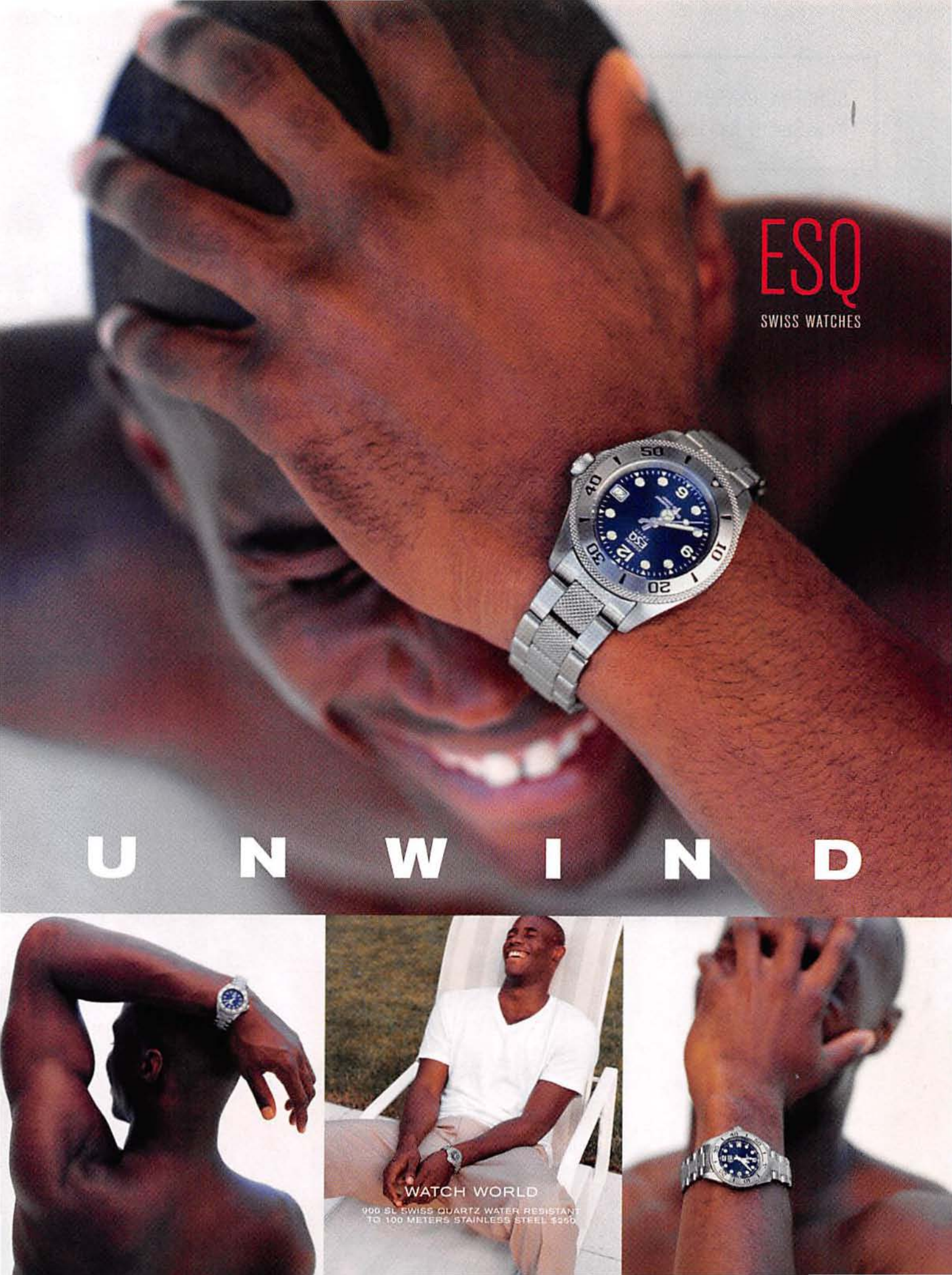
After years of watching *Caddyshack* on video, I finally decided to go outside and play a little golf one day. I was astonished at how life imitated art: the octogenarians in their Technicolor jackass pants, the pervasive air of class distinction. But underneath it all I saw the bones of a great game. Golf, I thought, would be a really worthwhile pursuit if I could just find someplace halfway cool to play.

So, sparing no expense, I empaneled a blue-ribbon fact-finding commission to scour the globe for great golf resorts. Places where players of every skill level would be challenged and—this is important—where the social scene resembled something other than heaven's waiting room. Before you book your next golf vacation, turn to "Caddywhacked!" (page 136).

And now if you'll excuse me, I have to practice my Ted Knight imitation for the annual office talent show: "You…own…Bushwoods?! Never!" Thank you, thank you very much. See you back on the newsstands June 27.

Mike Soutar

MIKE SOUTAR
Editor-in-Chief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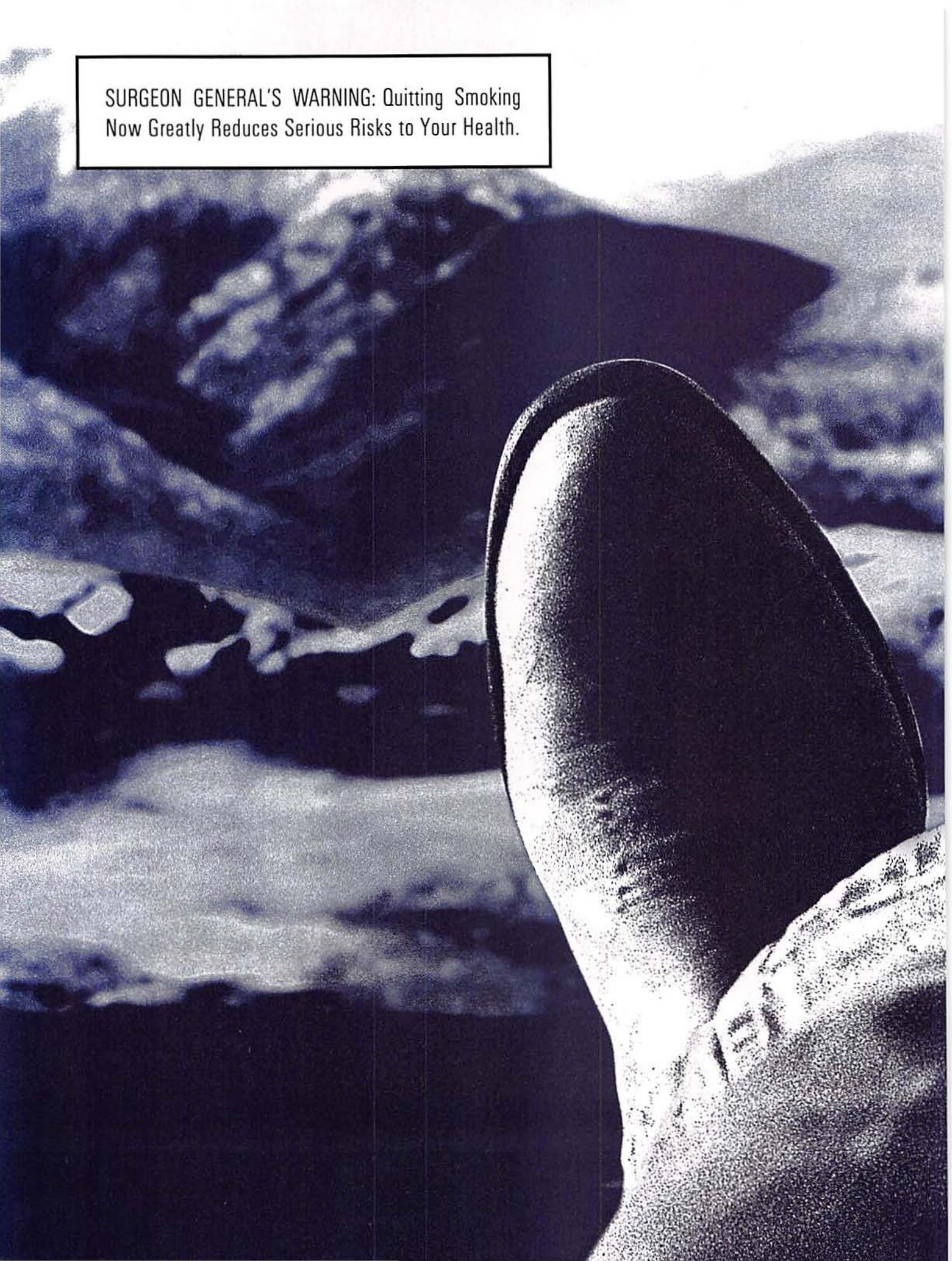
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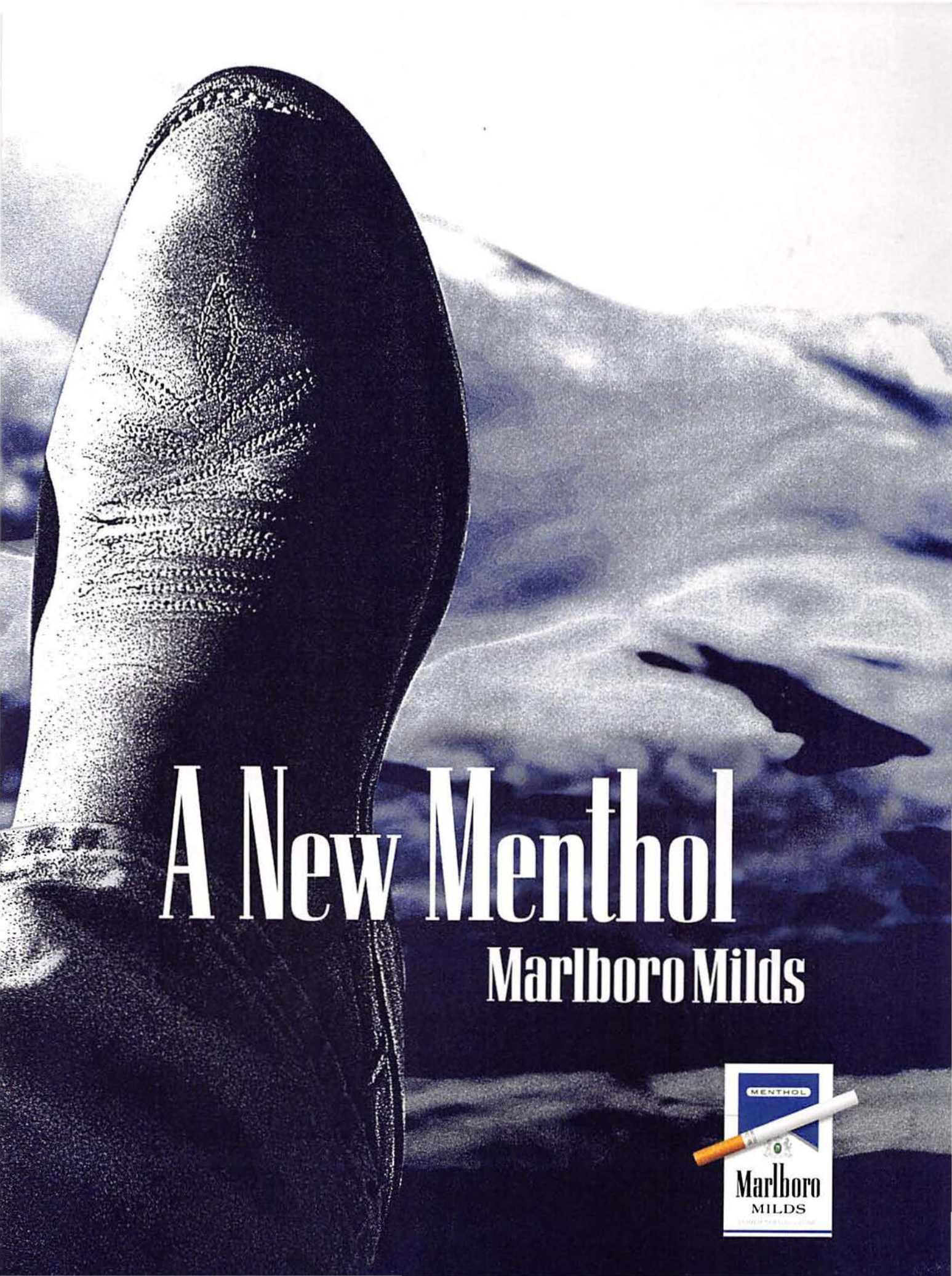
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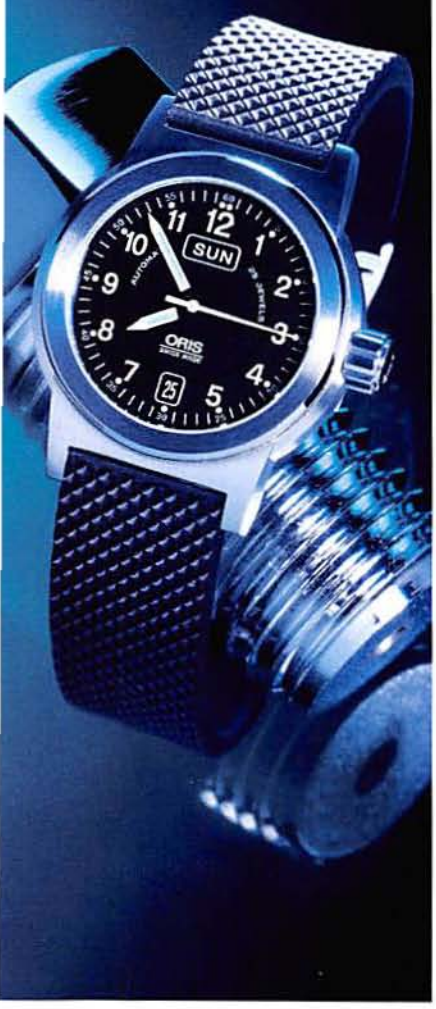

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Subscription Information **(800) 829-5572,** outside the U.S. **(904) 447-0212**
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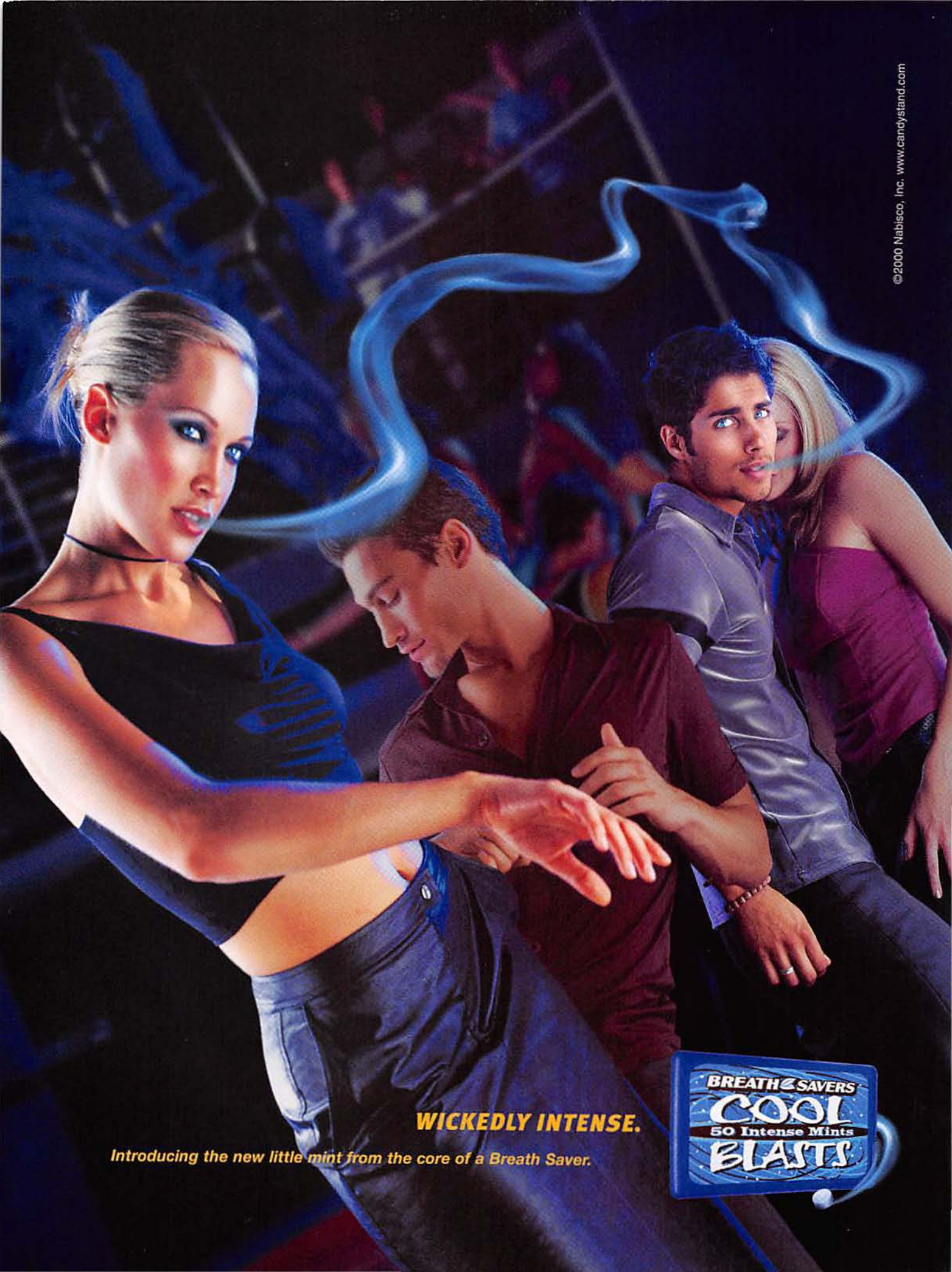
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IT'S A LIVING HELL.
(MINUS THE LIVING)

Sir Dan's back. And the world is a dark and sinister place. The evil Lord Palethorn's spell has turned London into an un-jolly old place. A gang of sadistic villains now roams the streets. And it's up to Sir Dan to destroy them with his lethal arsenal — Gatling guns, torches, axes, his own removable arm and more. Between the mighty battles and baffling puzzles, Sir Dan's facing a deadly challenge. He'll need smarts and some helpful friends — a mad professor, a wily ghost and his Egyptian princess girlfriend — to prevail. Demonic terror has a new address. And you wouldn't want to be caught alive in a place like this.

MEDIEVIL II

A GOTHIC JOURNEY TO DIE FOR.

We Want It All!

In our mailbox this month: a case of porn from Vivid Video (er, thanks), an autographed photo of Ted Lange (a.k.a. Isaac on *The Love Boat*), and a three-foot rattlesnake (see p. 202). We also got our April issue and a few thousand letters telling us what y'all thought about it. Here are a few of our favorites.

Dear Maxim...

Thank you for the bouquet of flowers. It was kind of you to think of me.

David Letterman
New York

Glad you're feeling better, Dave. And thank Paul Shaffer for writing that gem of a song "It's Raining Men." It's a favorite at sing-alongs on staff retreats.

Surprise Party

I received your fantastic April issue on my birthday (the 20th). What a great gift. First you featured Jodi Lyn O'Keefe on the cover, looking every bit as sexy as I've ever seen her. Then when I opened up the magazine, I found the only reason I used to watch *Sunset Beach*—Susan Ward. And Lori Heuring too? Damn, you guys always manage to put the most beautiful women in your magazine. Thumbs up!

Michael Martin
Springfield, IL

Up where?

Houston, We Have a Problem!

In your February issue's "Smart-ass Answers to Dumb-ass Questions" [Circus Maximus], you interviewed and seriously misquoted me in the section on avoiding ear pain during plane landings. This is what the article should have said: 1) Go to any drinking fountain on board where you'll find a wax-coated drinking cup. Then wad two paper cocktail napkins in the bottom of the cup. 2) Ask the flight attendant to add some boiling water, then drain *all* of it off so there's only steam remaining. 3) Lean your head over so the cup covers your blocked ear (but don't burn yourself!). As the steam rises into your ear, the eustachian tubes will clear out and the pain should disappear immediately.

Diana Fairechild
Anahola, HI

Thanks for, um, clearing that up.

Great Moments in Marketing

After extensive research, we have chosen *Maxim* to introduce our new Yin Yang line of shoe care polishes and cleaners, because of your highly impressive readership. You could cover our product in your section focusing on proper shoe care maintenance.

Molly Phillips
Shoe Store Supplies, Inc.
Sharon Hill, PA

Through your "extensive research," you've learned that our award-winning shoe care coverage is really what put Maxim *on the map. But we're focusing more on ankle care products these days. Hey, that's where the money is.*

Mile-High Club

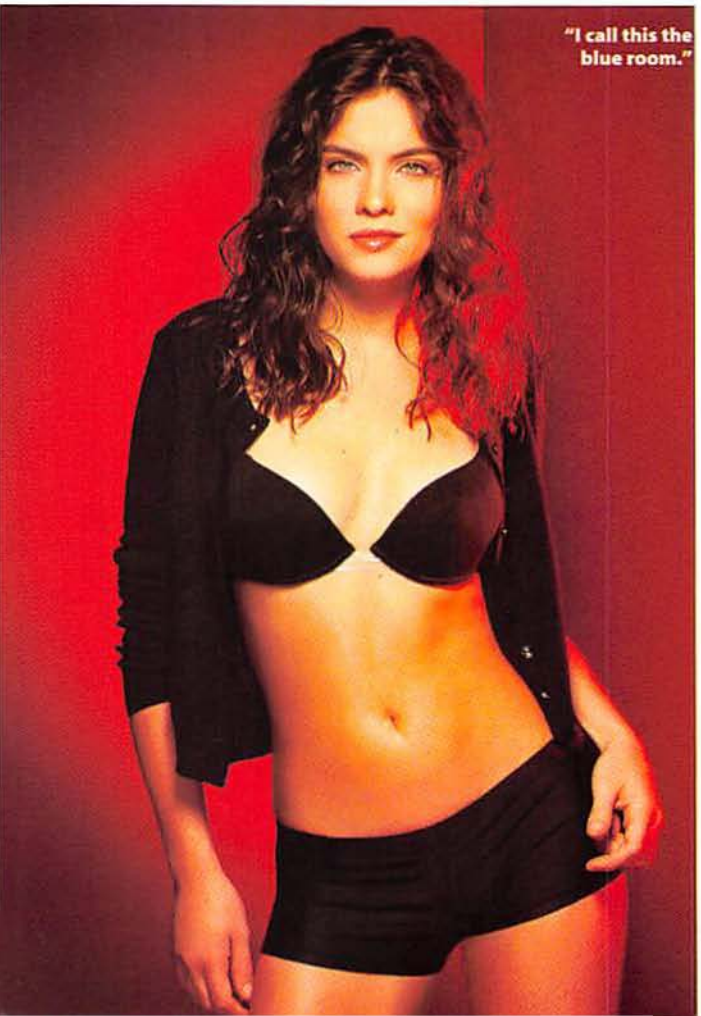
I was wondering what a copy of *Maxim* autographed by Tommy Chong of Cheech & Chong fame might be worth. I ran into him on a flight to Kansas City. So I flipped to the "Hemp for Victory!" story [Circus Maximus, March], and he signed it. So what do you think?

Les Ford
San Diego

Cool! We'll trade you our publisher, Lance Ford, for it.

Aural Fixation

I must thank you for the article "Talk Dirty to Me" [Says Her, April]. I had my girlfriend read the story, and she loved it! Later we were at a restaurant, and I asked her to talk dirty to me, something she'd never done before. ▶



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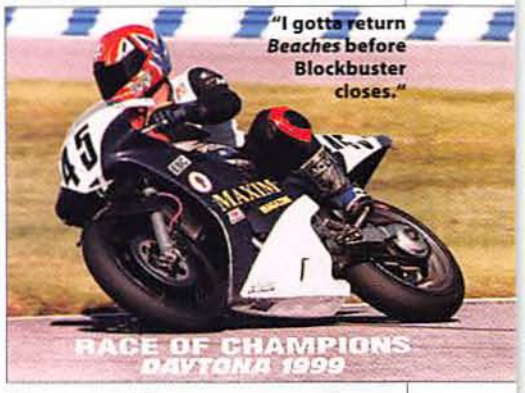
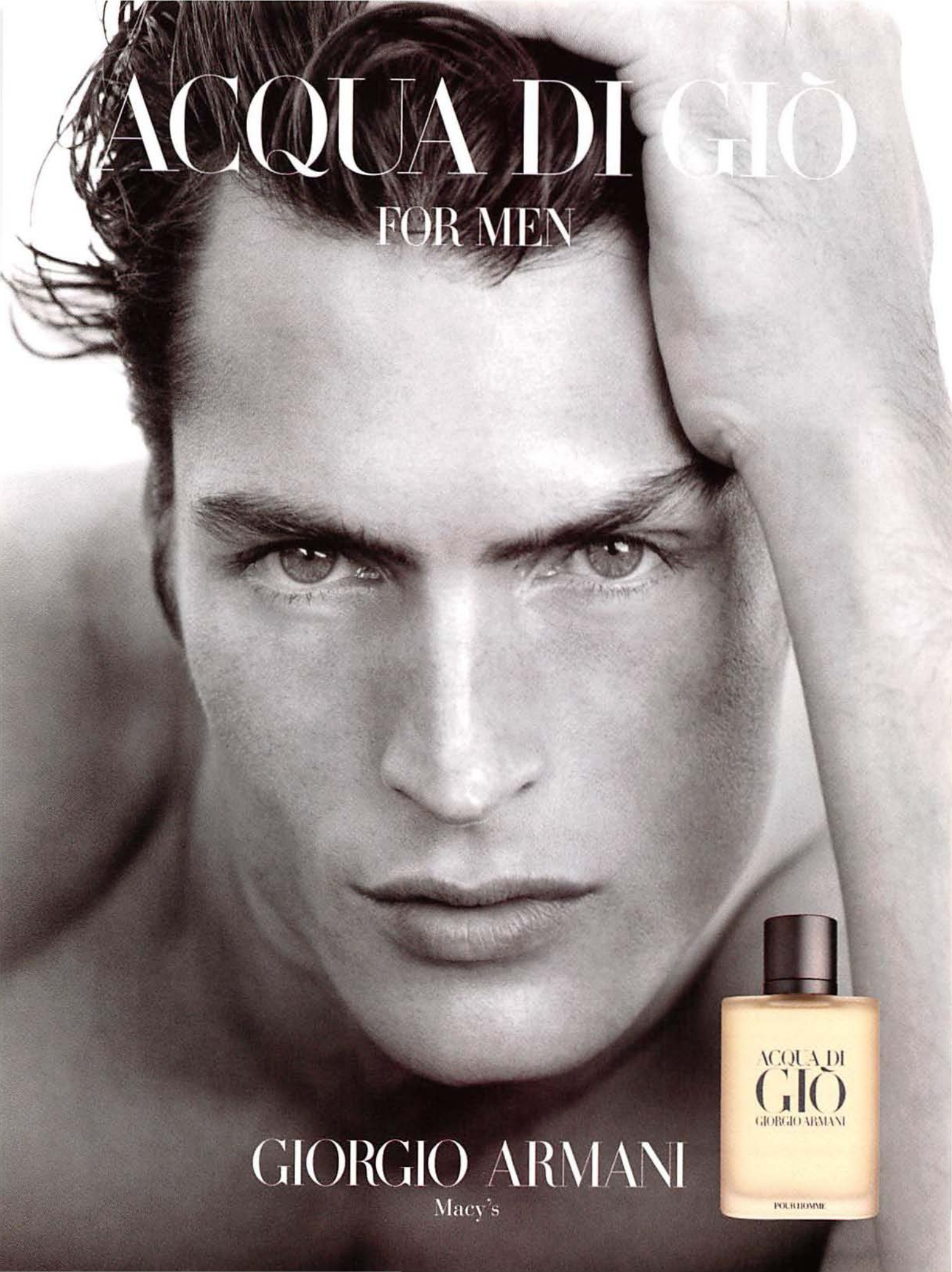


Sponsored by...

This photo was taken at the 1999 Champion Cup Series Daytona Race of Champions. I'm sending it to you to thank you for sponsoring me and sending me magazines to hand out while I'm on the road. Everywhere I go, folks flip over it. Just wanted to help spread the *Maxim* word.

Brian Gregory
Morganville, NJ

Thanks for the hot photo! Just make sure you don't flip over it and spread the Maxim *word all over the pavement. Live to ride!*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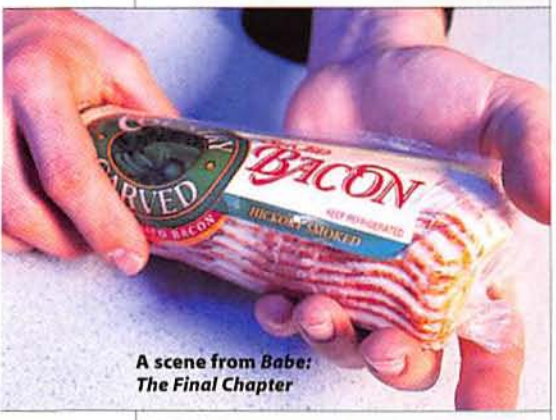

A scene from *Babe: The Final Chapter*

Pig Out!

Cooking up some bacon for a nutritious feast? Before you open the package, twist it up in a tube lengthwise and squeeze it. When you cut the bag open, the slices will peel off nicely. *Bon appétit.*

Peter Welsh, Marathon, FL

Sit Your Ass Down

Here's how to get a great seat with your girl at a Vegas show or anywhere, for that matter: Put on some fake wedding bands (or use the real ones if you've got 'em), tip the maître d' a twenty, and tell him it's your first anniversary. I caught Tony Bennett this way at the Desert Inn—sat next to Don Rickles!

Frank Sennett, New York

Cone Head

To keep yourself from destroying a nice shirt while eating an ice-cream cone, ask the guy behind the counter to drop a marshmallow into the bottom of the cone. The ball of mystery muck will plug the leak and make sure you get every bit you paid for.

Stewart Davison, Beckley, WV

Unhamper Your Sex Life

Does the stench of your laundry frighten ladybugs out of your lair? To keep the place from stinking, throw a sheet of fabric softener into the pile of dirty clothes. Your room will smell deceptively pleasant.

Reggie Allen, New Iberia, LA

She moved around the table and whispered wicked things in my ear. Well, we went straight to a motel and went nuts. I brought along a small tape player to record the fun. Would you like a copy?

J.J.
Princeton, NJ

We'll trade you a March issue signed by Tommy Chong for it and throw in a quartz watch for the lady. Deal?

Don't Touch That Dial!

Hey, your "30 Worst Albums of All Time!" article was pretty damn funny. Bad hair, bad band names, terrible music, great penis jokes. And most of the albums you chose were right on the money: R.E.M.'s *Monster* and Pearl Jam's *Vitalogy*...I mean, who really listens to this crap anyway, except miserable D.J.'s, who have no choice? Way to shuffle the mix, and keep on rockin'.

Omar Boudin
Minneapolis

Thanks. You'd have to be an idiot to think Vitalogy *is a good album. Right?*

Can't Find a Better Band

Hey, losers, thanks for naming Pearl Jam's *Vitalogy* the 26th worst album in your befuddled "30 Worst Albums of All Time!" It's reassuring to know that *assholes* like you, who don't deserve to listen to great music, don't.

Jeff Bandridge
Stratford, CT

See?

Jane's Addiction

I quit smoking three days ago. I'm at work right now, and I think I'm going to kill someone soon. Can you guys please help me out?

Allen Jane
New Orleans

Sorry. We'd like to help, but killing just isn't our thing. There's always such a bloody mess to clean up afterward.

Pate Mail

I enjoyed reading about Terril Clark Williams in your April issue. ["This Just In," Circus Maximus]. So Terril legally changed His name to God? And He's suing the *Los Angeles Times* for defaming His character by saying He wears "a bad toupee?" I didn't know God was bald nowadays. Is the sad state of affairs making Him pull His own hair out?

Kenneth Zimmerman
Huntington Beach, CA

Reached for comment, the Almighty explained, "I rubbed it off on the headboard, know what I'm sayin'?"

Ice Ice Baby

I'm writing to find out if you'd be interested in sponsoring our hockey team. We are fifteen hard-drinking, cigar-smoking, moderately unattractive (except for me, of course) guys that play in a league in Alaska. A good cause, right? So what do you say?

Gordon Emanuel
Anchorage, AL

We recognized your handwriting, Hillary Clinton. Nice try. Your campaign's going down in flames!

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D'oh!

In our March issue, we excerpted a letter from Christopher Cruise of Kernersville, NC, which took issue with our January story "Train a Monkey to Be Your Butler" [How To]. Unfortunately, we missed the note at the top of the letter—yup, right there, clear as day—which read NOT FOR PUBLICATION. We apologize profusely to Mr. Cruise and hope he won't be further offended by our upcoming article "Train a Monkey to Edit Your Letters Page."

Hey! You! Send your thoughts to Readers' Letters, *Maxim,* 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com. Include a daytime number. Your letters may be edited for length or clarity.

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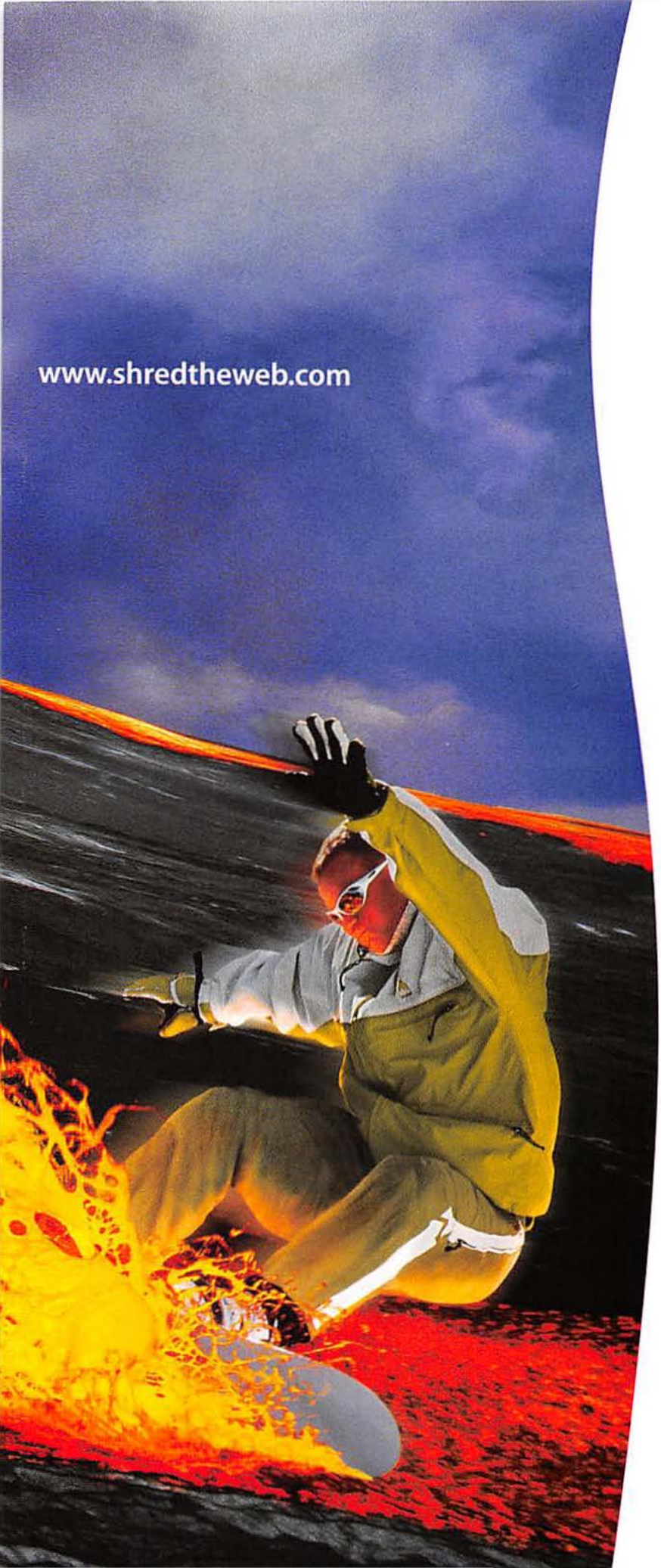

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Flying Cockroach

A man and a woman are driving along, arguing about the man's cheating ways, when suddenly she pulls out a knife, cuts his penis off, and throws it out the window. It lands on the windshield of a pickup, then slides off, leaving a trail of blood. Inside the truck are a man and his eight-year-old daughter.

"What was that?" the girl screams.

"Um, it was only a bug, dear," says the man, not wanting to expose her to such horror at such a tender age.

The girl looks at him, confused, and says, "It sure had a big dick!"

—Al Jones, Oshkosh, WI

Ink Spot

A proctologist walks into a bank to get some cash. Preparing to endorse a check, he pulls a rectal thermometer out of his pocket and tries to write with it. Realizing his mistake, he says to the teller, "Great, just great. Some asshole's walking around with my pen!"

—Josh Heit, Westminster, CO

Getting Off for Good Behavior

A nervous bride gets angry at her husband's lusty advances on their wedding night. "I demand proper manners in bed," she says, "just like at the table!"

"OK," her husband says. So he climbs into bed slowly and smiles politely. "Is this better?" he asks.

"Yes," replies his wife.

"Great," he says. "Now, would you please pass the vagina?"

—Henry Updike, Newport News, VA

Caught in the Sack

A redhead, a brunette, and a blonde escape from a penitentiary. They run for miles and hide out in potato sacks in a barn. An hour later a sheriff and his deputy arrive. The sheriff tells the deputy to check in the sacks.

The deputy walks up and kicks the first sack, with the redhead in it. She says, "Bow-wow."

So the deputy yells, "There's a dog in this sack."

Then he kicks the second one, with the brunette in it. "Meow," she says.

So the deputy yells, "There's a kitty in this one."

Then he kicks the third sack, but there's no sound. So he kicks it again, and the blonde says, "Potatoes."

—Vinny Azzinaro, Yonkers, NY

Take That to the Cleaners!

Three 80-year-old men are sitting around, talking about their various health woes. One guy says, "Y'know, I'd like to have a good piss. These days the stuff just dribbles out."

"That's rotten," says the second guy. "I'd like to have a healthy crap. I take lots of laxatives. Nothing works."

The third guy then says, "I don't have those problems. Every morning at six o'clock sharp, I have a healthy piss. At a quarter after, I have a fantastic bowel movement."

"Well, then," say the other two, "what's your problem?"

Says the old man: "I just wish I could wake up before seven."

—Steve Quach, Austin, TX

Mexican Jumping Bean

Al and Joe are bungee jumping off a bridge in Mexico. Having never seen bungee jumping before, a crowd of locals gathers to watch. Al jumps first, and when he bounces up, he's got cuts all over his face. When he bounces up again, he's covered in blood. Joe helps him back onto the bridge. "My God!" he yells. "Was the cord too long?"

"The cord was fine," Al gasps. "It was the crowd. What's a *piñata*?"

—Matt Teehan, Brooklyn

A Beef with the Wife

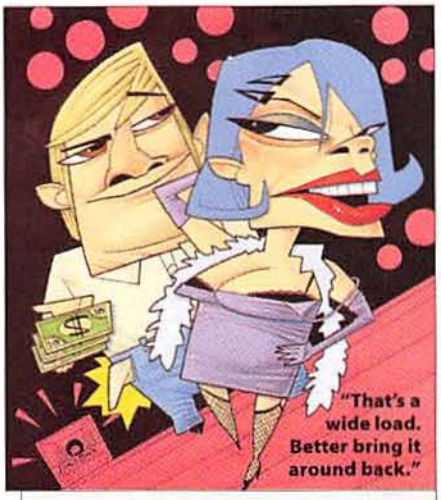
A man staggers into an emergency room with two black eyes and a 5-iron wrapped around his neck. "What happened?" asks the doctor.

"Well," says the guy, "I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife when she sliced one off the course onto a neighboring farm. We went looking for the ball, and I noticed that one of the cows had something white in its rear end. So I lifted the tail, and there was my wife's ball stuck in the cow's butt. That's when I made my mistake."

"What did you do?" asks the doctor.

"Well," the guy says, "I held the tail up and yelled to my wife, 'Hey, this looks like yours!'"

—Gary Miller, Cuyahoga Falls, OH



Illustration, Kevin February

THE $150 JOKE

Extended Credit

Harry and his wife, Betty, are experiencing hard financial times, so Betty decides to become a prostitute. The two agree that a hundred bucks is a fair price. They drive to a seedy part of town, where she stands out on a corner. He pulls into an alley nearby in case she needs help. Within five minutes, a guy pulls up and propositions her.

"A hundred bucks," she says.

"I've only got 30," the guy replies.

"Hold on," she says, and she runs over to Harry, who suggests giving the guy a hand job.

So she runs back to the john's car and offers him a hand job for 30 bucks. He agrees, and as she gets in the car, he unzips his pants and takes out a gigantic penis. Betty stares at it in awe, then gets out of the car and runs around the corner to Harry. "Hey," she says, "can you loan this guy 70 bucks?"

Matthew Hartman of windy Chicago is rich beyond his wildest dreams.

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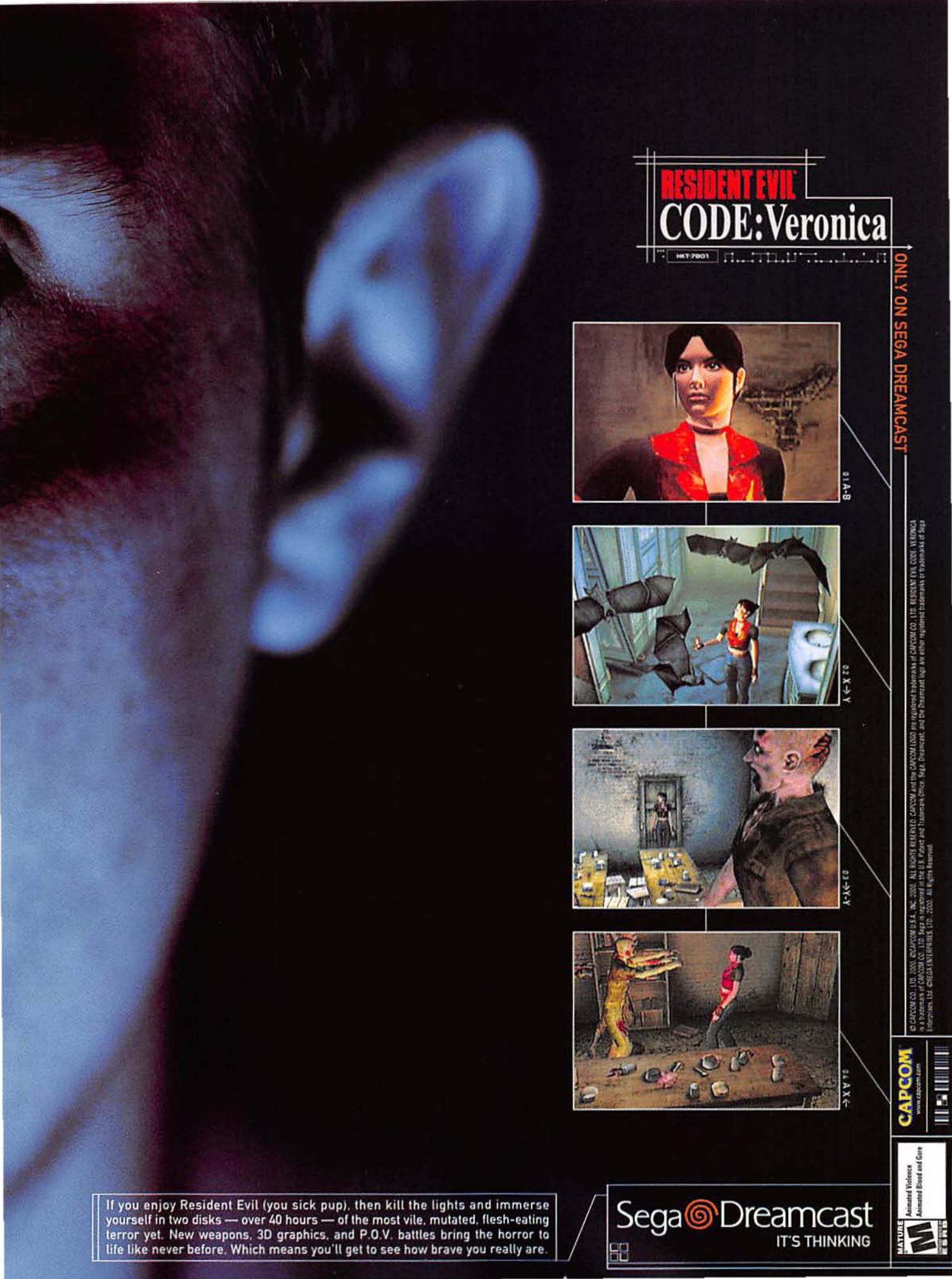
BUT IT'LL BE A NERVOUS, UNCONVINCING LITTLE LAUGH.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A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

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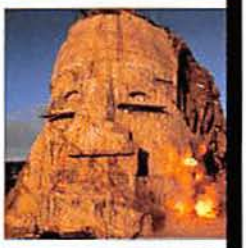
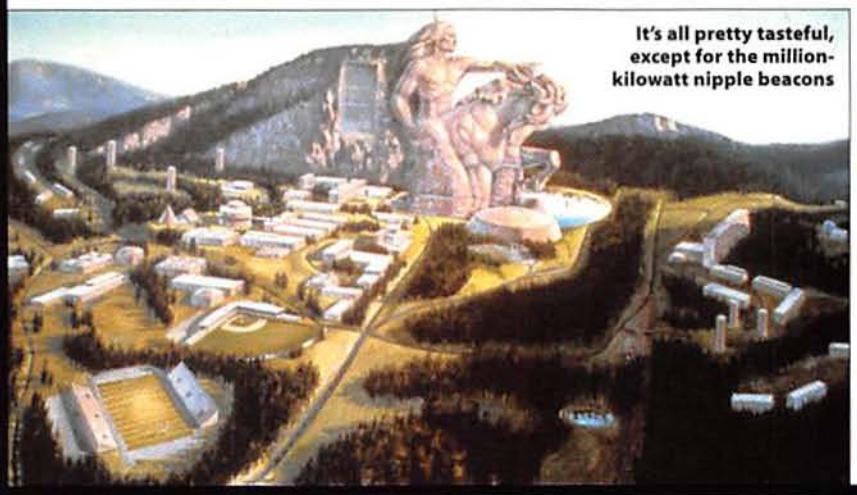
THE BIG PICTURE

Mountain Man

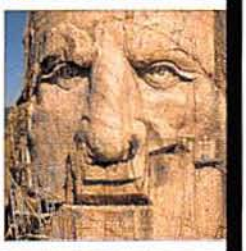
This tribute to a warrior has put many Native Americans on the warpath.

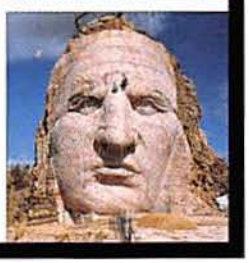
It may not look like much, but when the Crazy Horse Memorial in South Dakota is completed, it will be the world's largest sculpture. The monument, 563 feet high and 641 feet long, will depict the great Native American warrior atop a horse and pointing toward the Black Hills. The project was begun in 1948 by Korczak Ziolkowski, who worked on nearby Mount Rushmore. While he at first had the blessing of a few American Indians, it eventually became clear that most were against the memorial. They point out that Crazy Horse—who was stabbed in the back by an American soldier in 1877 while being led to "negotiations"—never allowed himself to be photographed or painted, much less blasted into a sacred Lakota mountain. Yet Ziolkowski's family press on; they say it'll be 50 years before it's finished. Until then we can all enjoy the white man's other tribute to Crazy Horse: malt liquor.—*Ky Henderson*

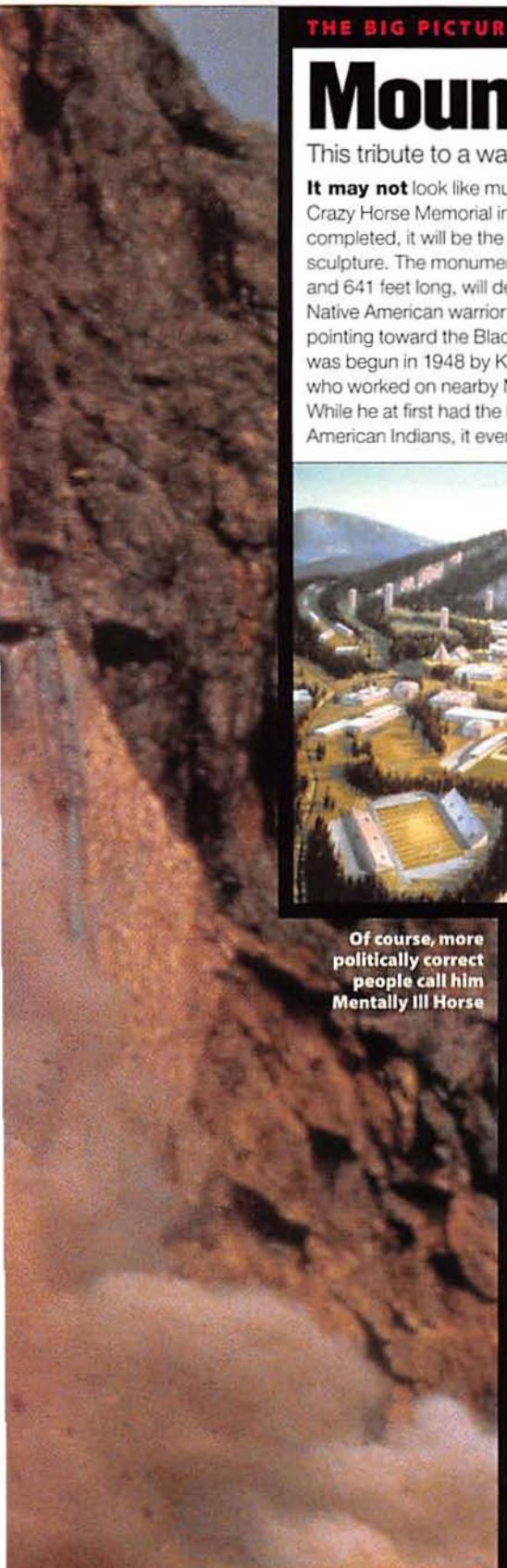




It's all pretty tasteful, except for the million-kilowatt nipple beacons







Of course, more politically correct people call him Mentally Ill Horse

FUN GAMES WITH FLAMES

Have You Seen This Grill?

This cooker does all the work, while you take the credit.

"This grill is alive!" yells FlareMaster's Paul Landstrom. Before we can call the padded van, he shows us the latest innovation in outdoor grilling: the H2Optic. The first "smart" grill incorporates what the company calls programmed intelligence—something we could probably find a use for here on our staff. State-of-the-art optical sensors detect any drip-induced flareups and instantly suppress them with a spray of water. (Trust us: Drip-induced flareups are bad.) The H2Optic even has an electronic ignition system that automatically relights its two 25,000 B.T.U. burners should high winds blow out the flame. It can also be programmed to periodically bathe your meal in water- or wine-based steam, keeping everything hot, juicy, and tender. All that's left for you to do is bask in the glory. $5,995, (920) 854-BEST.—*Alex Straus*

Mom was out of gin, so she huffed all the propane

THE LORD'S WORK

God@Heaven.org

Does the Almighty ever bother to check His E-mail?

In ancient times prayers had to be accompanied by the copious sacrificing of heifers and virgins. Nowadays, however, our merciful Creator will hear and ignore prayers in all forms—including electronic submissions. Always in need of divine forgiveness, we surfed evangelical Internet sites to see if God really has merged his rig onto the information superhighway.

Prayer for Onliners International Ministries (pfoim.org)

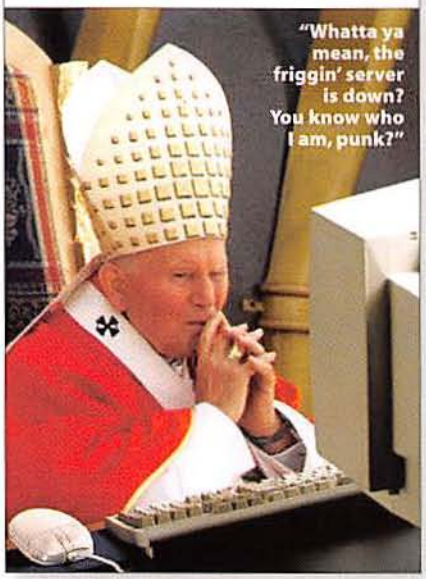
Our prayer: "Blessed are you, oh Lord our God. Could I please have a cheeseburger with onions, medium rare?"
Response: No immediate action. Our plea was merely added to a list of similar requests. And boy, did our prayer look stupid next to one from a guy with leprosy.

The 700 Club (cbn.org/the700club)

Our prayer: "I lust for young boys. Particularly Asian ones named Hiroki. Give me the strength to overcome my urges."
Response: We were referred to a Bible verse: "I also tell you this: If two of you agree down here on earth concerning anything you ask, my Father in heaven will do it for you." (Matthew 18:19) Ha! Let's see Pat Robertson stick by that one.

Dr. Ralph's International Children's Prayer Hospital (childprayer.com)

Our prayer: "Please strike my boss, Perry, with genital warts. If our God is righteous and vengeful, He will smite my boss, who is a total bastard. And a child molester."
Response: "Dr. Ralph" replied thusly: "I will personally read what you sent, and if it calls for it, yes that's right, I'll Respond! [sic]" But as far as we can tell, our boss is still walking around with wart-free genitals.—*Bryan Walsh*



HIROKI! IS HUNGRY!

Wake-up Call

We drag our lazy Japanese art assistant out of bed to taste microwaveable breakfasts.

Swanson Great Starts Scrambled Eggs
We paid $2.29 **Calories** 360 **Fat** 26 g **Cooking time** 2½ minutes
Comments: Though the presentation was unnatural, these eggs—accompanied by hash browns and a single sausage link—taste pretty much as good as microwaveable eggs have a right to taste. Best to eat them while blindfolded.
Hiroki says: "Tastes like balloon. Balloo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-n!"

Hungry Jack Buttermilk Pancakes
We paid $2.49 **Calories** 270 **Fat** 4.5 g **Cooking time** 1½ minutes
Comments: Well kiss our grits—these microwave flapjacks were so light and fluffy, we couldn't believe they didn't come right off the griddle. Then again, we're extremely gullible people who panic every time our grandmother plays "Got your nose!" with us, so what do we know? Trust Hiroki on this one.
Hiroki says: "Normal! Good, yah."

Kid Cuisine Wave Rider Waffle Sticks
We paid $2.28 **Calories** 380 **Fat** 8 g **Cooking time** 2 minutes
Comments: Though the portions were understandably small, they were laced with tons of sugar, just like part of a child's complete breakfast should be. Good for snacking. Our sole complaint: The puzzles on the package were far too challenging.
Hiroki says: "Oh, thank you, Dad. I feel like eight-years-old boy again."

V'dora Vegetable OmeLites
We paid $3.29 **Calories** 92 **Fat** 0 **Cooking time** 1½ minutes
Comments: Break out the champagne, folks, 'cause it's official: This is the single worst product we've ever tested in this column. The folks at V'dora shouldn't call this foul rice cake an omelet. In fact, there should be a law against calling this food.
Hiroki says: "No! That looks like puke! Exactly! *[Takes a bite; wails]* Ugh. Tastes like your mother."

Pepperidge Farm Swirl French Toast
We paid $2.48 **Calories** 200 **Fat** 7 g **Cooking time** 1½ minutes
Comments: Soft, supple, and nubile—and the French toast was pretty damned good, too. Poor Hiroki couldn't appreciate it, though, as his palate had just been scraped raw by the sandpaperlike texture of the Vegetable OmeLites. Did we mention how awful those were, by the way?
Hiroki says: "Just French toast. Not amazing."

Red Baron Bacon Scramble Breakfast Pizza
We paid $2.99 **Calories** 440 **Fat** 25 g **Cooking time** 5 minutes
Comments: With little real nutritional content to speak of, this thinly disguised miniature meat-lover's pizza is a perfect sodium-laden morning meal—assuming your mornings start at 2 P.M. Wash 'em down with a couple of Pabst Breakfast Blue Ribbons.
Hiroki says: "Who eats breakfast for pizza? So mixed. I don't know which one is taste."

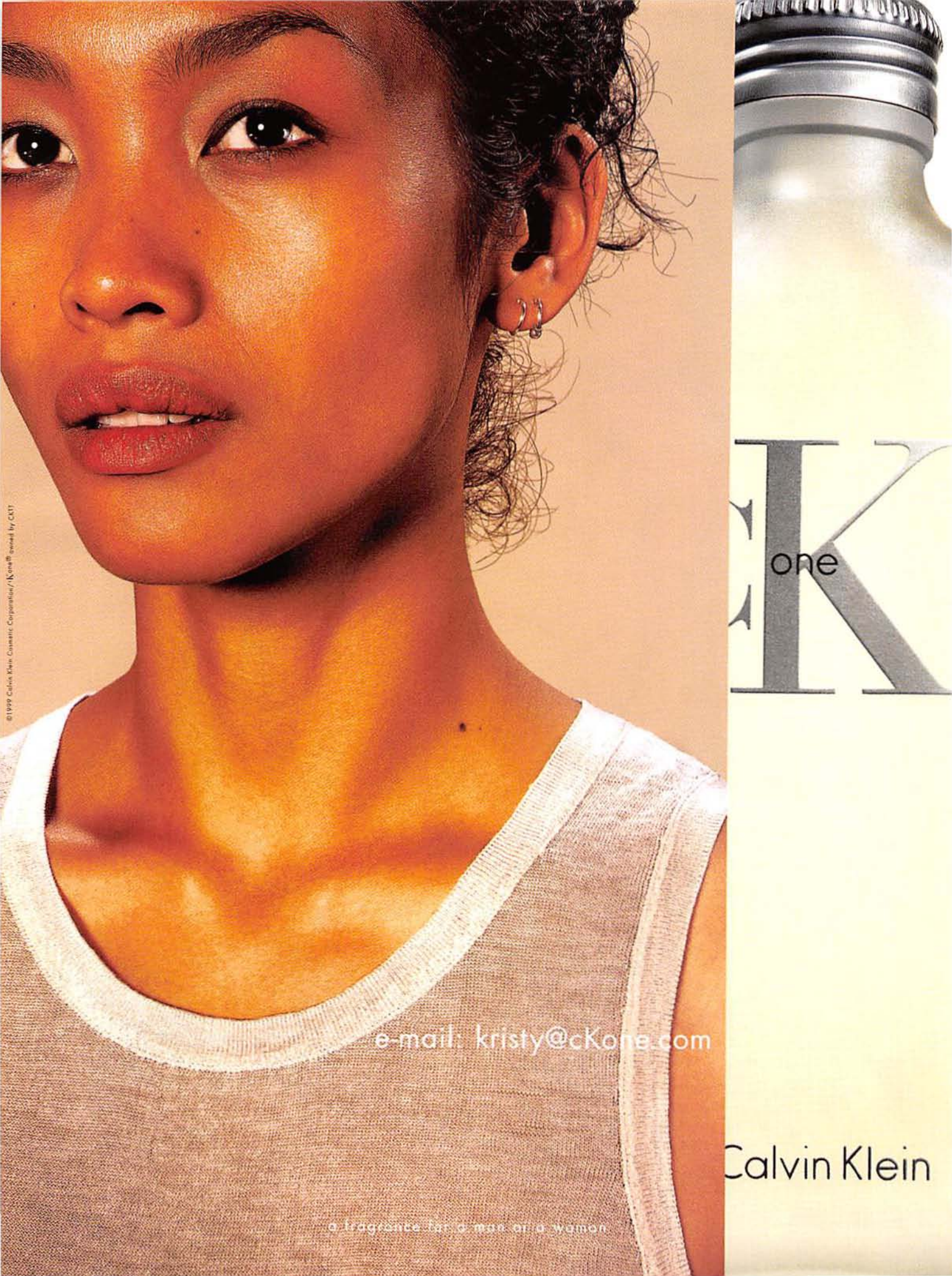
SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE

Loud and Clear

They're slim and easily mountable. We're sold!

Considering that a powerful songstress can crack a wine goblet by hitting the right note, the idea of stereo speakers made of glass is particularly ironic. But the German maker of the Glas Platz sound system insists that its speakers deliver crystal-clear sounds, from Wagner to Wu-Tang, without cracking. Glas Platz was granted a license to the technology of NXT's SurfaceSound, which eliminates cones in favor of a thin, highly conductive coating smeared on panel speakers. You can buy the fragile sound system at specialty audio outlets later this year. Just be advised: If you blast Third Eye Blind on these things, we reserve the right to come over and shatter them ourselves. Check www.glasplatz.de for more info.—*Alex Porter*

Photographs, from top, Satoshi (Hiroki); Jan Knapik (food x6)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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Beauty & the Beads

Real name: Brittany Daniel
Better known as: Eve, the hot-to-trot temptress on *Dawson's Creek*
Her story: Ah, the perks being of a *Dawson's* guest star. After summering in fabulous Wilmington, North Carolina, where production was often halted by hurricanes, Brittany was whisked off to another exotic locale to film the TBS movie *On Hostile Ground*. The disaster flick is set at Mardi Gras, so naturally it was shot in...Toronto, where shooting faux-Gras parade scenes proved to be more than a hair-raising experience. Recalls Brittany, "I'm wearing this skimpy little bodysuit and it's minus 14 degrees out. It tested my faith." Hmmm...what would she have done for a string of beads at the real New Orleans deal? "I hear Mardi Gras is crazy, and once you're there you do wild things," she grins. "I definitely would want to have a lot of beads."
—Dave Itzkoff

Whose creek?

What if you wanted to have a serious conversation with someone who could explain the relationship between megahits, megahertz and megabucks?

There are a gazillion people on the Internet already with a zillion more joining every day.
But there isn't an easy way to find the ones who share your interests or can help you solve problems.

UNTIL NOW.

If someone else is in Cahoots on a site you are visiting, you will see a flag and short personal profile. You can choose to talk to them or not, in real time, either using your computer microphone and speakers or type-in text. No phone charges, no delays, no technology walls. This is the way the Web was supposed to work.

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SPEED

TOYOTA 1

Check out three races and a Grand Prix up close, as in VIP seats and riding in the pace car. Then go to racing school so you can drive your two hot new MR2 Spyders.

THRILLS

SixFlags 2

Bring up to 25 friends along for a VIP nationwide roller coaster tour. Check out your choice of five Six Flags theme parks and get in an hour before the masses at each one.

FAME

NUTTY PROFESSOR II THE KLUMPS 3

Fly to London for the premiere of "Nutty Professor II: The Klumps". Then find your youth at a European spa, and relax before your walk-on role in another huge Hollywood flick from Universal Pictures.

EXTREME

ESPN 4

Check out the Summer and Winter X-Games, VIP-style. Then go extreme with Sir Edmund Hillary, Olympic Medalist Ian Ferguson, and America's Cup winner Craig Monk, on a New Zealand Sports Adventure.

EXPLORE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ADVENTURE 5

Travel a mile below the waves in a MIR submarine and see for yourself what the Titanic looks like in her final resting place, and relive your dive in *National Geographic Adventure* magazine.

TOUR

TOWER 6

Check out the hottest music festivals in Europe, Japan, and the U.S. Killer seats and backstage passes, starting with Santana and Third Eye Blind. Plus $10,000 for CDs.

CONNECT

WIRED 7

Get your friends together by wiring them with the best technology in existence. *Wired* editor and tech gadget guru, Bob Parks, will help you spend your $100,000 budget.

HOB-NOB

American Cinematheque 8

Rub elbows with the stars at Hollywood's exclusive Moving Picture Ball. Then hold your own private movie premiere at the famous Egyptian Theatre.

JOURNEY

earth day network 9

Join the anacondas, toucans and caimans as you travel by boat exploring the Amazon with your family and learning from a world-renowned naturalist.

ROMANCE

BISOU BISOU 10

First, a custom designed outfit from fashion designer Michele Bohbot. Then stay in what used to be Coco Chanel's apartment in Paris. Finish with a few days at a French chateau in the countryside.

EXPEDITION

Eddie Bauer 11

Drink champagne with your companion while at the North Pole. Six months later, do the same at the South Pole. Also, join Iditarod musher, DeeDee Jonrowe, in Alaska for a three day dog sled tour.

STYLE

gloss.com 12

Spend two weeks being incredibly stylish in northern Italy. Stay in a private villa, and spend up to twenty grand on Bvlgari accessories while you zoom around the hot spots in a Ferrari.

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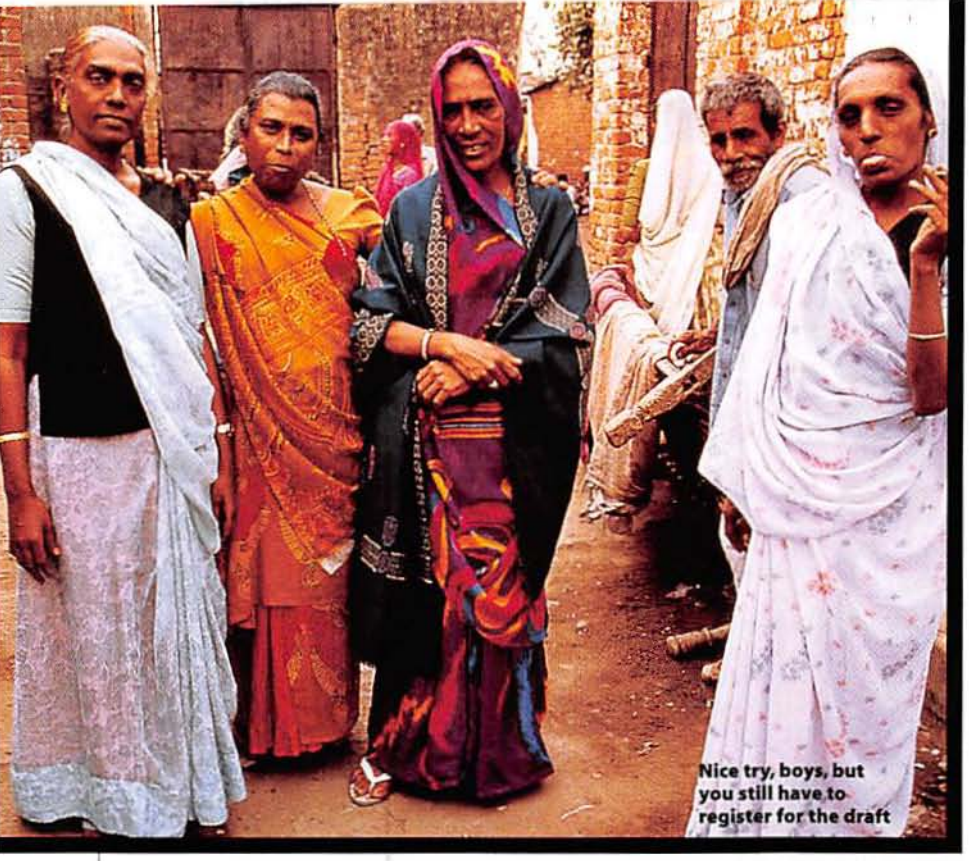

Nice try, boys, but you still have to register for the draft

Inhuman Resources

Think it's tough to find a job? Maybe you should lower your standards...

Unique Recoveries in Bombay, India, has had no problem collecting money from debtors that other companies have written off as deadbeats. How? It employs *hijiras,* or eunuchs with sloppily mutilated genitals, who threaten to lift their saris and display their mauled crotches unless you cough up the dough. One surprised American tourist thought the hijiras' customary song was "kind of catchy" until he realized that "the chorus translated as something like 'Give me money or see my scars.'"

"I enjoy being used as a punching bag," says 25-year-old Jun Sato, and he means it. Sato walks the streets of Tokyo and allows anyone in an angry mood to hit him in the face or stomach in exchange for 1,000 yen ($10). Surprisingly, only a few people have actually taken advantage of his services (it could have something to do with the fact that he wears a protective suit). Sato cheerily reports that his favorite part of the job is having pleasant conversations with his clients after they've finished pummeling him.

Ever wonder how those university researchers get their hands on swarms of hungry lice? Look no further than Egypt's Mohammed Abbas al-Sayyad, professional lice harvester. Al-Sayyad, who is simply continuing the trade that his family has perfected over the past 300 years, banked a fat $60,000 last year from Cairo University alone for his parasite-collection services. His greatest natural asset is the filthy hair of Cairo's large homeless population, but Al-Sayyad doesn't have a problem using the resources provided by his own family.

To ameliorate the stress induced by severe traffic congestion, urban planners in Bangkok concocted a soothing and overwhelmingly silly plan: to use dancing cops. Instead of listening to a cacophony of car horns, gridlocked motorists in Thailand's capital are treated to carefully choreographed routines performed by a special Thai-police-force song-and-dance troupe. Well, that's one way to improve relations with the community. Now, how much for a quick rendition of "Fuck Tha Police"?

"You're guilty of funk in the first degree!"

Inexplicably, the University of Illinois had no trouble filling 15 laboratory positions for which the only job description was the constant sniffing of pig feces. Workers were paid $15 an hour to aid researchers in determining which foods make pig waste smell so damned putrid. Only women were hired, because females supposedly have a superior sense of smell. And they say that men get all the good jobs.—*Ari Jeremiah*

PUZZLE CORNER

Booty Call

Pick Rosie O'Donnell's derrière from an ass-embly of also-rans.

Answer: 4

MAXIM'S MAN OF THE YEAR

"Balls! Oh, I say, that's frightfully clever."

Poof! Daddy

"I've got hat hare."

Saluting qualities that make a man great, we look back to 1941.

Jasper Maskelyne was already a famous magician in the 1930s, but it was the advent of World War II that allowed the illusionist to use his skills on the world stage when the Brits commissioned him to set up a camouflage unit in Egypt. Maskelyne built an entire army—trucks, tanks, even soldiers and potbellied officers—out of canvas and wood, boosting the apparent size of the outgunned British. He invented a fire-resistant paste for gunners, boots with survival gear inside, and indestructible crates for dropping supplies without a parachute. "I can even project an image of Hitler sitting on the loo a thousand feet in the sky," he boasted in biographer David Fisher's *The War Magician*. Maskelyne pulled the fur over the Führer's eyes so often that Hitler put him on the Gestapo's blacklist. When German bombers threatened the Suez Canal, Maskelyne lined searchlights with rotating panels of aluminum foil to magnify the light, blinding pilots who flew across their path. But his most amazing feat put even Copperfield's Statue of Liberty trick to shame. In June 1941 he was ordered to make the entire port of Alexandria disappear. Maskelyne built a model of the city, complete with lighthouse, several miles down the coast and lit it up at night while blacking out the real harbor. As German bombers zeroed in on the model, he set off explosives to complete the illusion. Each morning he covered the decoy and spread fake debris throughout the real Alexandria, convincing spy planes that the bombing was working, and keeping the port in Allied hands for the duration of the war. All that, and he never once got to date Claudia Schiffer. Life is unfair.—*Charles Coxe*

He was also fond of bubbles

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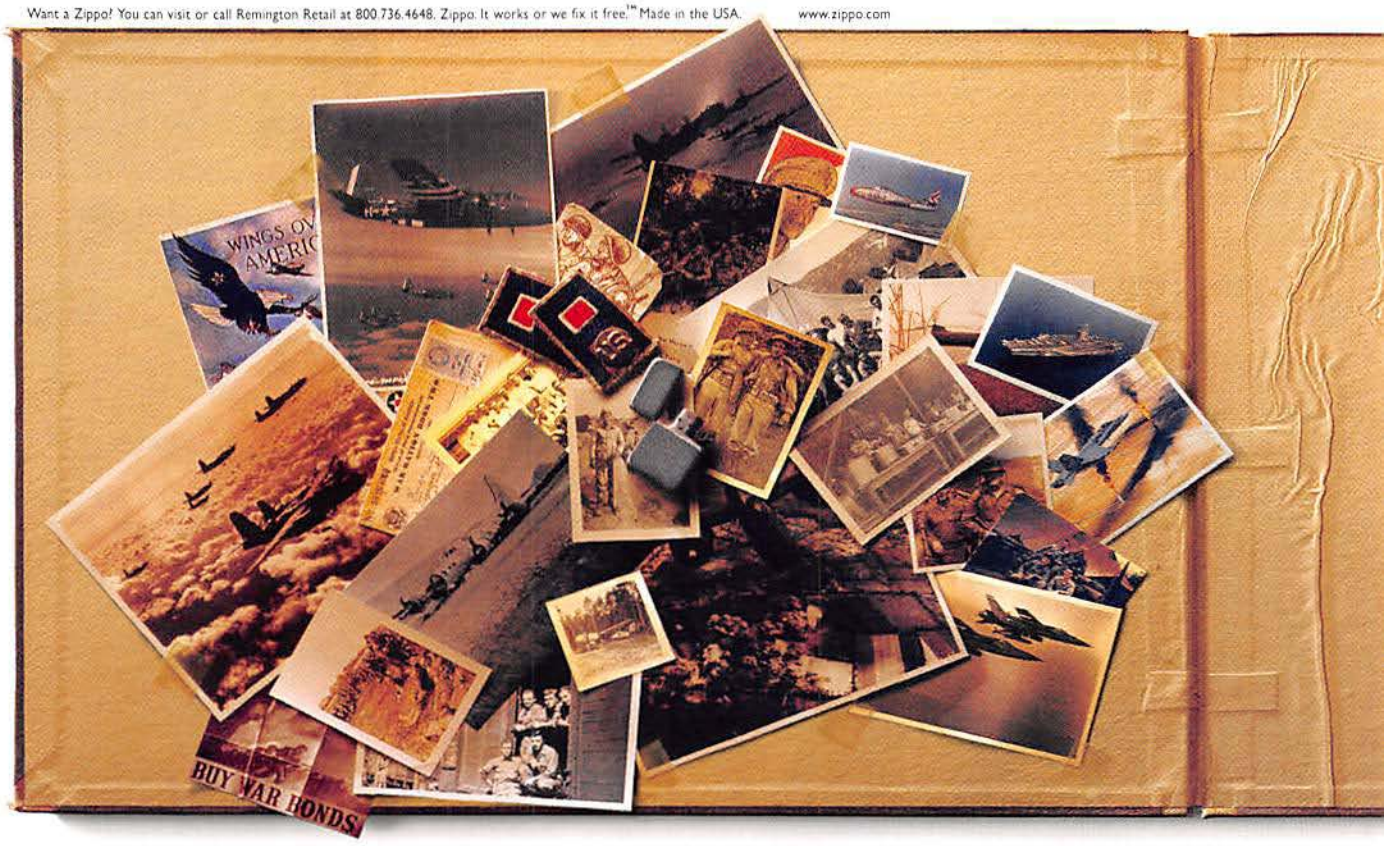


TRAVEL AND LEISURE

Crash Course

In *CVR*, what goes up comes down hard.

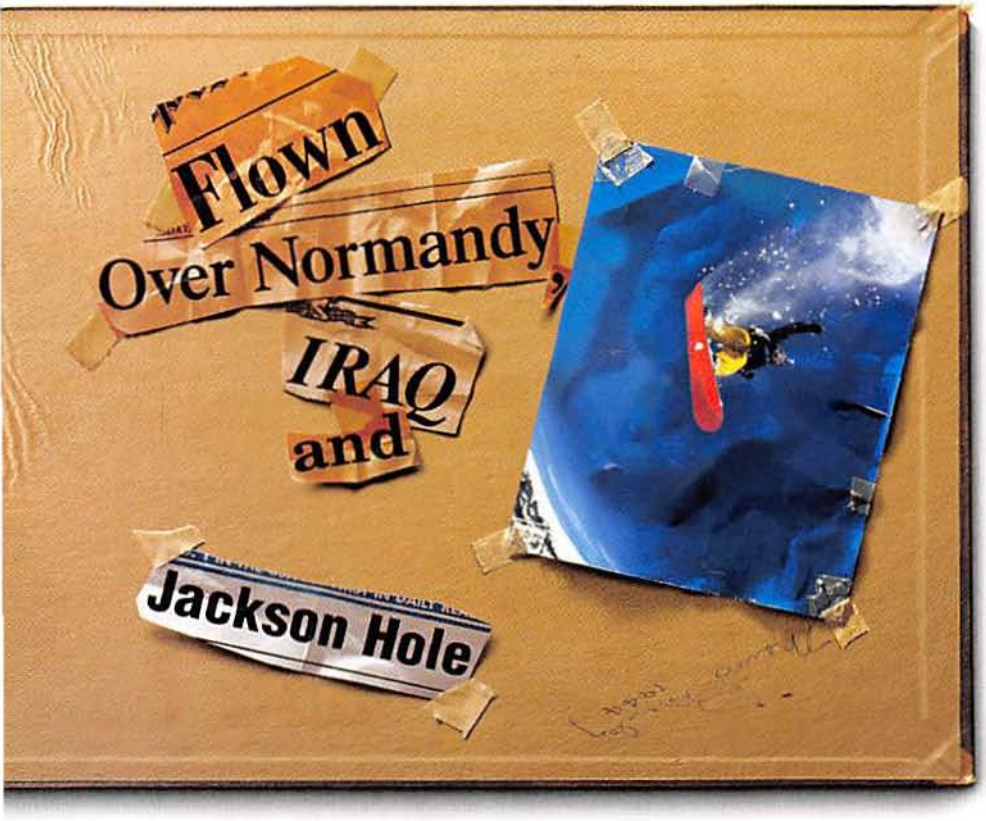
The flight attendants run wearily through safety instructions, buckling seat belts and pulling oxygen masks. Unfortunately, they don't tell you what to do if instruments fail, the pilot cracks under pressure, and the plane plummets to the ground. "Sit back, relax, and enjoy your flight this evening." Minutes later you hear a loud *thwap!* followed by several more—*thwap!...thwapthwap!* "We've lost number two engine," the pilot radios the tower. "We've taken some birds." In seconds the plane is going down; it hits the trees, killing everyone on board. But you survive, because you weren't really there.

You've been watching *Charlie Victor Romeo*, a play with more tense drama than Shakespeare, more horror than Hitchcock. And that's because it's gritty reality: The script is lifted from the transcripts of cockpit voice recorders (Charlie Victor Romeo in pilot jargon) of six separate aircraft "incidents." Director Bob Berger realized they were more gripping than any fiction he'd ever read. "Sometimes things go wrong and someone hits that limit," says Berger, "that point where everyone stops thinking sanely." *Charlie Victor Romeo*'s realism is what draws pilots in droves and what has prompted the U.S. Air Force to ask Berger to make it into a training video. "*CVR* isn't focused on the moment people die," he says. "The dying takes an instant. We show them living up to that last moment." *Charlie Victor Romeo* is currently playing in New York and will open in London this winter. For more information, check out www.weird.org.—*Charles Coxe*

"You are now free to be thrown about the cabin."

When an engine explodes, the crew of United Flight 232 faces almost certain death...

...their heroic crash landing saved 185 lives



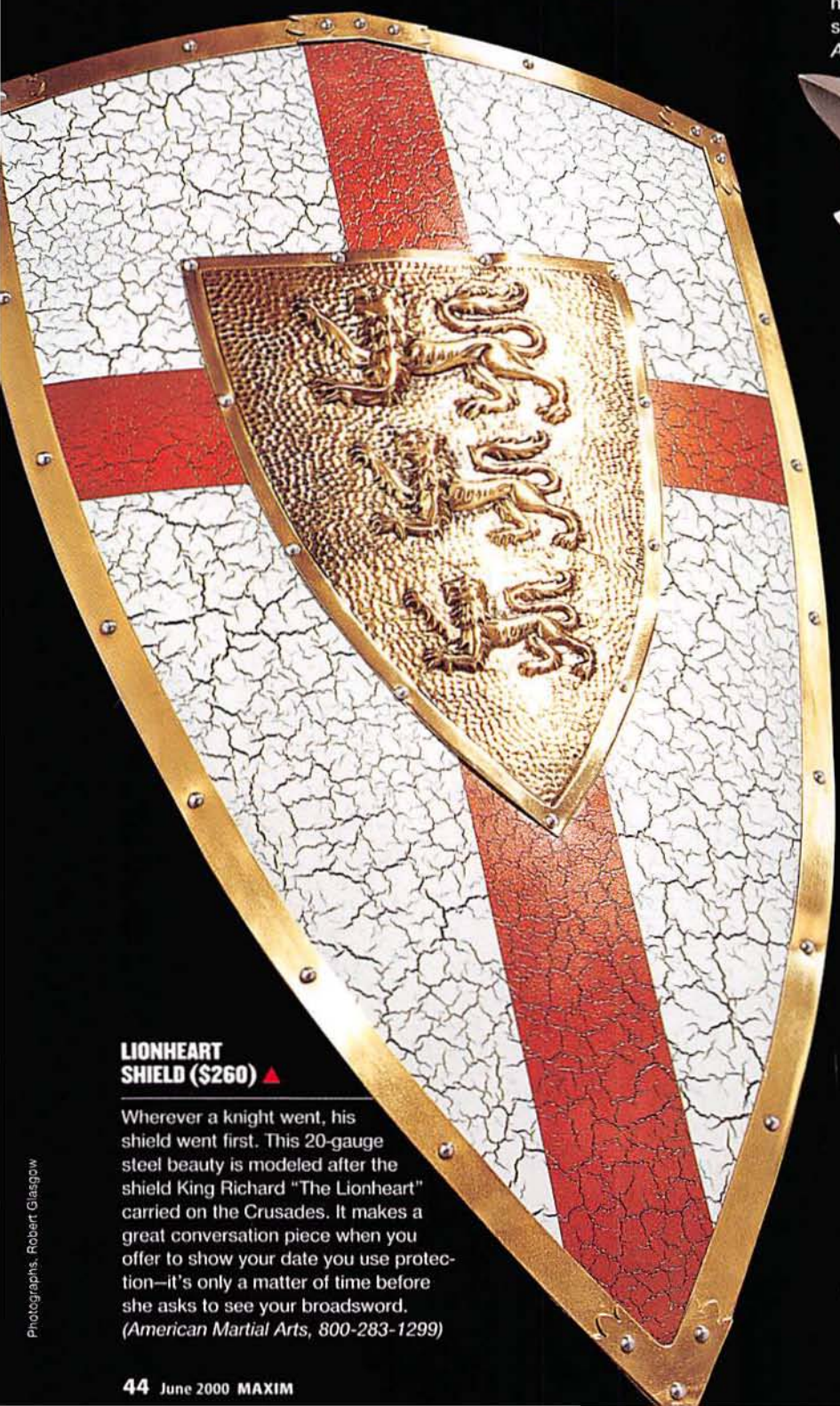
zippo Use it to start something.

BREASTPLATE ($167)

A breastplate acted as a second rib cage, protecting the wearer's heart and lungs. Well-made pieces could deflect attacks by sword, mace, and crossbow (or at least lessen the damage done). The widespread use of firearms relegated items like the breastplate to decorative reminders of days gone by, when they were actually good for something. *(By The Sword, 877-433-9368)*

FLAIL ($216)

Whoever came up with that "swords into plowshares" drivel is full of crap: The ultimate destiny of any peacetime tool is to be turned into a bitchin' weapon. The flail went from grain thresher to head buster. It's long enough to be used while on horseback, and its spiked head packs a mighty, skull-shattering punch. *(Arms & Armor, 800-745-7345)*



SWORDBREAKER DAGGER ($130)

The aptly named swordbreaker has a row of teeth that would turn a gator, well, green with envy and was known for taking bites out of swords that got caught in its maw. It can also chew through flesh and bone, leaving a wound that makes a shark bite look like diaper rash. *(Knights Edge Ltd., 800-516-3343)*

LIONHEART SHIELD ($260)

Wherever a knight went, his shield went first. This 20-gauge steel beauty is modeled after the shield King Richard "The Lionheart" carried on the Crusades. It makes a great conversation piece when you offer to show your date you use protection—it's only a matter of time before she asks to see your broadsword. *(American Martial Arts, 800-283-1299)*

DOUBLE-HEADED AX ($158)

Truly great weapons make you pay for your mistakes. With razor-sharp twin blades and a wingspan of more than 18 inches, this bad boy is just as likely to draw blood from you as from your opponent if you don't know what the hell you're doing. Tourniquet sold separately. *(Knights Edge Ltd., 800-516-3343)*

Photographs, Robert Glasgow

GET MEDIEVAL

From an era when men were men and weapons were designed to cause as much disfigurement as possible.

SINBAD SCIMITAR ($169) ▼

The preferred weapon of Muslims for kicking Crusader ass, the scimitar achieved true fame when Sinbad used it to fillet a slew of rampaging uglies in B movies. The scimitar's long, curved blade (almost five inches at its widest point) is perfect for repelling infidels—or those days when the temptation to play pirate is too great to resist. *(Knights Edge Ltd., 800-516-3343)*

CROSSBOW ($148) ▲

The crossbow was popular in China hundreds of years before making its way to Europe. It has at least one advantage over the conventional longbow: It's easy to wield on horseback. Best of all, you don't need to be a particularly good archer to use it. Unfortunately, by the end of the 16th century, firearms had reduced crossbows to little more than hunting toys for medieval yuppies. *(By The Sword, 877-433-9368)*

NORMAN HELM ($180) ▶

Protective headgear evolved rapidly through the Middle Ages. This particular design comes in your choice of 14- or 18-gauge steel. It has a rounded top to deflect blows and comes with face and neck protectors to save your ugly mug from further defacement. *(By The Sword, 877-433-9368)*

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1 EPCOT's new Journey Through the Transverse Colon ride was a huge success

Slide Show

The world's scariest water slides will make you wet your pants—one way or the other.

1. Super Whooper

The Japanese like their water slides the same way they like their irradiated movie monsters: friggin' enormous. The Super Whooper, the world's biggest slide system, can be found at Aoia Park on Rokko Island in Kobe, Japan. Its 50 different tubes allow 12,000 people to pass through its bowels every hour.

2. Leap of Faith and Serpent

The pool that surrounds these slides at Atlantis casino on Paradise Island, Bahamas, is teeming with sharks. Try Leap of Faith, a 60-foot free fall that rockets you through the shark tank before you know what's happened. Or opt for Serpent, a 48-foot-long corkscrew that lets you tour the tank with only a transparent acrylic tunnel separating you from the man-eaters.

3. Taboo Tower

Venture to the top of this monstrosity at Six Flags Hurricane Harbor in Valencia, California, and your reward is a combined 885 feet of lunch-spewing thrills. Choose your poison: Daredevil Plunge, a 300-foot drop at a 45-degree angle; Secret Passage, a 325-foot corkscrew through complete darkness; or, if you wuss out, the Escape Chute, which will let you do the drop in stages.

4. Space Bowl

This slide at Hyland Hills Water World, Colorado, is a massive re-creation of the porcelain god to whom you've often prayed. You're shot around this giant john at 20 miles per hour, while spectators spray you with water guns just before you're flushed into the eight-foot pool below. All it needs are female ushers at the exit, waiting to yell at you for not putting the seat down.—*Alex Straus*

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3

4

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GOOD DEALS

A Winning Pair

This lingerie company's deck is stacked in your favor.

Tired of seeing the likes of Stephanie Seymour and Tyra Banks decked out in lingerie every month? Us too. That's why we turned from Victoria's Secret to U.K. lingerie designer Agent Provocateur. Instead of hawking its products with a traditional paper catalog, the British boutique proudly peddles its (under)wares on a series of oversize playing cards. With the cards' sensuous depictions of truly stunning models decked out in items like peephole bras and sheer culottes, it won't be long before you're royally flush. You can order by rank and suit (we recommend the eight of spades). Sadly, the cards only come in packages of 18, preventing you from playing a proper game of strip poker, let alone a quick hand of solitaire. For more information, check out www.agentprovocateur.com.

—Ky Henderson

WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

Nine reasons to call in sick this month.

June 1 June is International People Skills Month, so you might want to think about returning those rabid ferrets you were about to set loose in your boss' office.

June 2–3 The great city of Chicago celebrates its Donut Days, so dust yourself with some powdered sugar and wear that spare tire with pride.

June 2–4 Literally dozens flock to the Great Wisconsin Cheese Festival to see guys named Sven do violence to blocks of muenster.

June 9–11 The Empire Union Klingon Convention kicks off in Detroit this weekend. Bullies expect to make upwards of $50,000 in extorted lunch money.

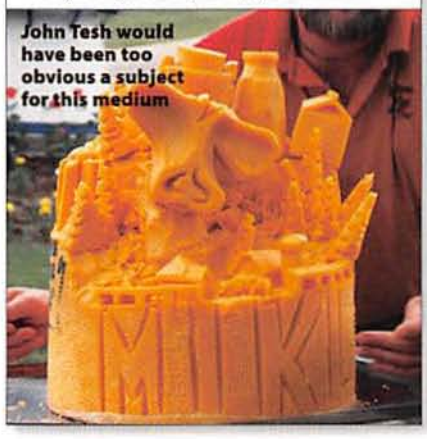
June 10 Glendive, Montana, holds its Buzzard Day Festival to celebrate the return of the turkey vultures. Bring your own spleen tidbits.

June 10–11 Wisconsin's Mount Horeb Mustard Museum holds a family reunion for anyone with the last name Mustard. This year's should be as thrilling as ever.

June 18 Tormented by hemorrhoids on this day in 1815, Napoleon delays his army's march into battle, costing him Waterloo, Josephine, and his empire.

June 22–25 Contestants line up for the World Champion Seed-Spitting Contest at the Watermelon Thump in Luling, Texas. Be sure to stand upwind.

June 28 In 1914 Archduke Franz Ferdinand's chauffeur got lost in Sarajevo and blundered into the path of an assassin. Today's a good day to tip your cabbie.



John Tesh would have been too obvious a subject for this medium

Illustration, Lyman Daly

Live a little—get the leather interior for just a few dollars more

THE BOOMING ECONOMY

Getting Tanked

War—what is it good for? An afternoon of fun for the whole family!

It's the only museum in the country whose curator struts around with a loaded Colt .45 strapped to his waist, just in case: Welcome to the Tank Museum, America's baddest-ass assemblage of vintage heavy armor. Located in Danville, Virginia, the museum is a must-see destination for the warfare buff who's bleary-eyed from endless nights in front of the History Channel. Here he'll find the real roaring menace, proudly displayed, the staff notes, "with no distinction between right and wrong." There are German panzers lined up next to U.S. Shermans, half-tracks, a Vietnam War–era troop carrier, and howitzers fat enough to stick your head inside (not recommended). The Tank Museum also houses one of the largest collections of machine guns in the world (outside compounds in Montana, of course), and its walls are lined with military uniforms dating from the War of 1812. Formerly stationed in Mattituck, Long Island, the hundred-odd tanks spent last September rumbling down I-95 to their new home south of the Mason-Dixon line. Patton would've wept with joy at the sight, though a few paranoid Southerners were probably thinking, *Oh, no, not again.* For more info, call the museum at (804) 836-5323.—*Tom Gogola*

"Uh, I think you're in my spot."

IT CAME FROM THE THIRD GRADE #16

The Secret Sauce Spurt

Show someone the perfect condiment for his morning constitutional.

SETUP: Because there's no better time to humiliate someone than when his pants are already down, sneak a couple of packets of ketchup into an empty executive washroom.

EXECUTION: Lift the seat and carefully place a packet of ketchup under each of the feet. When someone plunks down for a moment of peace...*splurt!* He'll get wet behind the knees.

WHY IT WORKS: The trick is to pick the toilet that's most often used for longer stays. The last thing anyone wants to experience on the can is an explosion of red goo.

BUZZ O' THE MONTH

Beware of Dog

This Oregon ale is almost strong enough to make you attack the mailman.

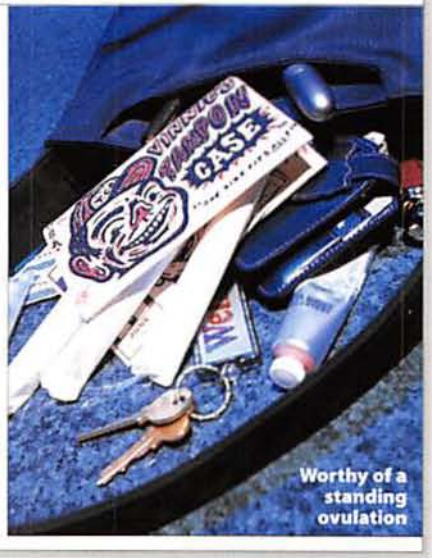
Unlike most major labels, which brew their suds in vats roughly the size of Rhode Island, Portland's Hair of the Dog Brewing Company makes small batches of "bottle-conditioned" beers that actually finish their brewing cycle inside the bottle. If stored at room temperature, these suds ferment on their own, like fine wine, for several years. Hair of the Dog calls its strongest ale Fred, in honor of great beer historian Fred Eckhardt (and they say the academic life is a dull one). It's a golden 10-hop concoction that contains a staggering 11.5 percent alcohol by volume. What's Fred's ancient Chinese secret? Time. The longer the maturing period, the longer the yeast interacts with the beer, sucking up excess sugar like your mother with, um, let's just say a Blow Pop, and cranking out more alcohol. This prolonged extraction of sugar is what changes Fred's "personality." A quick word of warning: Downing a couple of bottles will probably change your personality too. If you want to get the Fred out yourself, take a walk to www.hairofthedog.com, or call the brewery at (503) 232-6585 for all the hairy details.—*Tim Clark*

RED-AND-WHITE BLUES

Go with the Flow

Now knowing her schedule is easy.

Touching a tampon makes a man squeamish. Buying a whole *box* is even worse. So what inspired 33-year-old New Yorker Vinnie Angel to make cartoony canvas tampon cases with phrases like I BRAKE FOR CYCLES!? The master of menstruation says he made his first cases in 1995 for a few female friends. He now produces the five-dollar cases in two sizes—original and mini—both of which include a handy period chart so women can keep track of their flow (peek so you can prepare for downtime). "I get fan mail from women who want to date me because I'm such a sensitive guy for making these," Vinnie claims. Now you can get the same credit for just *buying* one. Go to www.tamponcase.com.



Worthy of a standing ovulation

Potty time!

WE'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU

This Just In!

If someone else printed it, it must be true.

Though all these stories seem too good to be true, three of them were actually reported in reputable news sources. See if you can spot the one *we* made up.

1. Parents at Huey P. Long High School in Shreveport, Louisiana, are demanding the school change its mascot before it injures more kids. It's tradition for seniors to wrestle with Ollie, an alligator that lives in a tank on the school grounds. Five students have lost fingers to Ollie this year.

2. Kenny Rogers is being sued by a fan who claims that the country singer rendered him impotent. A Frisbee that Rogers tossed during a concert at a hotel in Dallas struck a chandelier, showering Kevin O'Toole with glass. O'Toole alleges that he has since been unable to give his wife "services, love, and guidance."

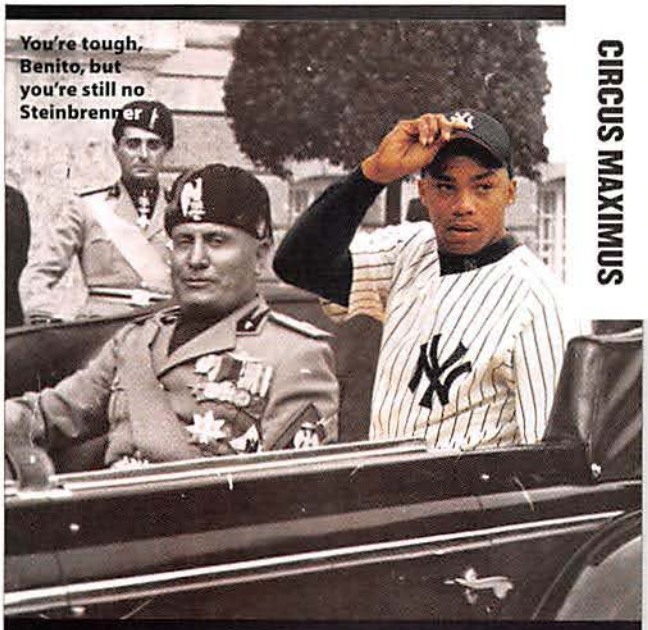
3. An editor at *The Daily Collegian* of Penn State University was fired after attributing a phony quotation to the coach of their women's basketball team. At the end of an article, the female coach was quoted as saying, "That's the fun part of coaching—you have 18- to 22-year-olds paying your mortgage and munching your box."

4. A Florida man has been charged with grand theft after stealing four portable toilets. Managers at Hall Septic Tank Service became suspicious when the toilets had disappeared and soon discovered that the johns had been lifted by Timothy Dale Hardenbrook, one of the company's truck drivers. Hardenbrook also charged customers for the use of the toilets and kept the money for himself.

Larry Flint's career got off to a slow start

ANSWER: 1

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (boxer, Vinnie's)



HEAD-TO-HEAD

El Duque vs. il Duce

One's a Cuban exile who's a pitching machine; the other's an Italian dictator who looks like Mr. Clean. But which one really knows how to play hardball?

ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES

Roger Clemens, David Cone, Andy Pettitte, Mariano Rivera — Adolf Hitler

Edge: Duque

FASHION SENSE

Yankee pinstripes — Fascist black shirt

Edge: Duque

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

Shaved head, high leg kick — Shaved head, goose step

Edge: Duque

INTIMIDATION FACTOR

Commands a wide variety of pitches with multiple deliveries — Commanded opponents to consume pints of castor oil and live toads

Edge: Duce

VANQUISHED ENEMIES

Texas, Boston, Atlanta — Libya, Ethiopia, Albania

Edge: Duque

WORST BLOWOUT

Shelled for 10 runs in 3⅓ innings by the Angels on July 29, 1998 — Army of 400,000 crushed by fewer than 90,000 Brits in North Africa

Edge: Duce

WEAKNESS

Left-handed batters — Cadbury's Creme Eggs

Edge: Duque

MAIN FAN BASE

The Bronx — Italy

Draw

LASTING LEGACY

Two World Series championships — Made the trains run on time

Edge: Duque

AND THE WINNER IS

After nine innings, Orlando leaves Benito swinging, 6–2.

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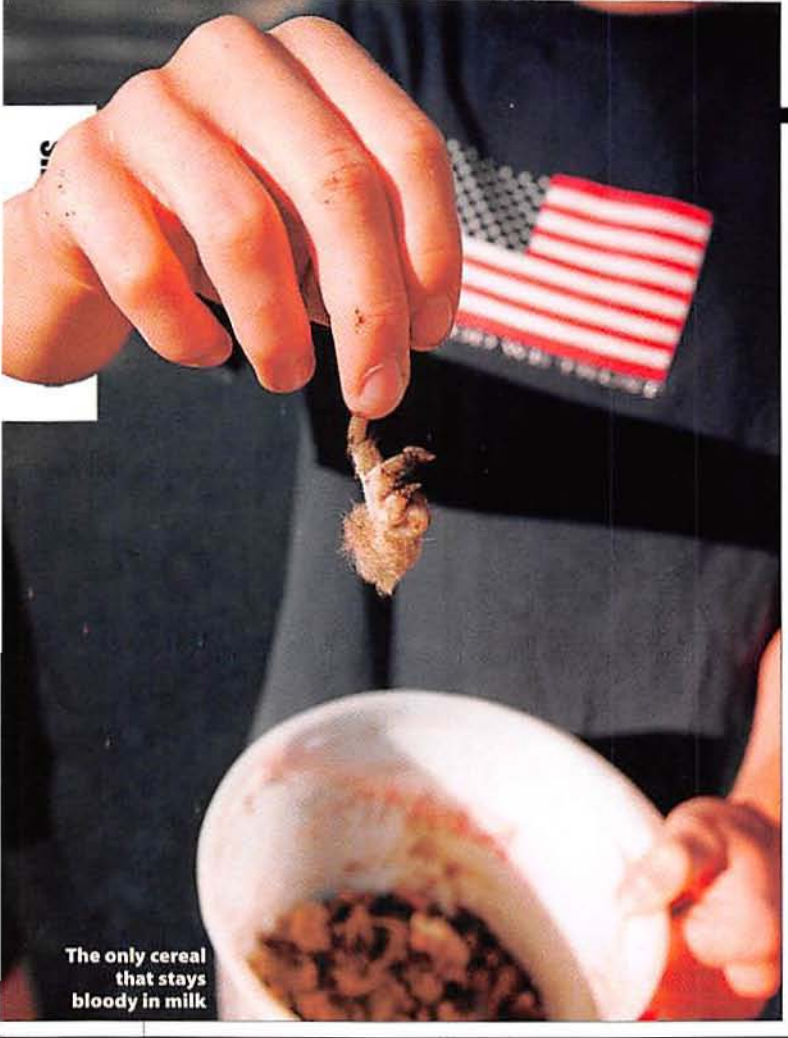


The only cereal that stays bloody in milk

WASTIN' VARMINTS

Gopher the Kill

The one town Fred Grandy will never dare visit.

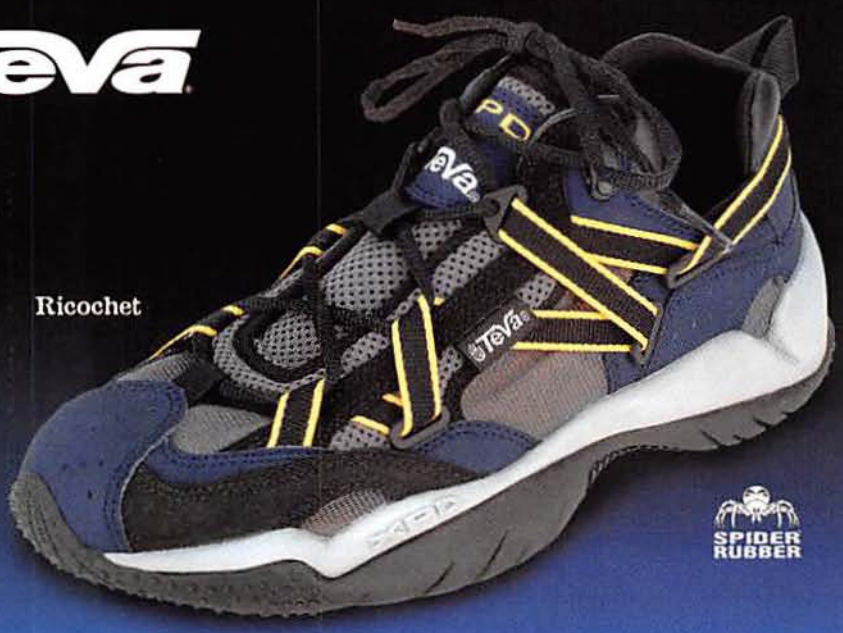
The ghosts of millions of huggable rodents may well haunt the fields around this Minnesota farming community—looking for their legs. The village of Viola, population less than 100, in the heart of the Gopher State, has been plagued by hordes of marauding gophers since the first farmers settled here in the mid-1800s. So, like any good Americans, Violans put a bounty on gophers and started slaughtering 'em by the bushel. Their fuzzy front legs are worth cold, hard cash—$1.25 a pair—which is handed out at the annual Gopher Count celebration, held the third Thursday in June. "People sometimes stick the legs in a jar and keep them in their freezer until the counting," says Marilyn Shea, who was declared Queen of the Gopher Count in 1999. "But some also put them on a line and hang them out to dry. That way they won't smell, and the cats won't run off with them from the garage." Last year the village paid out almost $1,500, which translates to 1,200 goner gophers. Naturally, the Gopher Count has been targeted by spoilsport animal rights organizations. But the Violans don't just do this for kicks; they're protecting their livelihood from the furry critters: "The gophers go down the rows and eat up all the corn kernels and alfalfa seeds," Shea explains. "We don't trap gophers here to be cruel to animals. And we're not teaching our kids violence. It was something that started a long time ago, and we keep it going through thick and thin."

—Nelson Taylor

Tragically, prostitution is the only option for some gophers

Come out and play

Teva



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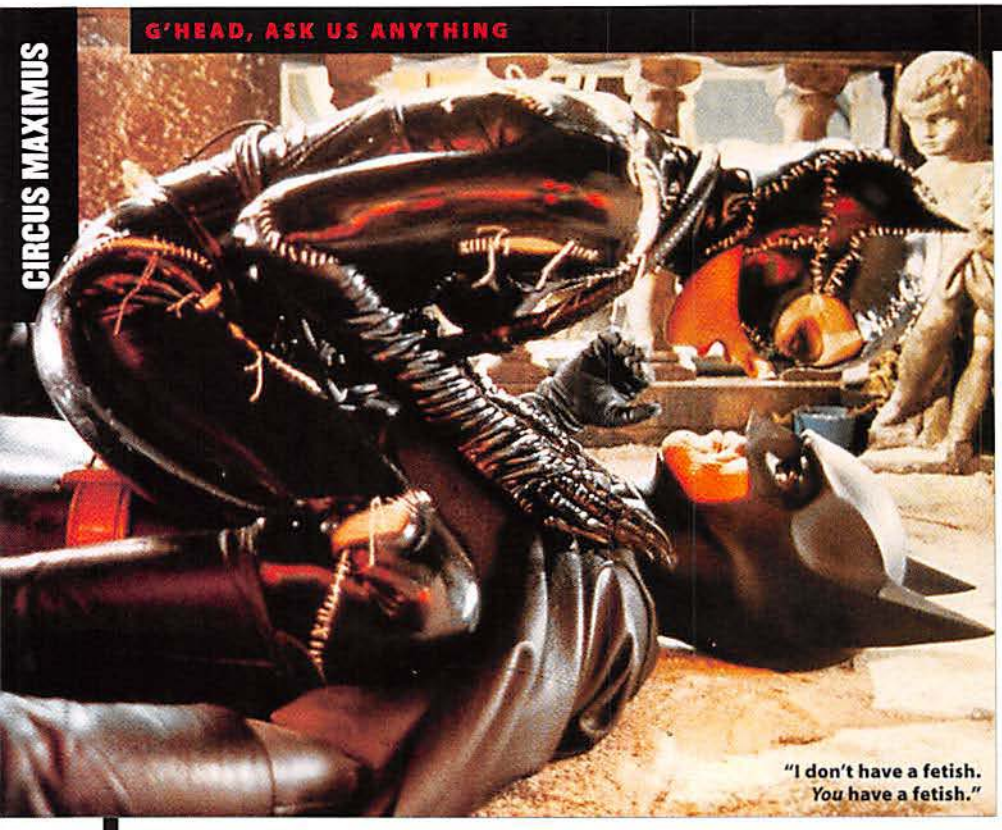


"I don't have a fetish. *You* have a fetish."

Smart-ass Answers to Dumb-ass Questions

You were curious enough to ask; the least we could do was look it up.

Q: Where did the expression 'let the cat out of the bag' come from?

A: Like "We're out of beer" and "Honey, I think the condom broke," this phrase is tied to one of life's cruelest jokes. In the mid-1500s, British meat lovers could head to their local farmers' market and buy a "pig in a poke"—a live, squealing piglet tied up in a burlap sack (eat that, PETA!). This was one of the cheapest ways to bring home the bacon. But there was an element of risk involved: "Sometimes a country slicker would fool a city slicker by putting a cat in the bag instead of a pig," says language expert Richard Lederer, coauthor of *Sleeping Dogs Don't Lay*. "When the city slicker returned home and untied the bag, two things would happen. He would unveil a carefully cloaked secret, or 'let the cat out of the bag.' He would also be tricked or duped, in other words, 'left holding the bag.'"

Q: Who would win a tug of war, a bunch of midgets or a bunch of monkeys?

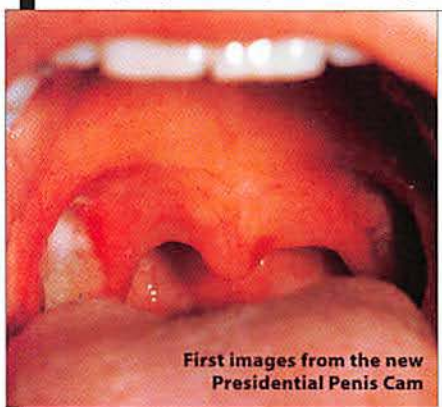
A: It depends on the monkeys, according to experts at the Yerkes Regional Primate Facility's Living Link Center in Atlanta. Midgets are about as strong as normal-size people; the length of a person's bones has little effect on his muscle density or strength. But monkeys have an innate advantage in that they're born gripping their mothers, according to Yerkes Program and Operations Coordinator Darren Long. "In a tug of war, they'd cling for dear life. What they could put behind that grip is another question." Against rhesus monkeys, the primate species most often found in captivity in the U.S., "the midgets would win, hands down," our expert says. And the midgets would still have a fighting chance against the larger, stronger baboon. But don't go any higher on the evolutionary chain: "A chimpanzee is five times stronger than a human being of comparable weight," explains Long. So don't let them catch you laughing at them for wearing diapers and riding tricycles, or you could be in for a heapin' helpin' of banana cream whup-ass.

You must be at least this tall to ride this monkey

Q: If a woman with implants opted for cremation, would her plastic double Ds have to be removed first?

A: Probably—even if her husband didn't want them for mementos. Heat doesn't melt silicone implants away; the sacks leave a damaging sticky goo on the walls of the incinerator. So the embalmer not only drains her fluids before she cooks—sometimes he also removes her Hollywood Hills so they won't ruin the oven. But there are no laws requiring crematories to do so. Each crematory creates its own policy, says Jack Springer of the Cremation Association of North America (wow, *those* conventions must get crazy). Many businesses in the death trade simply scrape the ex-knockers off the insides of the incinerators, whereas others, such as Odd Fellows in Los Angeles, California, insist that the implants be taken out beforehand. "It's the family's responsibility to have them removed prior to delivery for cremation. And if they haven't been taken out, we will not accept the body," says manager Aida Bobadilla. Yes, loved ones have the option of taking the jugs home along with the ashes for that empty spot on the mantel.

Rally 'round the flag



First images from the new Presidential Penis Cam

Q: Why the hell do I have tonsils if they just have to be removed anyway?

A: Chances are you wouldn't know your tonsils if they jumped up and bit you. The little punching bag at the back of your throat, you say? That's actually your uvula, which aims food and liquid down your gullet and keeps that Noel Gallagher whine out of your voice. Your tonsils sit between the folds of the soft palate, where they crank out blood cells that fight infection. Fact is, the tonsils that are usually removed in childhood—called the palatine tonsils—are only one of four sets you're born with. The others are located in your nasal cavity, throat, and tongue. But the palatine tonsils are the ones that tend to act up. According to ear-nose-and-throat specialist Richard Etra, "If you have recurring strep throat, obstructions to eating and speech, or sleeping and snoring problems, you may have to remove the tonsils." Abscesses (pools of pus) and tonsiliths (accumulation of saliva, food, and mucus in the tonsils' crevices) can cause all these problems, not to mention raging halitosis. Get some mouthwash already.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
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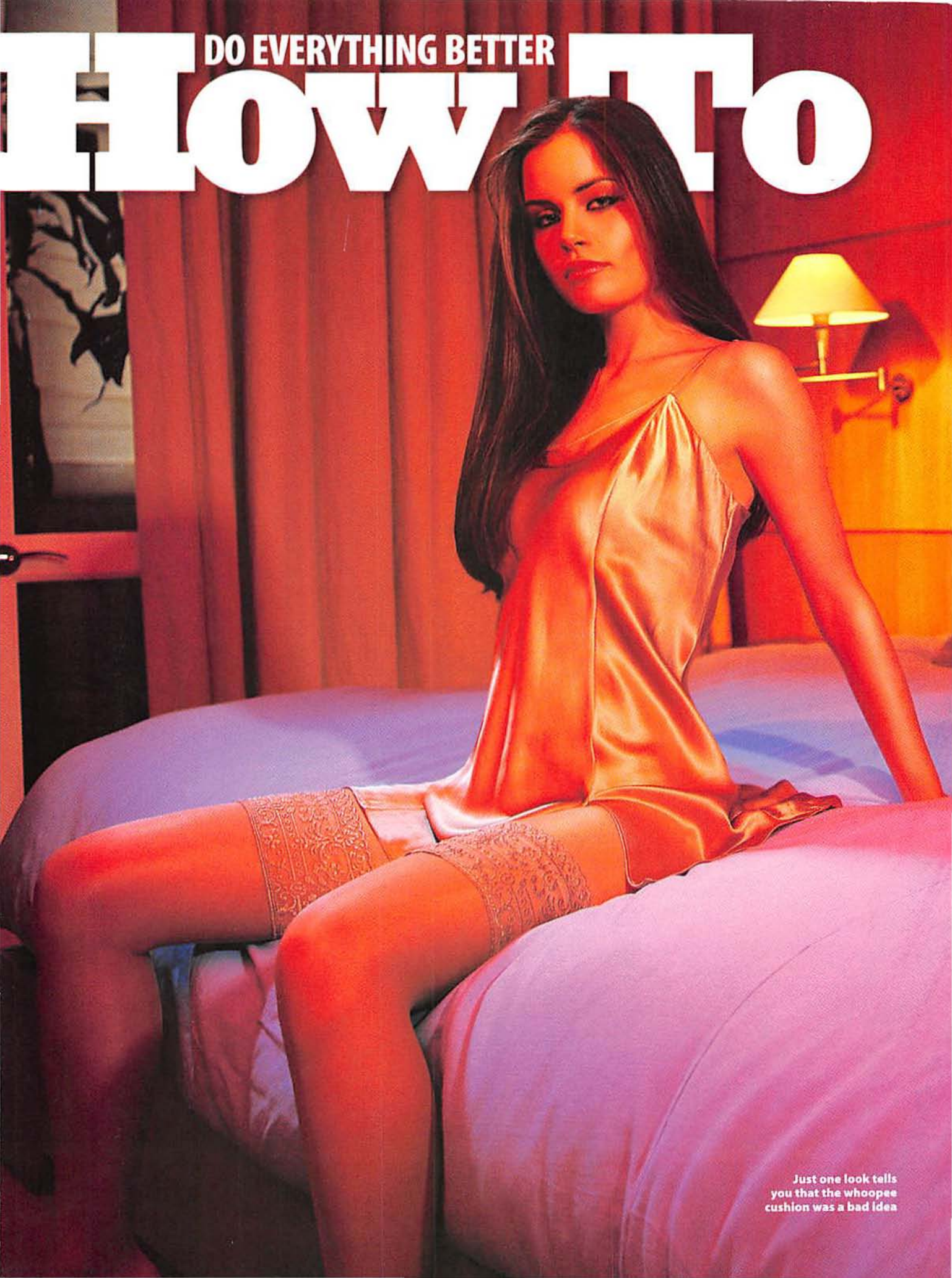
How To

DO EVERYTHING BETTER



Just one look tells you that the whoopee cushion was a bad idea

FENG SHUI YOUR BEDROOM

Forget jewelry and expensive dinners; if you want surefire action, just redecorate.

"What's on the walls, the color of the sheets, right down to where you put your toothbrush, affect and reflect you because you put it there," says Karen Rauch Carter, author of *Move Your Stuff, Change Your Life.* While the Chinese art of feng shui may sound like the equivalent of a wet T-shirt contest in Appalachia—in other words, hogwash—chances are your girl thinks it's the best thing since Oprah. Even if she's not into it, you'll come across as wise in the secret ways of the East, which definitely won't hurt your chances in bed.

Take the sniff test.

Send your dirty sweat socks and shorts to the Laundromat and open the window to air the room out. You're going to have to spend a little time cleaning, and that includes all those hidden spots where you normally shove everything. "Clutter under the bed suggests there's clutter *in* the bed," says Carter. "And a door that doesn't open all the way communicates *you're* stuck in your ways." (See how logical all this is? And the Chinese had to smoke opium to figure this out!) Spray the room lightly with a citrus scent. Cut some fresh flowers from your neighbor's garden, and stick them in a vase on the bookshelf.

Lose the negative images.

You want the room to feel warm and inviting, so dim the lights: Harsh fluorescents give your sexual encounter all the romance of a gynecological exam. A computer or television in the room means you're a workaholic or a couch potato. Move 'em out. Toss all pictures of women (especially the one of Mom), as well as any images of volcanic eruptions (too violent), winter scenes (frigid), and sports figures (juvenile). Replace them with landscape posters of warm sunsets or grassy fields. Invest in flesh-colored lampshades or curtains—one word you want her thinking in your bedroom is *naked.*

Look like relationship material.

Now it's time to focus your attention on the part of the room where all the action will take place (at least until next month, when we present "How to Feng Shui Your Deer Stand"). Push the head of the bed against the wall so both of you can get in without a struggle—cutting off one side screams *selfish bastard.* "Trade in the twin bed for a double," says Carter. "If you can't afford to upgrade, at least invest in two pillows." Put a few plants by the window (but not the kind that grow in Phototrons) to show you've got the maturity to maintain life.

Think heat.

Strategically place two red candles, symbolic of the two of you, in the far right-hand corner opposite the door. According to feng shui, this is the sex-and-relationship corner. "If you heat up this corner, you heat up your sex life," says Carter. Since red is both the color of love and an energy stimulator, she'll be very impressed by your attention to detail. Leave sensual foods, like champagne and chocolate, within reach of the bed. Now that she's hotter than South Hades in July, put the magazine away and get down to business. *—Laurina Gibbs*

Photographs, Duke May; stylist, Kim Holly; hair & makeup, Koji Higashino for Celestine L.A.; production, Sacco Productions

HOW TO

GET RID OF UNWANTED GUESTS

Before you teach a man to fish, you've got to give him the hook.

You thought your old college buddy was crashing for the weekend, but two months later his hairy ass still stares you in the face when you leave for work. When your leech has worn out his welcome (or BMG has tracked him down), use our tips to make Cousin Eddie throw the RV in reverse and find another jackass with the words MEAL TICKET pulsing on his forehead.

Don't get hostile over your hostel

"Getting angry at an unwelcome guest means you've lost all control of your own boundaries," says New York psychotherapist Debra Burrell. Regaining that control, not lashing out at your loafer, should be your focus. Along with empty wallets, freeloaders are equipped with unusually thick skin, and your repeated yelling will only make it thicker.

Starve him out

Remember, all parasites must feed, so under no circumstances keep food in the house. Store groceries and beer in the fridge at work. When he gets tired of living off toothpaste, he'll push off.

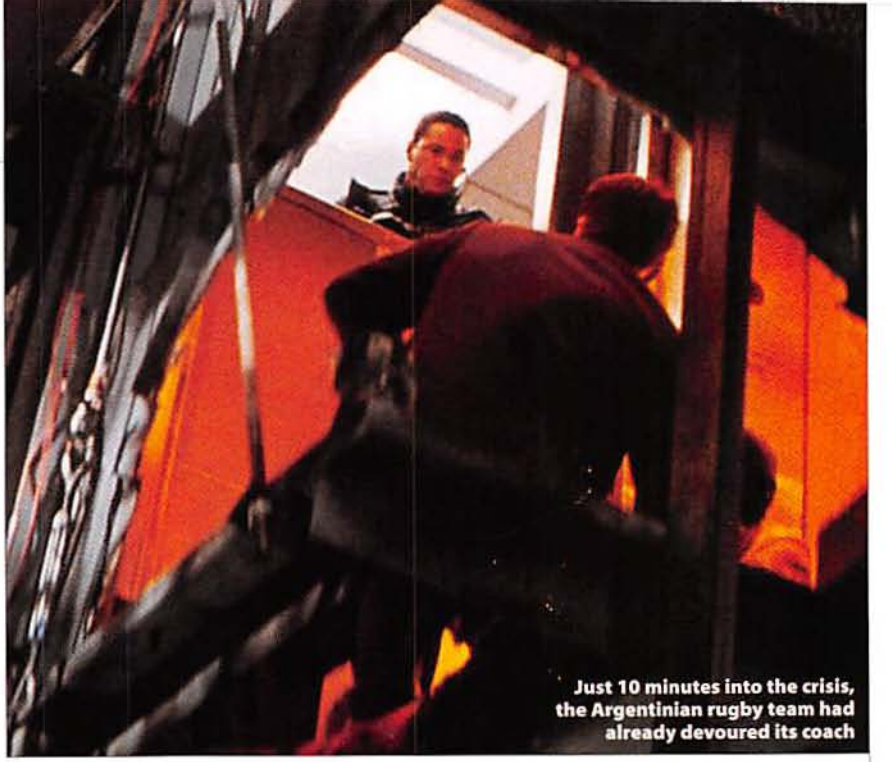
Be a psychobabble bully

If subtle hints don't work, Burrell says, use the ABC technique to talk your way out of subservience. Make statements that follow the form "When you do *A*, I feel *B*, so I have to ask you to do *C*." For example: "When you feed off me like a dung beetle, I end up feeling like a total sucker, so I'm gonna have to stop bending over and ask you to dismount."

Play the phobia card

Desperate times call for desperate measures, so don't rule out character suicide as a survival tactic. Once those bestiality catalogs start rolling in, your guest will check into a shelter before he asks you for a stick of gum.—*Sarah Conerly*

"Behold my Schick Tracer and tremble!"


Just 10 minutes into the crisis, the Argentinian rugby team had already devoured its coach

HOW TO

ESCAPE A STUCK ELEVATOR

Get yourself to safety without getting the shaft.

Don't think it's likely? Think again: "If you travel in elevators on a daily basis, you'll probably get stuck once in a lifetime," says Ray Lapierre, executive director of the Elevator Escalator Safety Foundation. When you're trapped, what you do could determine whether you get out alive.

DON'T pry the doors open

Seems like the logical thing to do, right? That's what 26-year-old Dallas hotel bellman Thomas Foley did when the elevator he was riding in was suspended between the 19th and 20th floors. Rescue workers later found his lifeless body draped over a cable at the seventh floor. The moral of the story: Even if you just dropped several stories before screeching to a halt, you're better off inside. Modern elevators are pulled by as many as eight cables, each one capable of holding a car by itself, and they run along the guide rails of the emergency brakes.

DO brace yourself

The odds that you'll be hurt if your elevator takes a plunge are about one in 12 million, but you can minimize even that risk. If you're falling, grab the rail and stay low to ease the (improbable) impact. Once you've come to a stop, push the buzzer. Pick up the emergency phone and hold on until someone answers; you usually won't hear a dial tone.

DON'T lose your head

Sticking your head into the shaft is dangerous, too: A 27-year-old Chicago construction worker was partially decapitated—and completely killed—by rubbernecking as another elevator arrived at his floor.

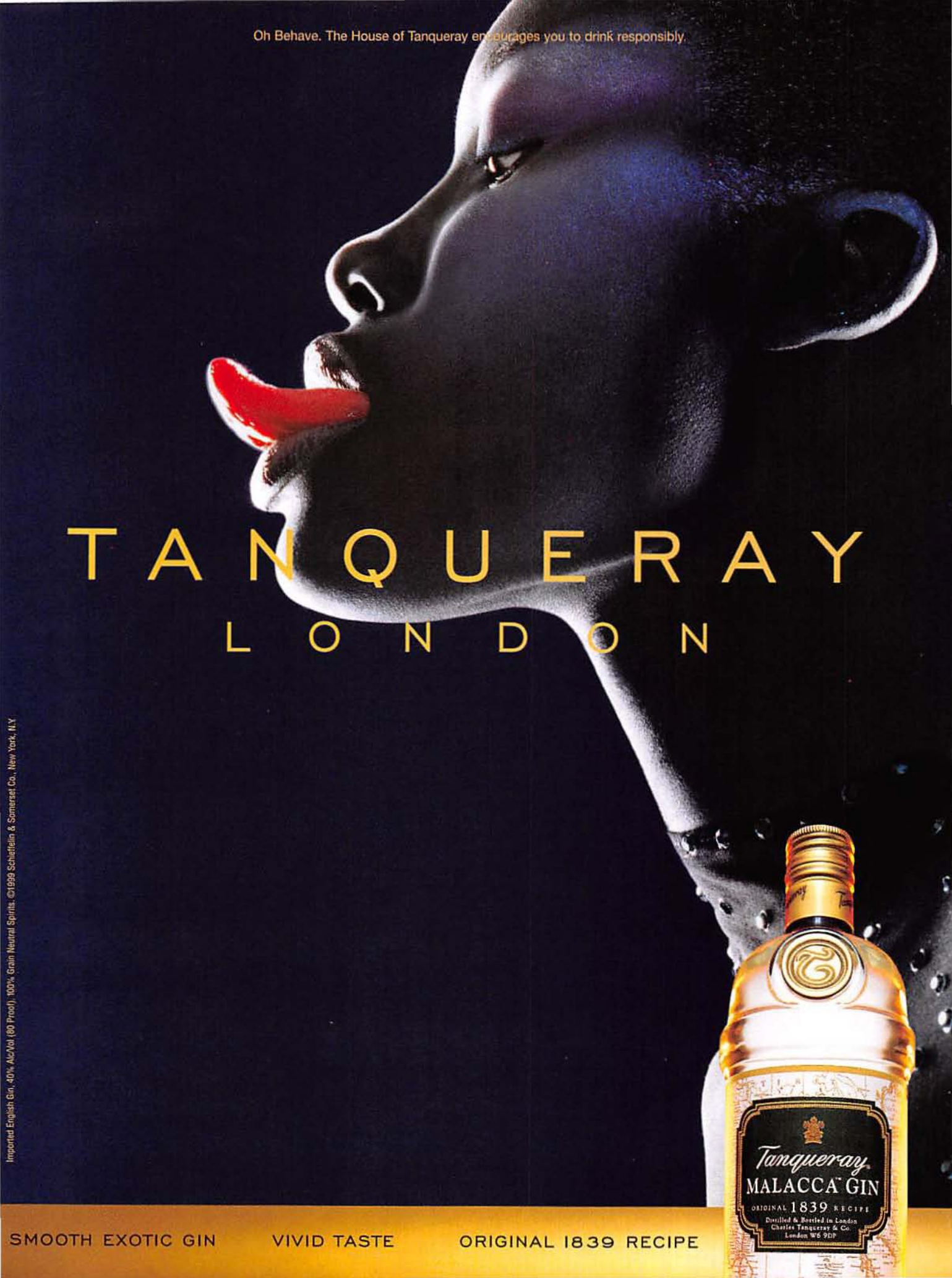
DO cover your head

"We took off our shoes and got centered," says Sharon Stone of the time she and her maid were stuck in an out-of-control elevator. That part's not really necessary unless you're wearing high heels, but you should look for objects you can use to shield yourself in case a sudden stop sends you flying into the car's ceiling (Sharon took cover under her maid's service cart—she's such a trouper). Be prepared for a forceful drop back to the floor. If nothing's available, visualize being trapped with Sharon in the *Basic Instinct* era to keep a smile on your face until help arrives.

DON'T forget that every situation is different

"Remember: Under no circumstances should you pry open the door or climb out of the hatch," Lapierre warns. Even if you're trapped for hours? "No." Even if a cable snaps? "No." Even if the car's on fire or there's a bomb inside? "In a life-threatening situation, people will have to judge for themselves the least of evils," an exasperated Lapierre concedes. We thought so.—*Frank Sennett*

"I hear this music, Doctor. Everywhere I go, it's *wicky-wicky-wicky*."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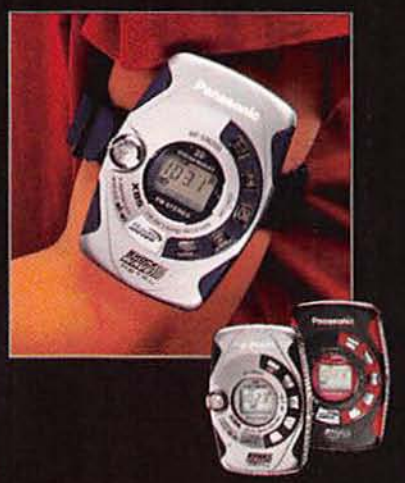

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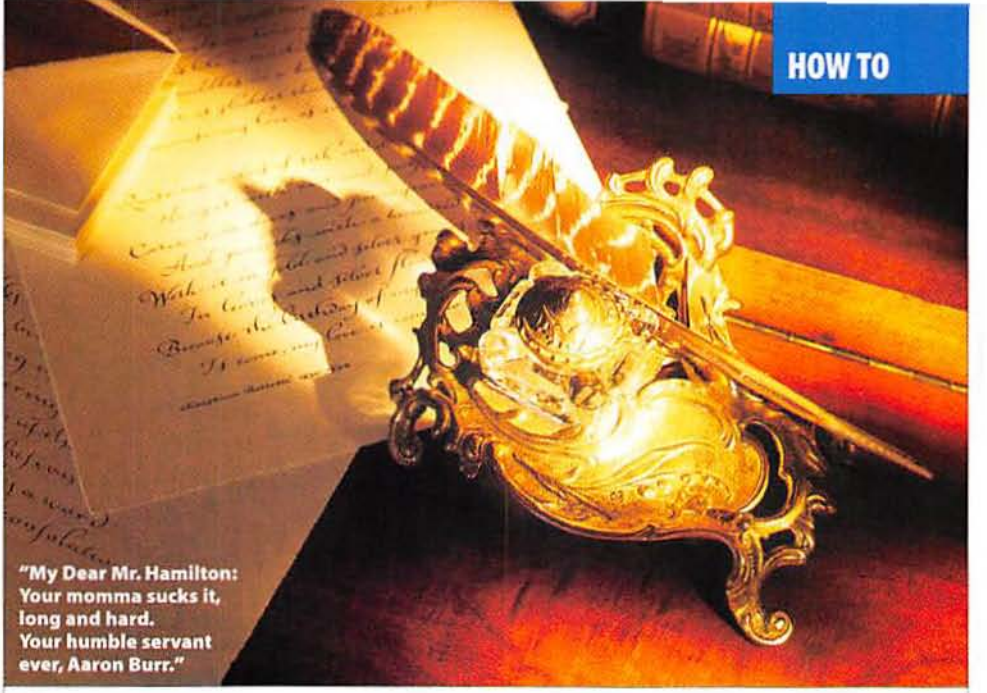


HOW TO

ANALYZE HANDWRITING

Determine whether that prospective employee really came from Yale—or jail.

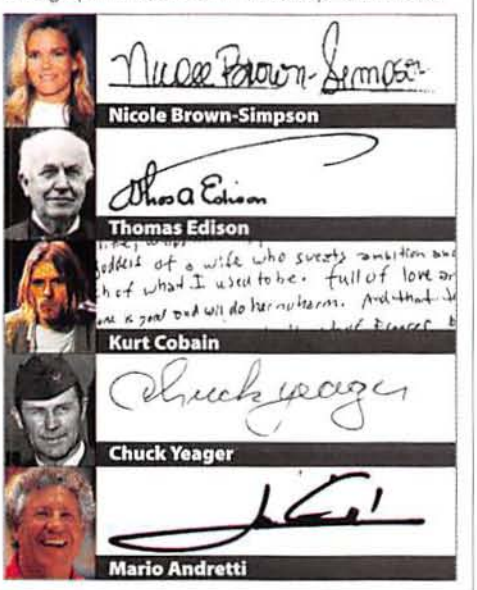
"Handwriting never lies, even when the writer does," asserts Sheila Lowe, handwriting analyst and author of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Handwriting Analysis.* She warns, however, that assassinating a colleague's character solely on the basis of his curly o's can make you appear far loopier than him. Margin width, the energy and pressure of the writing, spacing, and the shape of letters all factor in good analysis. So if you insist on deconstructing a Post-it note or a cocktail-napkin scribble, here are a few tips.

■ Rounded, girlish handwriting suggests a person in need of affection and approval. Not necessarily a good bet in relationships, this type tends to flirt relentlessly (see Nicole Brown Simpson). Look out for more threatening warning signs: Jagged letters formed with heavy pressure can convey stress. You could be dealing with a ticking time bomb.

■ Examining individual letters, though not completely reliable, can be helpful. The crossbar placed high on the letter *t* reveals lofty goals (see Thomas Edison). If it's placed low, the writer lacks energy and self-esteem (see Kurt Cobain). If the crossbar slants down, look for a domineering tendency. If it heads upward, optimism prevails. Large loops on *y*'s, *j*'s, and *g*'s show lots of ambition (see Chuck Yeager) or an intense sex drive (don't see Chuck Yeager).

■ If the letter *d* stands out on the page—large, bold, and suddenly right-slanting—expect sudden bursts of hostility. Punctuation ground into the page is typical of sex offenders, and an extreme right slant coupled with heavy pressure points to a boiling cauldron of rage.

■ "Those tips are all well and good for armchair-detective types," you say, "But how does this help me meet women?" Here's how: Have a woman write your full name on a piece of paper. If the letters are big and she capitalizes the last name, chances are good she thinks highly of you. If she scribbles everything in dinky lowercase, she finds you, well, small. Neat little letters that hug the line divulge an anal-retentive and focused, but largely insecure, scribe. Huge characters, particularly lowercase e's, *a*'s, *o*'s, *m*'s, and *u*'s, communicate egomania. A person's own signature shows how he or she likes to be perceived: Big flourishes and underlinings are driven by imagination and self-importance (see Mario Andretti and Mr. Autograph himself—John Hancock).—*Alex Porter*



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When your ship sinks, your bungee breaks, or your stewardess pukes in your lap, it's time to demand your just reward. But getting a free vacation requires skill.

Bone up, bonehead

Along with your lucky socks, pack an expert travel guidebook. Learn your rights—and how to cash in on them. "Know that when an airline bumps you from a flight, it's required to send you to that destination—and will probably provide compensation, like upgrades, air miles, or free flights," says Susan Weissman, associate producer of *The Savvy Traveler* radio program.

Never head-butt the bellhop

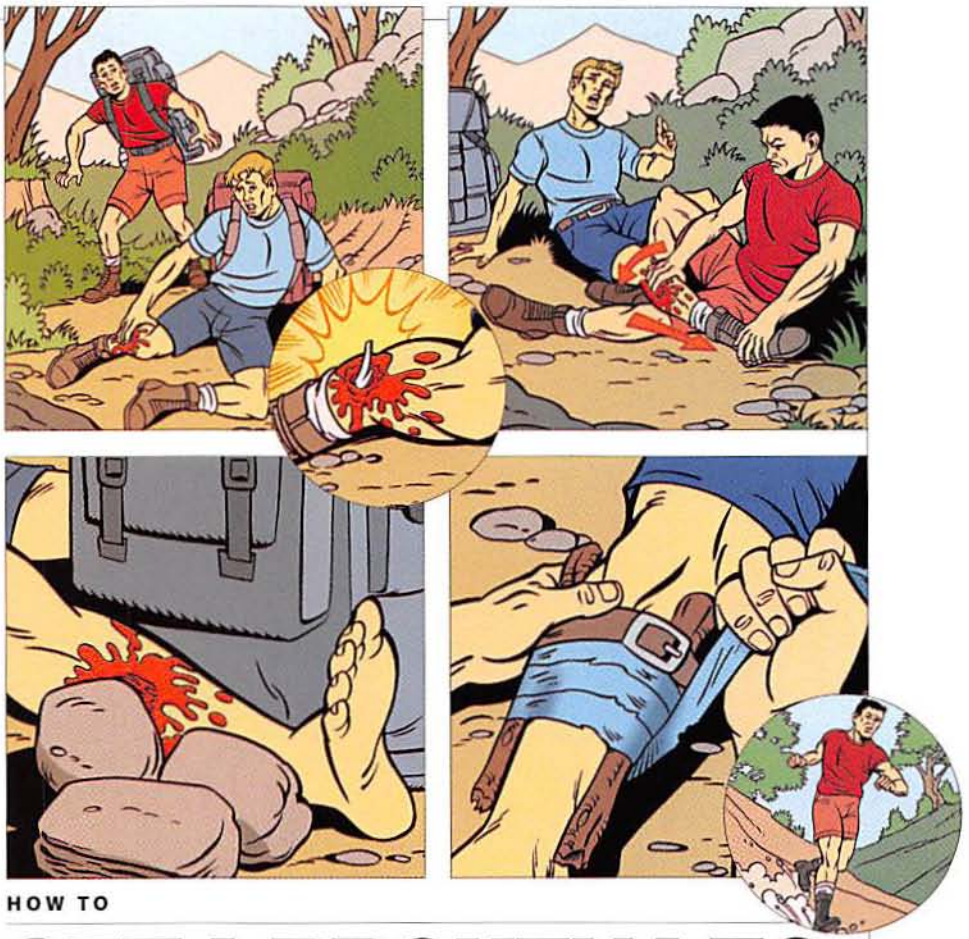
Throwing a tantrum (or a fully loaded suitcase) won't earn you a free spree in Maui. If you're foaming at the mouth when you make your complaint, the supervisor will tune you out. Civility is what commands respect. Think Mr. Manners, not Mankind.

A letter is your lethal weapon

If you're not showered with travel vouchers, write a letter that describes your disaster. Provide names, dates, and documentation (like ticket stubs and receipts). Instead of placing blame ("Your chef gave me salmonella"), focus instead on "I" statements ("I was very disappointed that all I saw of Paris was a toilet bowl"). Prove that you're a "valued" customer (mention your frequent flyer number). End the letter by clearly stating the recompense you deserve (two weeks in the Aussie outback; two days in a Bangkok massage parlor). Send a copy to the asshole and one to his or her boss.

Call out the attack dogs

If a month passes and you're not in Fiji, fire off a recap letter. This time cc the big guns: the National Council of Better Business Bureaus, the Department of Transportation, and the association that oversees the company in question. Follow up with phone calls and more insistent letters. Regulatory agencies exist to right wrongs—to put you on the beach, daiquiri in hand, before your last tan has faded.—*Molly Ginty*



HOW TO

SET A BROKEN LEG

Got a man down? You'd better keep your head or he'll lose that leg.

Your buddy's fallen before, but usually in a bar. Now he's sprawled in the wilderness and his leg is more twisted than the Clintons' marriage. Without treatment, his name could become Peg Leg or The Deceased. Luckily you know how to set things straight.

Assess

Unless you've packed the PalmPilot x-ray peripheral, you'll have to play detective. A hairline fracture will cause moderate pain and swelling. If the bone is fractured completely, he'll have serious swelling and pain and even misalignment. In an extreme case—compound fracture—the bone will punch its way through the skin. EMT Steve Raiten was hiking in New Jersey's Pine Barrens and saw his buddy "lying on the ground with a pool of blood on his jeans. Then I noticed his thigh was at an angle, like a boomerang."

Pull traction

The real danger is not to the bone (duh—it's *broken*); it's the damage bone fragments can inflict on soft tissue. You'll have to "pull traction": physically move the leg back to its normal alignment. This wasn't easy for Steve: "Nerves, blood vessels, muscles—everything was scrambled in there. So I grabbed his ankle with one hand and his foot with the other, pulled toward me, and twisted, feeling the fragmented ends of the split femur grind against each other. At this point he shrieked like a banshee. But hey: A good set will relieve that pain quickly."

Stabilize

You've handled the immediate problem; now prepare the leg for splinting. A broken leg will wobble like a Weeble, so it has to be continually supported until the splint is firmly in place. Stack packs or rocks on both sides of the leg while you gather material to make the splint.

Splint

A good splint has to hold the leg straight and immobilize joints around the break. Lay branches or your pack frame along the leg and wrap strips of cloth (bandages, belts, T-shirts, etc.) around the leg and the supports, tying snugly above and below each joint. Assure your friend that bears *usually* won't eat an immobilized hiker, and run off to get help.—*Dan Brown*

Illustration, David Hine

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How It's *Really* Hangin'

Women wax chatty when it comes to talking about your penis. Consider this your personal invitation to find out exactly what they say. By Ellen Hulkower

I've always felt that if I truly loved a man, the size of his penis would be no big deal. That is, until I met Dick (no kidding), who had the most minuscule one I'd ever seen. At first I told Dick it didn't matter, but eventually it became a bone of contention between us. Bad enough that Dick was a Little Richard: What really mattered was that he didn't know how to use his penis, which would have made all the difference in the world. So the fact that he was as dull as a dead double-A battery (and not as big) led me to say toodle-oo to Tom Thumb.

I'm sorry if that tiny tale made some of you cringe. In fact, if I read a story about a man who dumped a woman for having small breasts, I'd think he, too, was shallow and petty. But the truth is, size *does* matter. It matters a lot *less* than whether you're a nice, sensitive, funny, and charming guy, but it matters nonetheless. And if you want to know what else matters—and how much, and why—I've gone to great lengths to discover the four phallus secrets women discuss when you're not around.

Don't fall for the old "stain on your tie" gag

Schlong secret #1: Size matters.

Ignore those monstrous horse rods in videos like *Shut Up and Blow Me!* Women don't want a schlong that could satisfy a filly. Most of us just want a penis that's about six inches long and has a bit of girth. We'll take 'em longer and thinner or shorter and chubbier. But your penis doesn't become a conversation piece unless it's at one extreme or the other. "There is absolutely nothing worse than a Crayola," says Tess, 32. "You know, the dick that is so thin, you feel like you should thread it rather than suck it. Giving head should in no way resemble flossing." But then there are plenty of women who swear men with small penises are better lovers because they use more of their bodies to pleasure a woman. "One guy used to stroke my clitoris with his hand while we were having sex," says Gwen, 25. "It was so cool: It felt like one of those multitool dildos."

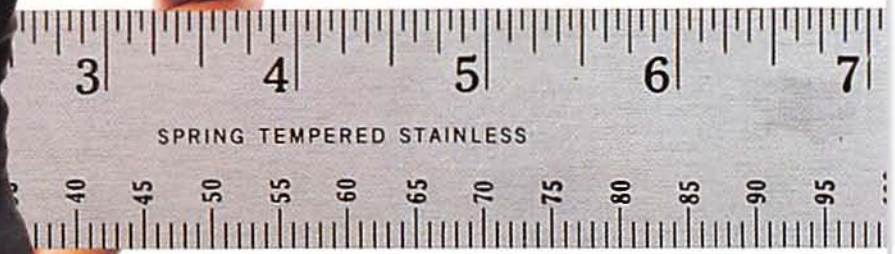
There's also such a thing as a thing that's too big. "I had to break up with Keith because his 11 inches kept giving me urinary tract infections and a good dose of pain when he tried to deep-thrust," says Janey, 21. "Not to mention I couldn't go down on him without the gag reflex kicking in." When a guy exceeds eight inches, he gets into troubled waters, considering that the typical gal's canal is only five inches deep. So remember: Bigger isn't always better.

According to the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, the average erect penis is only five to seven inches long and four to six inches around. To measure yourself against the masses, slide a ruler under your erect penis (uncircumcised men should retract the foreskin first). ▶

Only 0.5% of men measure less than four inches long.

Largest percentage of men (24.1) are five inches in girth.

Largest percentage of men (23.9) are six inches in length.



FRED DURST

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by Marc Ecko

Keanu Reeves' brain surgeon prepares for work

'The way he touched me was so cool. It felt like one of those multitool dildos.'

Press the ruler firmly against your body just beneath where the shaft protrudes from the groin, and gently lay your penis on top of the ruler. Then record the measurement to the tip of the head. (Measuring along the top of your member can lose you up to an *inch*!)

Schlong secret #2: We know all about your type.
While you may well think your piston is standard issue, we realize that this part of the male engine comes in a wide variety of specifications. Each one has its particular identity, and each, say my girlfriends, has its particular virtues. The "candied apple," for example, is shaped like a lollipop: a big head on a slightly thinner stem. "It's perfect for sucking," says Mary, 30. But the oversize top can make penetration a little trickier, at least in the initial stages. Just the opposite is the "dwindle top," which looks like a football player wearing a beret! This sharpened spear can make letting you in the back door a little easier for us. And Tracey, 34, is hooked on her boyfriend's "boomerang": the type that curves upward. In the right positions (particularly woman-on-top), this shape adds extra pleasurable pressure on our G spots.

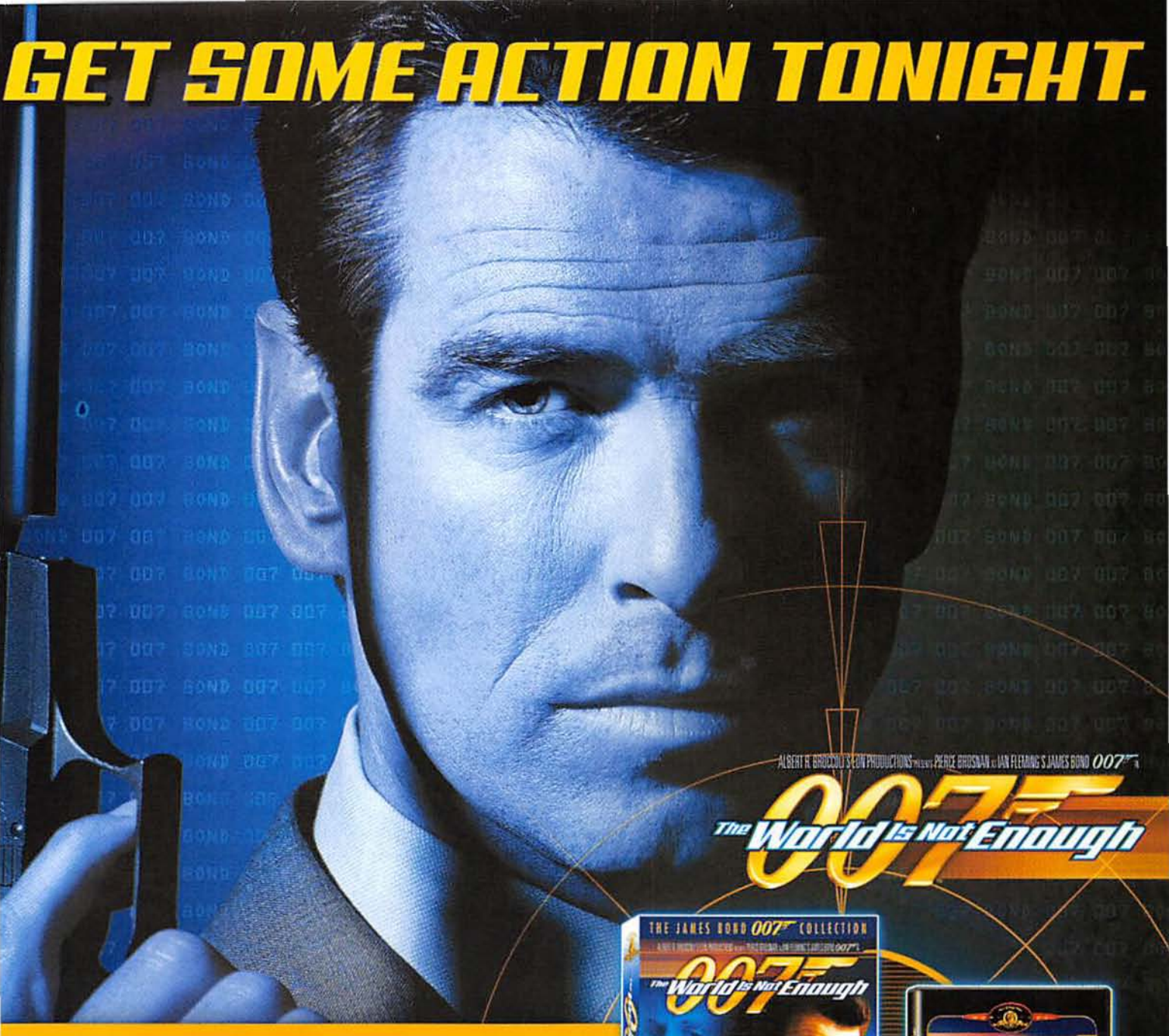
Though the shape of your scepter adds to your penis' personality, women actually have much stronger opinions about sliced salamis versus those left unabridged. Jill, 34, loves a trimmed "hammerhead," saying it's more fun to run her tongue over. But Terry, 31, swears by the uncut "sock cock." "I love playing with the extra band of skin. It's so sensitive." Speaking of which, guys, if you have been snipped, you're probably less sensitive around the head, so coach your partner on how hard you want her to manhandle your muscle.

Schlong secret #3: We like your package gift-wrapped.
Whether you are a helmet head or a hooded monk, two inches or 10, flat-topped or round, how you present your package is important. Above all, be clean. If there's anything that can make a woman choke, it's the sight of skid-marked underwear or a whiff of dirty butt. "I like to lift up the sac and tickle that oh-so-sensitive spot underneath with my tongue," says 27-year-old Allison. "But you never know what kind of disgusting debris you're going to encounter under there." So freshen up with soap and water, and don't even ▶

1% of men out there measure a full eight inches. **0.1% of men can claim a nine-inch wonder-schlong.** **Ron Jeremy's prodigy is 9 3/4 inches when erect.** **You're in the NBA, aren't you?** **John Holmes claimed a 12 3/4-inch instrument.** **Long Dong Silver's 18 inches were probably prosthetic.** **600-pound male gorillas...are just two inches long.**

Photographs, Bert Maddows; styling, Marian Moon Toy; hair & makeup, Eleri Koenigsberg for Utopia; photographed at Sun Studios; Robert Glasgow (ruler)

GET SOME ACTION TONIGHT.



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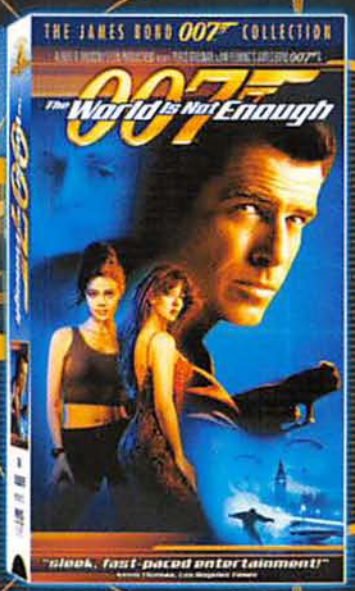

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ANYTHING GOES™

The good news: You guys can fake us out by making your penis feel bigger during sex.

think of spritzing cologne on the sacred sac: That stuff tastes awful and numbs our tongues.

Once your ensemble is clean as a whistle, wrap it up in some sexy undies. These days most women prefer the boxer briefs that have stormed the scene over baggy boxers and tighty-whities. If you *really* want her to kiss the rooster on the beak, skip the Fruit of the Looms and splurge on some Calvins.

Schlong secret #4: Make a mountain out of a molehill. If you're like most men, you wish your rib was a just little longer and a bit fatter. Here's the good news: Just like we gals can fake orgasms, you guys can fake us out. Lou Paget, author of *How to Give Her Absolute Pleasure*, suggests three positions to make Herman the One-Eyed German feel bigger to us (and to you).

You can get on top, enter her, then place your legs outside your partner's, bracing your feet against something sturdy, like a headboard or wall. Then proceed with a slow rocking motion—rather than a standard in-and-out thrust—while she squeezes her legs together between your thighs for a supertight sensation. Or pile some pillows under her hips, and arch your back while you insert your penis to allow for a deep thrust. Or spoon your partner and have her bend her top leg up toward her breasts, then penetrate from the side. "Tilting her pelvis creates plenty of friction—as well as frontal stimulation—so she'll feel your penis more," says Paget.

If you want to *look* bigger when the lights come back on, remember these laws of phallic physics: 1) When a woman is below you, your bundle appears more abundant, and 2) a beer gut dwarfs a penis—so shrink your stomach to bring out the glory of your gear stick. That is, if you don't mind making your manhood the talk of the town. M

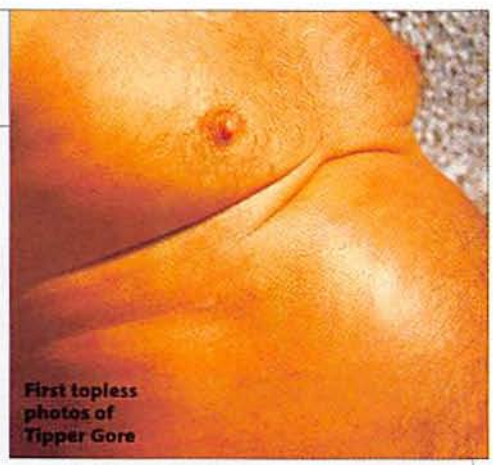
WHAT WE THINK WHEN WE SEE YOU NAKED

We've covered the main instrument. But what about the rest of the body?

If given the choice between a clothed man and a naked man, most women would choose something in between—like jeans with no shirt, or just a towel around his waist. This is because women appreciate the buildup of a strip-down, and the mystery of what's behind drawer number two. That said, the most important part of what you look like naked is how you *get* naked.

Three rules: Socks before pants. Don't stop to fold or hang your clothing. And if you want to really turn her on, take off your T-shirt the way sexy guys in commercials do: Reach both hands behind your head, grab your shirt below the back collar, and pull it forward over your head.

Once you're naked, women love ogling all the things that we don't have. Like your butt. Women love guys' butts because they're usually smaller and cuter than our own. We also love your legs: thighs, calves, big hairy toes. It's all good. And if you casually reach up to rub/scratch/pat your pecs? That's hot. Maybe it's a Tarzan thing.


First topless photos of Tipper Gore

As for the gut, we'd rather yours couldn't pass for a pregnant woman's. But as long as your belly's not so big that it's dwarfing your drumstick, then, hey, it's that much more to squeeze.

Finally, don't feel as if you have to trim the hedge around your homestead to give us a better view. We can see it just fine from here. So stand up and do a jig—or a break dance—in your natural, nekkid glory. See, the best naked man is a confident naked man. Because if *you* don't like your body, why should we? —*Amy Spencer*

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Dying to Get to the Top

The mountaineer who discovered the corpse of George Mallory explains why so many climbers don't return from Everest. By Conrad Anker, as told to Allen St. John

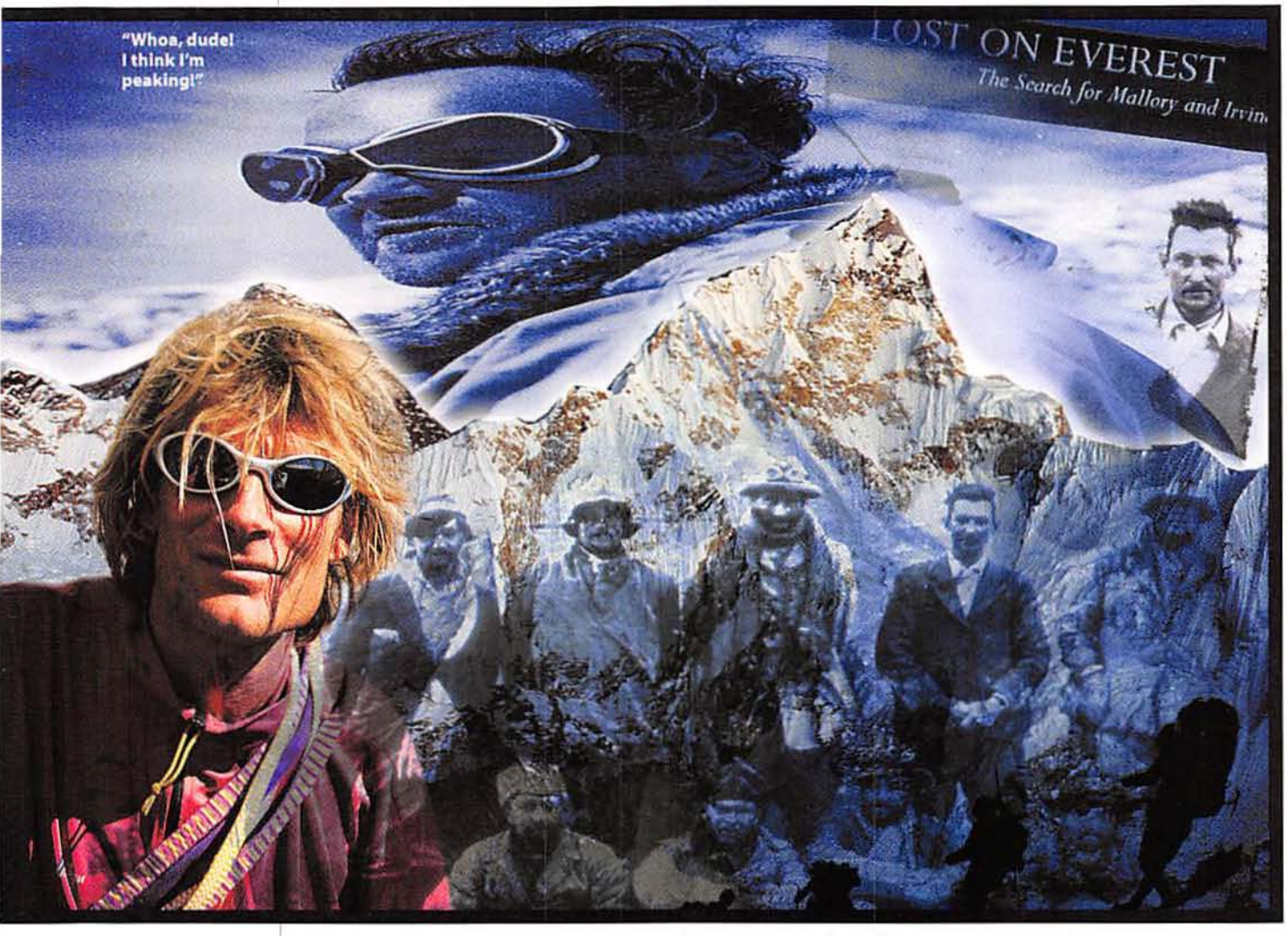


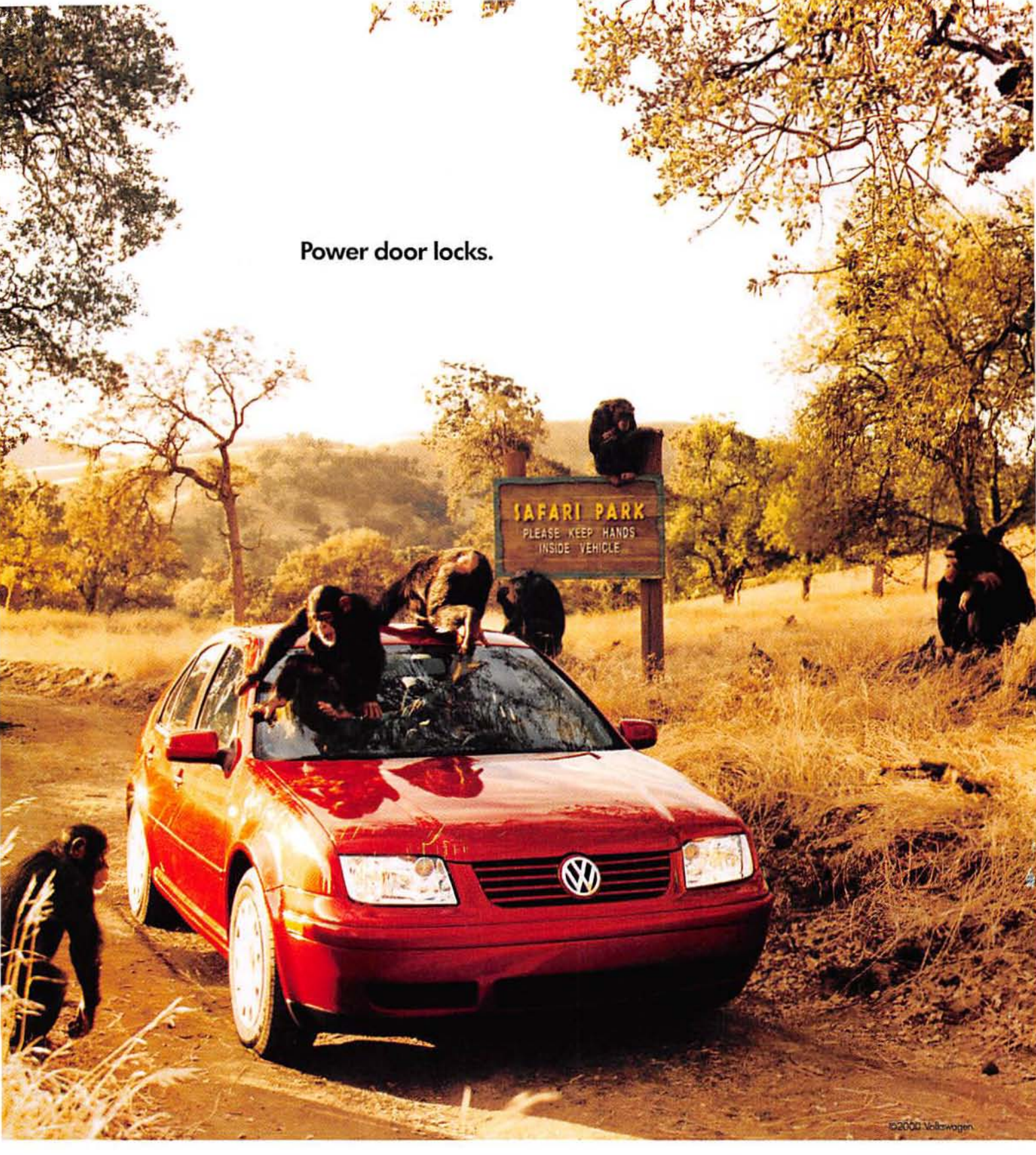
Photo illustration: John Szenovsky

Climbing the world's highest mountain is like dying in slow motion. Imagine watching a house burn. You want to throw water on it, but everything's moving slowly and kind of garbled, like a Velvet Underground cassette that's getting eaten by your tape deck. You can't find the hose, and when you do, you can't figure out how to turn it on. The punch line is that the house on fire is *you*. Your body is devouring itself from the lack of oxygen and extreme exertion, not to mention the exposure to conditions that can turn deadly on a dime. It's surreal. And your life is on the line.

The biggest problem on Everest is the lack of oxygen. After all, the summit elevation of 29,028 feet is *cruising altitude for a 747*. Up there you have to fight for every molecule of oxygen, and even then your body doesn't work the way it should. If you're running at sea level, you can take maybe six strides per breath. On Everest it's the opposite: You take six breaths and then take a step. It's a slow go.

Summit day on the north side is only a 2,000-vertical-foot hike; at 10,000 feet, a mountain runner could do that in 45 minutes. And the terrain isn't much steeper than what mountain runners train on, except for a few technical sections. But because of the lack of oxygen, it takes 12 hours to cover that distance on Everest. And when you're on the edge, little things can become big problems. A cold can leave you coughing so hard, you can break a rib. Even hemorrhoids can stop you in your tracks.

The lack of oxygen also screws with your mind. Your body may be slogging gear up the ▶



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Mallory's team on the first attempt to summit Everest, 1924

A wall of snow 500 feet wide was heading for us at over 100 miles an hour.

Conrad Anker

George Mallory

Lhotse Face, but you're thinking about palm fronds in Tahiti. *Surf's up!* Even when you are focused, routine tasks like putting on your gloves seem like SAT questions.

Most people are surprised to discover that it's not that cold on Everest. When I reached the top last spring, I was wearing two layers of long underwear, a fleece sweater, and a four-inch-thick down bodysuit. I was standing there in my astronaut gear when I saw that it was 10 degrees. Hey, it gets colder in Boulder. But because of the lack of oxygen, your body is already going into self-preservation mode. It shuts down circulation to the extremities and concentrates on the vitals. That keeps you from dying, but then you have to worry about frostbite.

When you get frostnip, the pain can be incredible. But pain is good: It means your nerves are functioning. When your fingers and toes don't hurt anymore, that means they're frozen solid. When you get frostbite that severe, you need help. Immediately. You might have to have those fingers and toes amputated.

What's it like at the summit of Everest? I had this idea that you'd look out and see 360 degrees, with bright sun and blue sky—the world's highest postcard. When I got there it was like sitting in a cloud. Sure, you *know* it's the highest point in the world, but it doesn't sink in until you're back at base camp and everybody says, "Hey, great job!"

Actually, once I tagged the summit, my immediate thought was getting back down. My partner was having a hard time. A belly bug got him on the way up, and we still had to navigate the most dangerous sections, where any little problem—dropping a glove, breaking your goggles—can be a disaster. Most of the tragedies on big mountains happen on the descent. Everyone was fine going up, but then it got dark, fatigue set in, and the weather went haywire. It's easy to get summititis—the obsession with bagging a peak. I know: I've climbed all over, from the Himalayas to Antarctica to Patagonia. It's on the way down that people get screwed.

A few years ago, on Denali in Alaska, Alex Lowe and I rescued some Taiwanese climbers who headed to the summit in a blizzard and got stranded on the way down. One was frozen to death, and the others were in bad shape when we got them on a helicopter. We visited them in the hospital, and they were actually bitter. They would've been martyrs if they'd died. But to come back with no hands, having to get rescued—it was like they felt disgraced.

If I needed any reminder about the seriousness of climbing, I only had to remember why I was on Everest in the first place. The purpose of my expedition was to find the corpse of George Mallory, the Scottish climber who some believe was the first to summit Everest, a quest that's documented in my book, *The Lost Explorer*. When approached about the climb, I never thought we would find Mallory, who perished in 1924. Fat chance. I looked at it as a way to go to Everest. But we gave it a shot, and a few days before I made the summit, I found him on the north face at 27,000 feet, looking like he did the day he died, over 75 years ago. His body was still partly covered in wool clothes, and he was wearing a boot and had goggles in his pocket. Thanks to the environment, the body was well preserved. If you perish in the jungle, worms devour your body as if it were a Thanksgiving turkey. But high in the mountains, bodies remain frozen, almost ▶

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (flat art)

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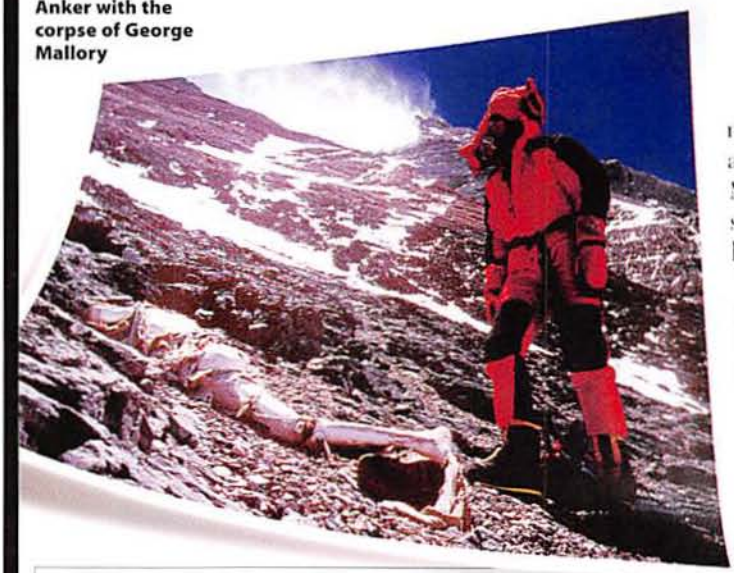
Anker with the corpse of George Mallory



mummified. You could tell a lot about the way Mallory died. He had a severely broken leg, clearly the result of a long fall.

Hey, people die on Everest all the time. The first day I went searching for Mallory, I found another body. From the equipment, I could tell he had died far more recently. When you stumble upon the body of a climber, it's not like some action movie. You feel for them and their families. You have to come to terms with death.

Last year on Shisha Pangma, another peak in the Himalayas, our team was stretching our legs, having an easy morning. Then suddenly my partner, Alex Lowe, screamed. I looked up and saw that a giant avalanche had broken away 5,000 feet above. A wall of snow 500 feet wide was heading for us at over 100 miles an hour. We had 30 seconds before it would bury us. I ran for my life, and just before it hit, I lay down flat. The wind gust threw me 60 feet. When I started getting pummeled by the icy debris, I thought, *Hey, my time is up.*

Miraculously, I made it, and when I stood up, I realized that I was barely injured. Then I realized that my friends, Alex and Dave Bridges, were buried alive under tons of snow. They died there. Alex was not only one of my best friends but one of the best climbers in the world. Sometimes in the mountains, it feels spooky, like the tingling sensation you get before lightning strikes. That morning didn't have that vibe. We were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

That's the thing about taking on a big mountain. Climbers know that it's risky, that accidents happen, and that people die. But you always think it's going to happen to someone else. M

STAIRWAY TO HELL

A blow-by-blow of what happens to your body as you climb to the highest point on the planet.

5,000 feet: Flying into Denver? The air here contains less oxygen than at sea level. You'll likely suffer a minor headache. **Hangover equivalent:** Three beers

9,000 feet: Twenty-five percent of climbers at this altitude suffer the initial stages of acute mountain sickness (headache, nausea, and insomnia), says Dr. Charles Houston, author of *Going Higher*. **Hangover equivalent:** A six-pack

16,000 feet: Your eyeballs may begin to bleed, says Dr. Stephen Bezruchka, author of *Altitude Sickness*. Roughly 2% of those who continue past this point on one of the world's 14 highest peaks dies, the same death rate as that of U.S. troops in Nam. **Hangover equivalent:** 12 beers

20,000 feet: The capillaries in your brain begin to leak, and the chance of suffering pulmonary edema (fatal swelling) increases dramatically. Your body "literally starts to eat itself" because of oxygen deprivation, says Dr. Peter Hackett, author of *Mountain Sickness*. Some people vomit frequently. Hallucinations lead to a lack of coordination that can cause fatal accidents. **Hangover equivalent:** A case

25,000 feet and above: The death zone. You're struggling to function in lunar temperatures with a sharply declining will to live. You take a breath every second. Your brain panics and begins to shut down muscular activity; blood is funneled to your vitals instead of your limbs, putting you in danger of hypothermia. One in six climbers croaks on the spot, and few survive beyond 24 hours. **Hangover equivalent:** A case of beer, a jar of moonshine, and a crème de menthe frappé

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (flat art & beer)

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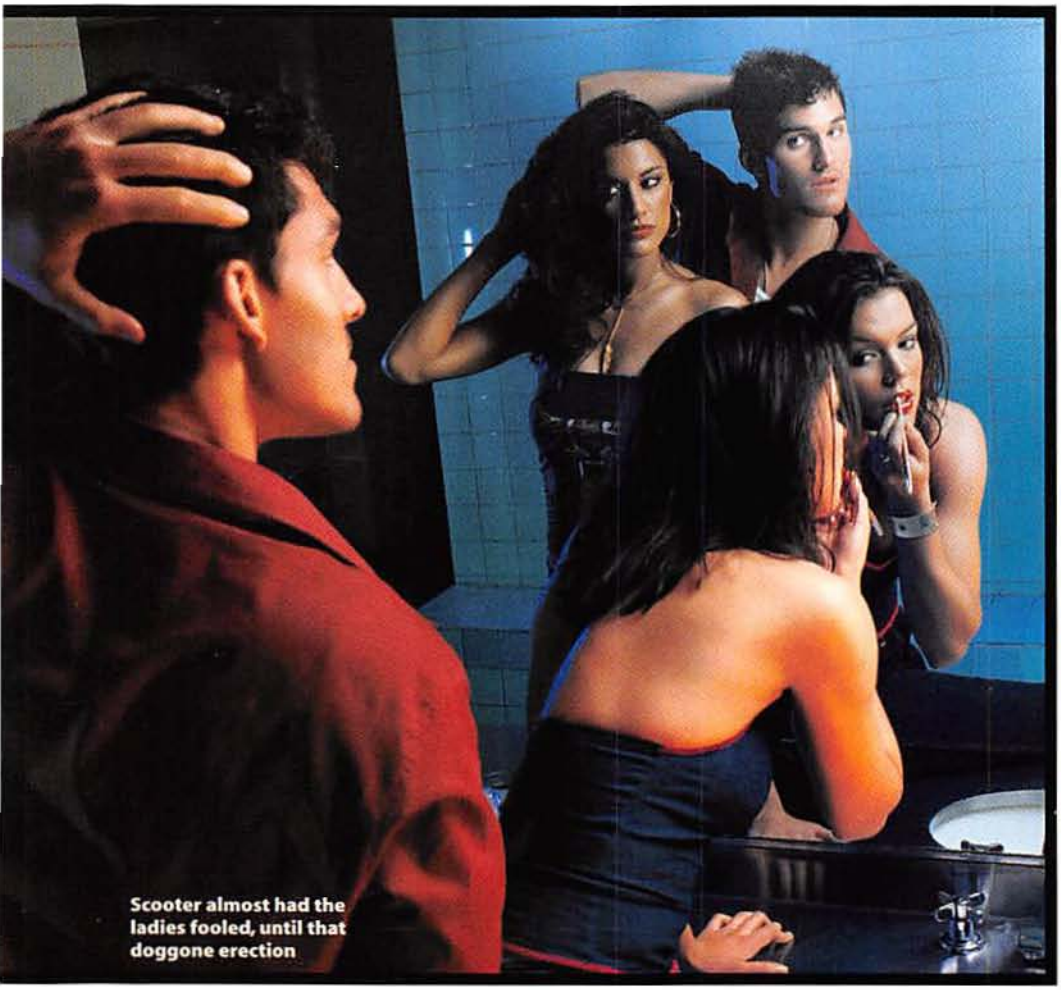

Scooter almost had the ladies fooled, until that doggone erection

I'm Every Woman

Women gossip. They snipe. They play hard to get. Why? Christopher Connolley gives female behavior a test run.

I'm an average guy. I've spent my life thinking about three things:

AGE	OBSESSION
1 to 10	candy
11 to 13	ninjas
14 and up	women

After more than a decade of observing women and their behavior, I have become something of an expert on the subject, and I have reached the following significant conclusions:
Smell nice. Soft.

Beyond that I'm stumped. No amount of dating and mating has led me any closer to the reasons women live entire days based on their horoscopes, bake cookies and try to make their friends eat them so they'll get fat, or pretend they never, ever go number two.

I've decided it's time for some real research. In an effort to understand women better—and, I hope, learn how to more effectively bend them to my will—I will mimic a few of their inexplicable everyday behaviors.

Bizarre broad behavior #1: Talking to hairdressers about their sex lives

I hate to think what my girlfriend's hairdresser knows about my fetishes and shortcomings. I can envision him snapping his fingers and swinging his head around in a circle, all the while exclaiming, "Girl, do tell!"

I wish I had a fab hairdresser to confide in, but all I've got is Mike, the chubby son of Russian immigrants. He wears a lot of gold and speaks with a New York accent, as in "Fuhgeddaboutit!" He is definitely not "all that."

With a tape recorder strapped to me, I get in the chair. I'm nervous because I don't know how Mike will react. Also, he's holding a big-ass pair of scissors next to my head. He starts snipping.

"My lover doesn't satisfy me."

"Wha?"

"My girlfriend doesn't make me come."

"Oh." The scissors stop snipping. "Oh," Mike adds.

"There's no foreplay. I need romance."

Mike, to his credit, hangs in there. "Well, maybe you guys should talk."

"What? Tell her my problem?"

"Yeah, you know, tell her."

"If she loved me, she'd know."

"Nah, ya gotta communicate."

"Maybe you're right."

What I learn: A) Mike cuts hair faster if you freak him out, and B) fast haircuts are not always the best haircuts.

Bizarre broad behavior #2: Acting overly body-conscious

My girl calls my new haircut messy-chic. I call it a fucked-up haircut. If she weren't happy with her hair, she'd obsess about it—and every other perceived shortcoming she had—for days. I give it a try. She perches on my lap and kisses me.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Come on…" She tickles me.

"*Stop*," I whine. "Don't play with my fat."

"Well, why don't you go on a diet, then?" ▶

Photographs, Gene Bressler; stylist, Marian Moon Toy; hair & makeup, Elsa for Utopia

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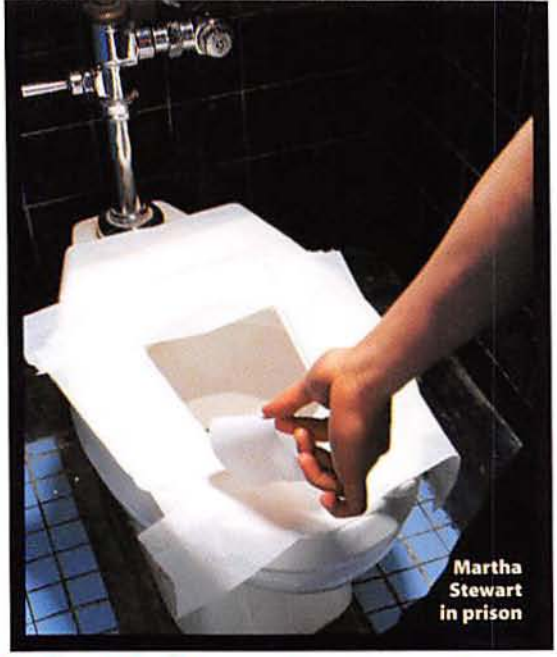

Martha Stewart in prison

I decide I'm going to get *her* all hot and bothered and leave *her* hanging

"Don't try to solve my problems!" I blurt. "Sometimes I just need you to listen!"

What I learn: Regurgitating "womanisms" at your girlfriend is a good way to make her really, really angry.

Bizarre broad behavior #3:
Withholding sex

I can't count how many times a done deal came undone when we got back to my place. I decide I'm going to be the one who gets *her* all hot and bothered and leaves *her* hanging. Ha-ha!

What I learn: Some things a man cannot do.

Bizarre broad behavior #4:
Ridiculing friends' outfits behind their backs

Is there some special satisfaction that comes from tearing down your friends' wardrobes? I give it a try at my Saturday hoops game. Forcing myself into a split as far as I can go, I whisper to Lucas, "Look at Noah's shoes."

"What?"

"His shoes. They totally clash with his shorts."

"Are you serious?"

"Totally." Rolling my eyes, I add, "And he does *not* have the body for that jersey." Lucas suddenly decides to run some laps.

What I learn: It's easier to post Lucas up if he thinks you're gay.

Bizarre broad behavior #5:
Wearing ridiculously tiny backpacks to clubs

My girlfriend has a tiny backpack. It's that green color they invented a few years ago, and it's fuzzy, and it could carry maybe one tangerine. I try it on and I'm tempted to kick my own ass.

Maybe it's so tiny, nobody will see it, I try to reassure myself.

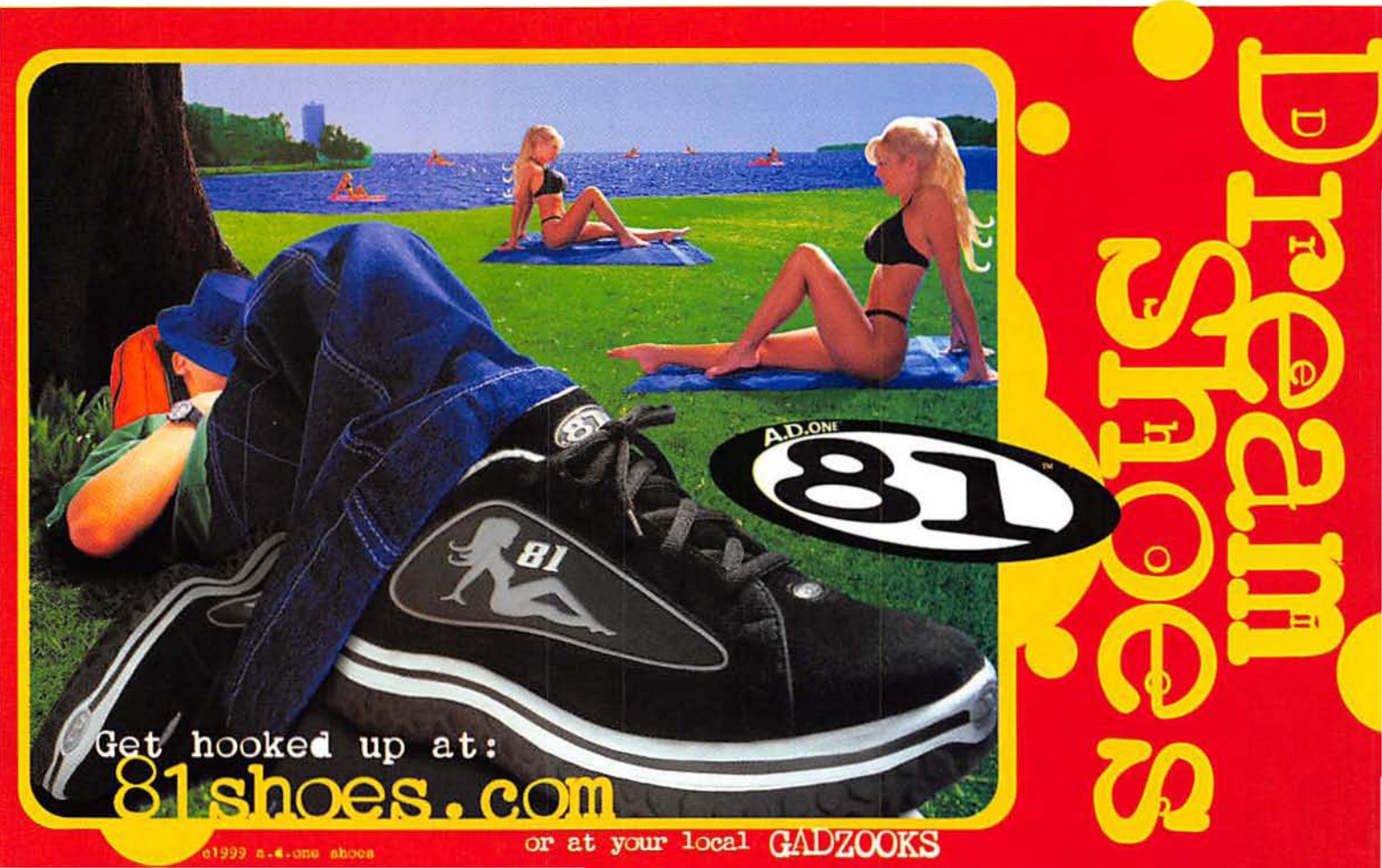
Immediately upon my entering the club, it's seen by some white-baseball-cap frat guys.

"Nice purse," says the leader, inciting general mirth.

"It's a backpack," I snap and hurry to the bar. Three girls, intrigued by my backpack, sit down to talk. Hmm…

"What's in it?" one asks.

"My keys. My immense-penis-reducing cream." She turns away, but the backpack lures her ▶



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I get up and stand in front of the TV. "Guys," I ask, "does my ass look fat?"

friend in. "People bother you?" the friend asks.

"Sometimes. Those guys did." I indicate the white-hat frat guys.

"Ugh! Blue-shirt-khaki guys. At least you're different." The girls and I do a shot, and then we all go to the bathrooms together.

What I learn: A) My immense-penis-reducing-cream line sucks, and B) chicks call white-hat frat guys blue-shirt-khaki guys.

Bizarre broad behavior #6: "Does my ass look fat?"

Really, it's the same ass you had yesterday, honey. Does chanting this mantra achieve an unknown stress-relieving effect?

I invite a few hoops buddies over for March Madness. Knowing they'll miss any subtle enlargement, I tape 50 plies of Bounty to each cheek and steel myself for their mockery. The doorbell rings.

I pass out beers and some cookies I baked earlier. During a commercial, I get up and stand in front of the TV. The consensus is that I should get the fuck out of the way, until....

"Guys...does my ass look fat?" The hail of chips abruptly halts.

"Get out of here! What?"

"Do these jeans make my ass look fat?" I revolve and thrust my padded butt at them. Silence reigns until...

"Actually, dude, it does."

"Yeah, what happened?"

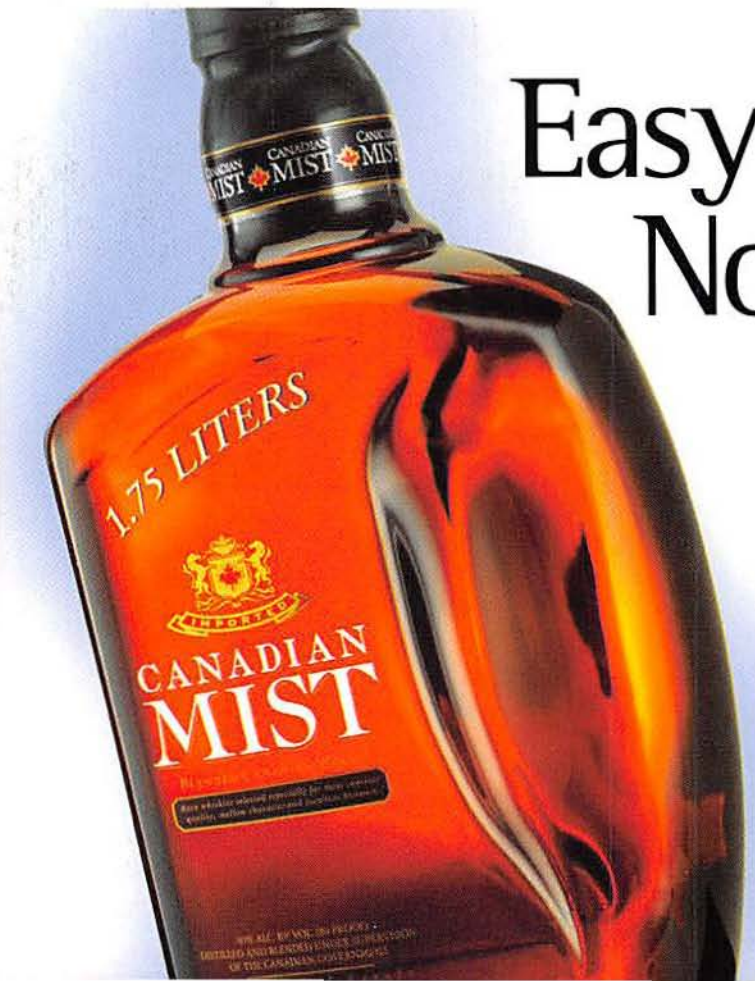
"I don't know...I'm bloated. Josh, how do you stay thin?"

"Dunno." Josh grunts through a mouthful of potato chips. He can eat whatever he wants and never gain a pound. I hate him.

What I learn: A) The laughter of others hurts, and B) if you bake cookies and try to get your friends to eat them, they'll assume they're laced with Ex-Lax.

The bottom line: Gentlemen, I have gone where no man has gone before. I've studied the behaviors of women, reenacted them with painstaking accuracy, and what I now know about the female sex I can share with mankind. What I know is this:

Smell nice. Soft. M



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Dave Grohl

The Foo Fighters call their latest album *There Is Nothing Left to Lose.* We discovered that there is nothing frontman Dave Grohl won't say.

Is rock'n'roll dead or is it just pretending, like Elvis?
You know what, it's alive and well in *my* house. And the crowds I play for—whether it's 200 people or 200,000—still love to rock out. The audience beats the shit out of each other when my band plays, so I'm happy.

What's your take on electronica?
I like a lot of it: the Chemical Brothers, Prodigy, Otherworld. But D.J.'s as rock stars? Maybe it's because I like people who play instruments, but I can't recognize the talent in spinning a record on a turntable. I mean, if I pick up one more goddamn underground fashion magazine that's got an article on some genius D.J. from Sweden... It's not fucking rocket science.

The Foo Fighters have toured Europe a lot lately. Are you big overseas?
It's weird, because it's different from album to album. The French, for example, were into our first record because it sounded like a demo tape. But then we actually made an effort on the next one, and they hated it. Now we make this one in my basement studio, so they like us again. Who knows what the fucking French are all about?

Are concert audiences different over there?
I think Americans tend to beat the shit out of each other and rape people and stuff, where everywhere else people dance and have fun.

Even Germans?
Germans just bitch about T-shirt prices.

What's the weirdest thing anyone has ever tossed onstage?
Just the other day, somebody threw a bra duct-taped to a tennis ball. I just stood there, playing guitar, thinking how this was totally premeditated. Some girl sat around inventing a way to get her bra onstage from 40 rows back. I thought, *Hey, we should sell those at the merchandise stand.*

'I wouldn't pay 100 bucks to see any rock show. I sure wouldn't pay to go see Barbra Streisand eat fucking brie.'

Why do so many musicians get nailed going through customs?
Oh, man, when you're in a rock band, you're gonna get searched. A customs guy will say, "Hey, welcome to Australia! I love your band. I'm a huge fan. Could you sign a couple of things for me?" Then he'll rip your luggage to fucking shreds right in front of you.

It's probably those suspicious porkchop sideburns we saw you sporting in a couple of videos.
I loved the 'burns, man. They just add to that whole Lynyrd Skynyrd redneck vibe. I shaved them off for a court appearance 'cause I got a fucking DUI on a moped in Australia! We'd rented these mopeds to cruise around and were riding them back from a show to the hotel when we saw a police barricade. I figured they'd just wave me through, but I had to blow into the little straw. I'd had, like, four beers. I told them I could just walk to the hotel, but they said, "Sorry, mate, gonna have to put you in the watch house tonight." Of course when I got to jail, it was filled with people who'd been at our show.

Didn't you guys play at the VH1 Fashion Awards?
That was funny, 'cause we're probably the least fashionable band in the world. You know what makes me sick? Celebrities who get free designer clothes. It's like if Jennifer Lopez gets a $35,000 dress for free to cover her big ass—and she's probably the only person in the world who can afford it.

Your roots are in punk, but *There Is Nothing Left to Lose* has a '70s radio-rock vibe.
I'm not ashamed to say that I live for that shit—Wings, Peter Frampton, Supertramp. At the same time I like Black Sabbath, the Stooges, Zeppelin. I believe that our band is a perfect blend of '70s pop and punk, 'cause that's where I'm coming from.

Then you won't mind taking our '70s arena-rock pop quiz. We name the song, you name the band: "Ridin' the Storm Out."
That's fucking REO Speedwagon!

"Fool for the City."
That's...that's...Foghat.

Correct. Now the level of difficulty increases: "Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy."
Dammit, who is that...Foreigner?

So close—Bad Company.
Oh-h-h-h-h!

Hey, you got two out of three.
Whatever.

What was the first big concert you went to?
I was a late bloomer. I went to a lot of punk shows in little clubs, but my first big concert was the Monsters of Rock tour in D.C. when I was, like, 19: Dokken, the Scorpions, Van Halen, and Metallica. Everyone was there to see Metallica. It was dumb, 'cause we lost our weed right when we got there, and I spent most of the night trying to buy another bag.

How do you feel about giant reunion tours by bands that broke up 20 years ago?
Kiss was fun. But I hate Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles. I wouldn't pay 100 bucks to see *any* rock show unless there were, like, 15 bands on the bill. I sure wouldn't pay 100 bucks just to go watch Barbra Streisand eat fucking brie. OK, maybe I'd pay that much to see a Police reunion—but I'd better get a T-shirt.

Will you still be doing this when you're 50?
No way, man—I don't want to be doing this when I'm 34. I'm on the verge of retirement. I'll just kick back at my house in Virginia and make babies.

A recluse with his own recording compound. Ever considered calling yourself The Artist Formerly Known as Dave?
You know, I don't want to be Prince. I want to be the David Koresh of rock'n'roll: I'll just hole myself up in my studio and everyone will want my tapes, but I'll just burn the place down and be famous forever. M

Interview by Steven Russell. Photograph by Christian Lantry. The Foo Fighters are on tour in the U.S. right now. Go!

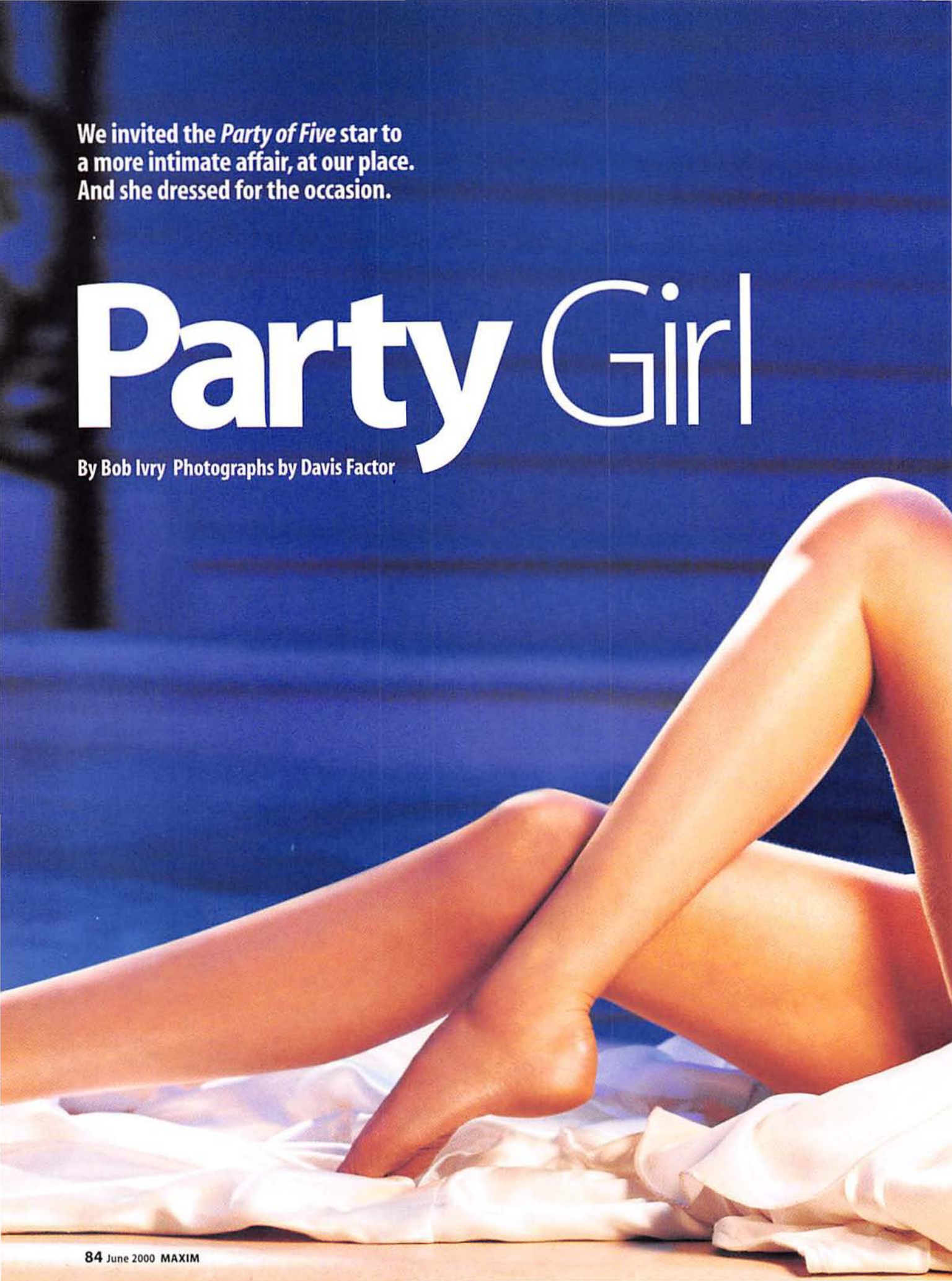
Stylist, Joseph DiAcetis for Trilese; grooming, Donna Fumosa for The Makeup Shop

Most people use a simple roll-on, Dave

We invited the *Party of Five* star to a more intimate affair, at our place. And she dressed for the occasion.

Party Girl

By Bob Ivry Photographs by Davis Factor



PAULA DEVICQ

PAULA DEVICQ

When you look beyond the angst, the trips to rehab, and the multiple-hanky sob-sistering, you notice that TV's *Party of Five* showcased its fair share of hotties before its six-year run ended this season. Our new favorite is Paula Devicq. Paula plays Kirsten, wife of oldest Salinger sibling Charlie and all-around poster girl for stability and responsibility. Luckily Paula, a former model from Canada who had virtually no performing experience when she landed the *Party of Five* gig, is a lot more fun in real life.

How much are you like Kirsten?
Oh, I'm much edgier and racier than Kirsten. Take the way she dresses: What's the deal with the three-layer-sweater look? I prefer lingerie. I like girl stuff—nails and makeup. And I'm not as patient as Kirsten. If Charlie had left me hanging at the altar, I would've dumped his ass and left it dumped.

So you're not completely vice free?
My favorite thing is to have a couple of glasses of wine and a great meal and maybe go dancing. But mostly I have bullshit vices. Like cherry Blow Pops. You've got to lick off all the candy to get to the bubblegum, and it leaves sticky red stuff all over my lips and tongue. It's a good visual—very sexy.

***Party of Five*: Till cancellation do us part**

Well, we're suckers for it.
My biggest vice is swearing. A lot. I know it isn't attractive, but I get a lot of mileage out of the F-word. It's a great way to express many, many things, and it feels good to say. It rolls off the tongue nicely—sometimes I still say it like a Canadian, you know, with a little lilt at the end, like I'm asking if it's OK. "Fuck?"

You grew up in Edmonton and Vancouver. Do you prefer dogsled racing, ice fishing, or curling?
I loved curling! It's like bowling on ice. But I was primarily a figure skater. I skated for two hours before school and two hours after school every day. That was my life till I was 16. I still skate every Christmas Day in Central Park, in the same skates I wore in high school. My feet are too big for them now, but I won't throw away those skates.

But you gave up the ice for modeling.
I quit skating because I had reached my potential. Then when I was in college, studying to be a graphic designer, a modeling scout spotted me. I won the Elite modeling agency Look of the Year contest, and suddenly I had an offer to go to Paris. I was just worried about my midterms! It was a dilemma, but I finally decided that I could always finish college some other time. Basically I was a college dropout.

Unlucky for college; lucky for us.
Acting was the same deal—a total accident. *Party of Five* is literally the second acting job I ever got, after an off-Broadway play. Two auditions, two great jobs. Well into the second season, I was praying to God that I would figure out what I was doing and not get fired. Even after six years, I'd drive my car into the lot every day and thank heaven for the opportunity. Shooting the series finale episode was a very emotional goodbye. But I welcome the unknown. I love being a little bit scared about the future. It's exciting.

You didn't break down in tears every five minutes, like Kirsten, did you?
I have no trouble turning on the waterworks. There were some days on *Party of Five* that we'd do so many takes, I'd go home with puffy eyes. But crying is as easy as laughing for me. I don't hold things in. I let you know how I'm feeling when I'm feeling it, and then I'm done with it.

What's your romantic weak spot?
I love for my neck to be touched most. Depending on what the intention is, one single caress with your fingertips can be so powerful. But there is a fine line between seduction and tickling. It's all in the energy. And I'm extremely ticklish. You don't even have to touch me. If I just know your hand is going somewhere, I fall completely apart.

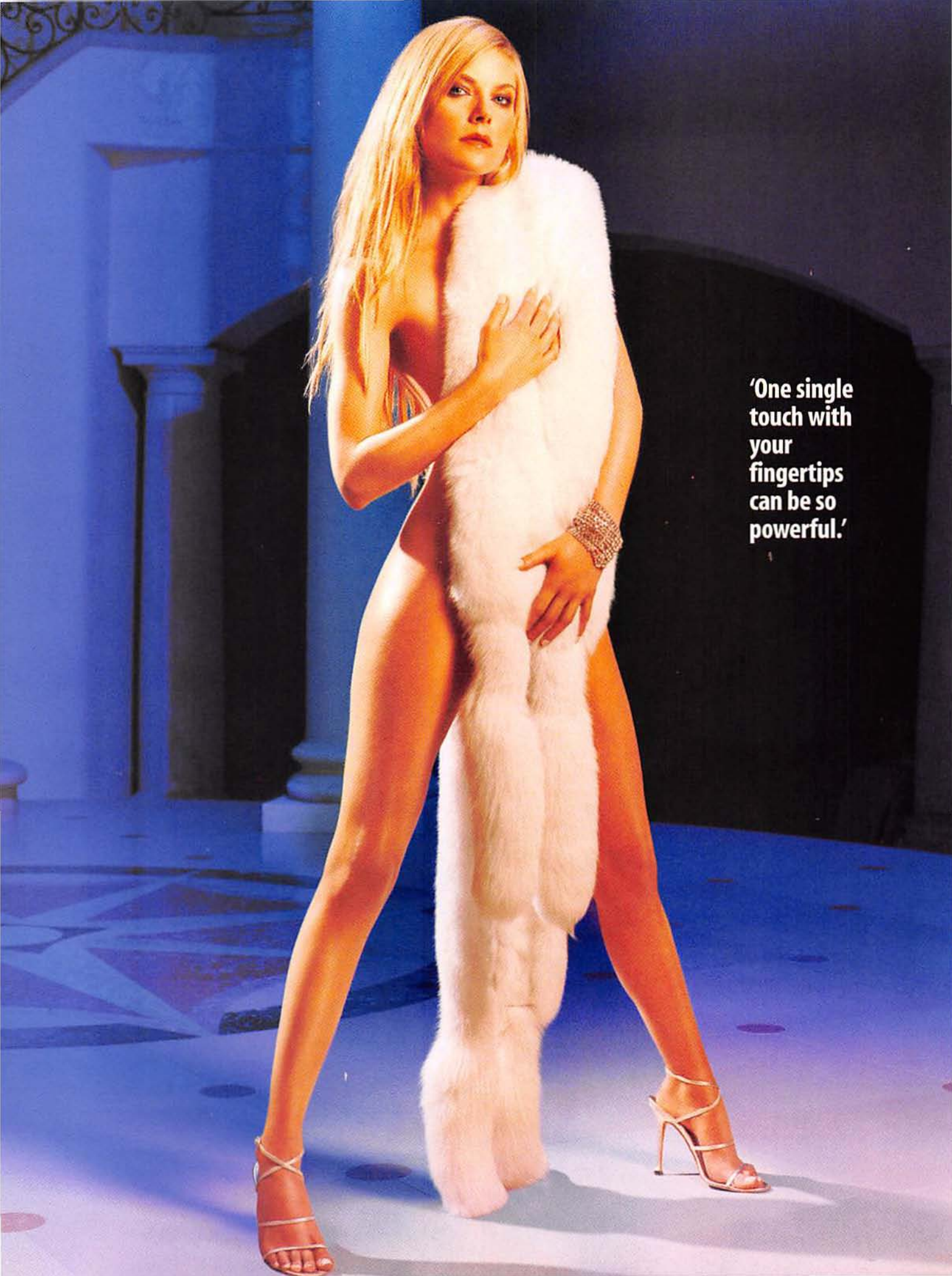
What kind of guy should that hand belong to?
I like a man who's comfortable in his skin. It doesn't matter what a man does as long as he's real, authentic. I go for sincerity. Be yourself and try not to do anything but that. Slick guys are disgusting. And I can see right through phonies.

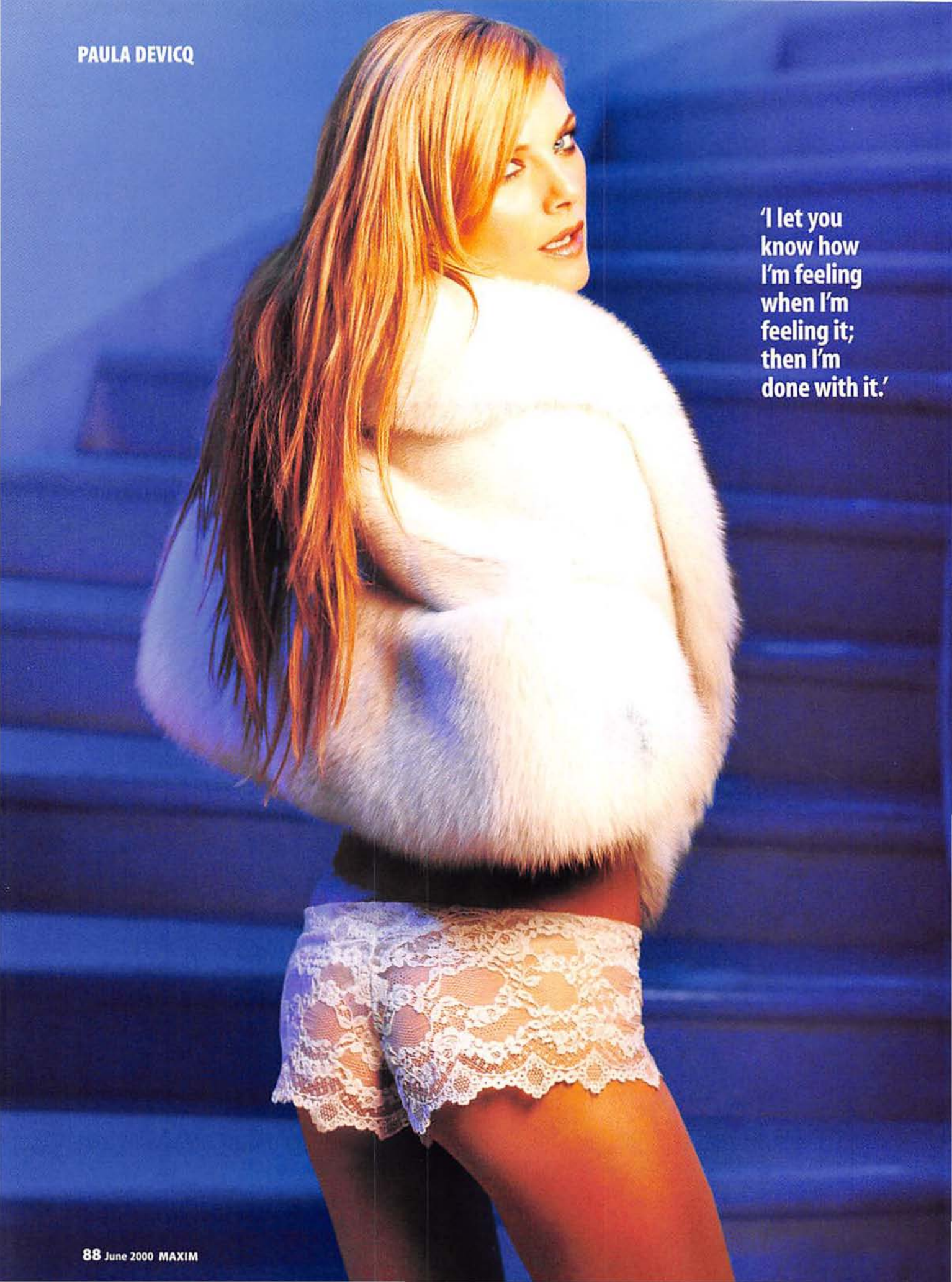
So pick-up lines don't work very well on you?
I didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday, but I do tend to be trusting rather than cynical. If you told me that "*gullible*" isn't in the dictionary, I'd say, "Really?"

Your character has stuck by her man through thick and thin. What's the secret to earning a woman's loyalty?
All any man has to do to please a woman is say three things: The first is "Really?" Say it even if you're not listening to her at all; just pretend, nod, and say, "Really?" Second, tell her, "Everything's going to be OK." And third, "You're beautiful." If you say these three things to your girlfriend, you shouldn't have any problems in life. People try to make shit so complicated when it's really very simple.

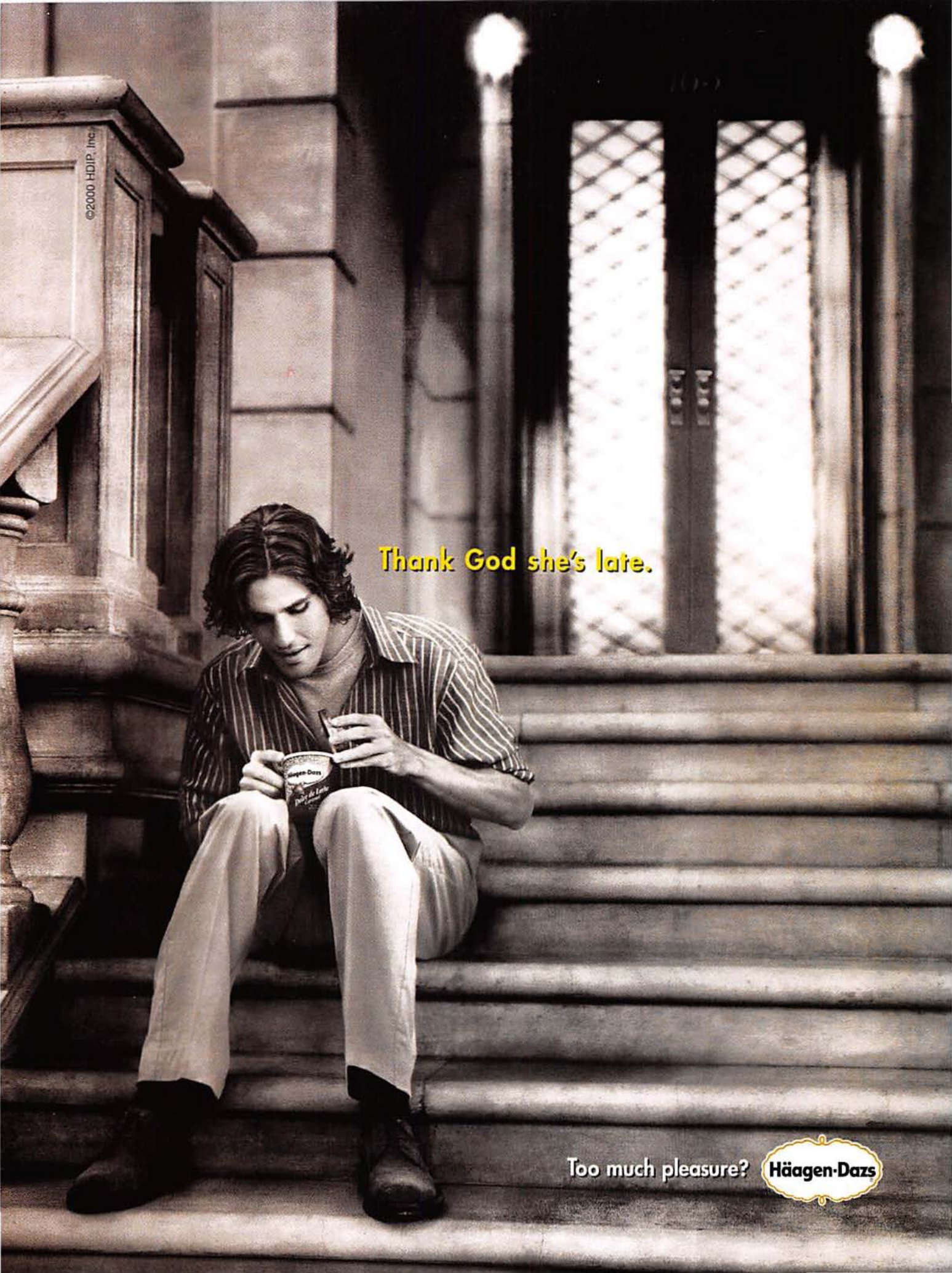
Really? That's it?
Oh yeah...and he has to say "I love you." I guess that's where things start to get complicated. M

Produced by Gwen Wallberg; stylist, Karen Shapiro; assistant stylist, Heather Slodinski; hair, Gabriel Georgiou for Artists Group Management; makeup, Kara Yoshimoto for Celestine, LA


'One single touch with your fingertips can be so powerful.'



'I let you know how I'm feeling when I'm feeling it; then I'm done with it.'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TRUMP! FETCH

MY SLIPPERS!

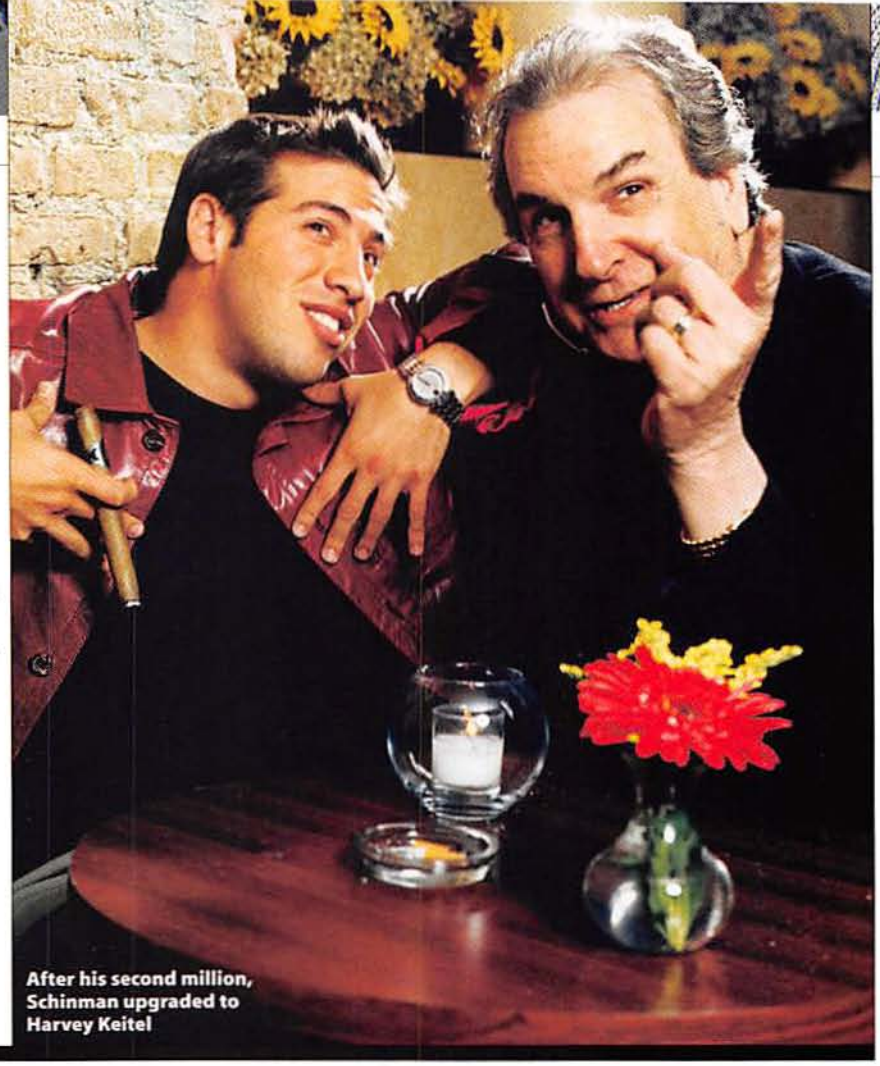
Who says money isn't everything? Poor people, that's who. Here's how not to be one of 'em. By John Sellers

RULE #1: Treat the janitor like a CEO.

Ryan Schinman, 28, president of CNB Entertainment, a company that matches sports and entertainment celebrities with sponsor-hungry corporations: "It's always the case—especially in the entertainment business—that one day somebody is somebody's assistant, and the next day they're the vice president of marketing. Treat everybody the same, because you never know where anybody is going to be down the line, and you don't want to burn bridges. It's that old thing of treating others as you'd like to be treated. I adhere to that every day; that's been my basic philosophy, and it's paid off."

How he hit it big: As a sports agent, Schinman represented his first NFL player at the age of 20. Now he closes multimillion-dollar endorsement deals between major businesses (Frito-Lay, Charles Schwab) and celebs (Jason Alexander, Sammy Sosa).

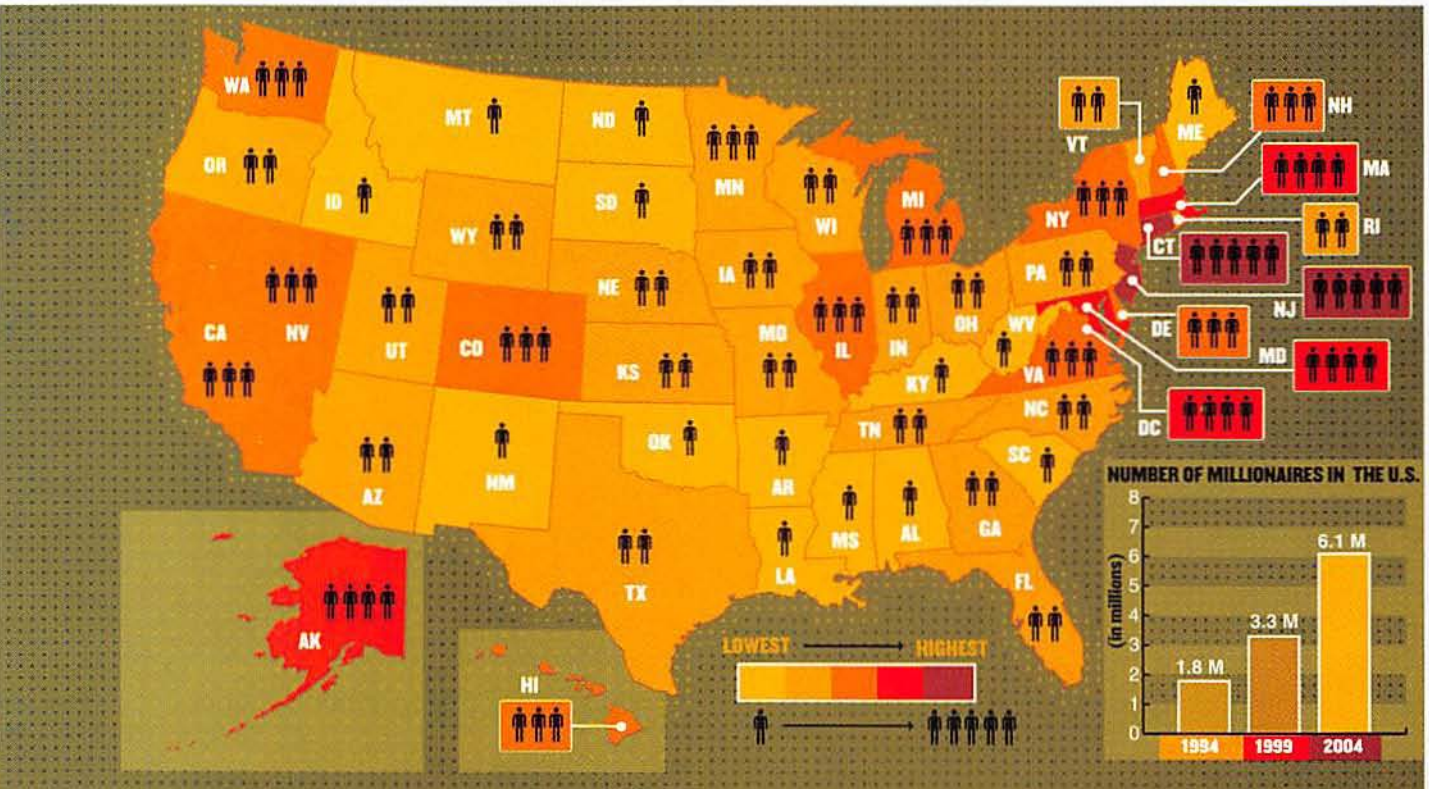
Just how big he hit it: Schinman pulls down a high six figures per year—and that's just his salary. Besides a vacation house on a golf course in Admiral's Cove, Florida, he has an enviable collection of sports memorabilia valued at nearly $2 million that includes more than 100 items signed by Joe DiMaggio and the scorecard from the first major-league baseball all-star game, in 1933.



After his second million, Schinman upgraded to Harvey Keitel

CONCENTRATION OF U.S. MILLIONAIRES

Want to rub elbows with other rich people? OK, but it means having to move to New Jersey.



Source: *The Millionaire Mind*, projections for 2005

Previous page, photo-illustration, John Sosnovsky; photograph, Satoshi; this page and following page, photographs, Christian Lantry. (Ryan Schinman) stylist, Saannaha Palmer for Artists at Timothy Priano; styling assistant, Spry; groomer, Samantha Fantauzzi for Susan Price, Inc.; location, La Nona Restaurant ; (Walter Latham) groomer, Laura Gorman for Aria Artists; graphic by XPLANE (www.xplane.com)

RULE #2: Embrace the big disasters; that's where your big opportunities lie.

Walter Latham, 29, founder of Latham Entertainment, a multifaceted company specializing in "urban" comedy, was working a dull day job as a customer service representative at American Express when inspiration for a new career hit: "One day at American Express, I said, *What can I do to get into entertainment?* So I looked at the back of a CD cover of Grand Poobah, an artist that was kind of hot in 1992. I just called up his agent and booked a show. I sold out this club, standing room only. And just like that, I'd done it: I was going to be a promoter! Then guess what: He didn't show up. I had to give all the money back; all of my money and all the money I borrowed was gone. I was, like, *Shit, what am I going to do now?* I called the agent and said, 'What happened? This kind of ruined me—I lost all this money.' But I did not get angry, and I think because I didn't yell or scream or call him names, he didn't get offended and understood what I was going through. He felt so bad for me that he basically gave me the next show, and I was more than able to recoup my losses. In fact, I made a lot of money on that one."

How he hit it big: Latham began moonlighting as a promoter of urban-oriented comedy and rap shows in Greensboro, North Carolina. In 1998 and 1999, as a result of his hugely successful Kings of Comedy tour, Latham raked in an incredible $32 million, and his bottom line's likely to get even fatter after his company's first movie—*Bamboozled*, a Spike Lee–directed film starring Jada Pinkett Smith and Damon Wayans—hits theaters this summer.

Just how big he hit it: Latham recently awed comedian Steve Harvey when he presented him with a $68,000 gold President Rolex watch. Three or four times a year, he hops on a plane and flies to Chicago, just to have a guy named Alfonse fit him for $3,500 custom-made Italian suits.

Here comes Latham Rollsin' in late again

Bored in retirement, Michael Jordan hires origami instructors

BURN YOUR WAD

Fretting over how to spend your bazillions? Let the experts show you how it's done.

Throw a Monster Bash!

The 1998 wedding of Chris Edgecomb, megamillionaire CEO of Star Communications, looked like a special issue of *People* magazine. He spent $7 million, hiring Jay Leno as the host, Dana Carvey as the entertainment, and Rod Stewart as the wedding singer. Skinny '80s ties mandatory.

Build Yourself a Castle!

Swiss billionaire financier Urs Schwarzenbach wasn't satisfied with Scotland's historic castles—so he's constructing his own. So far he's spent more than $23 million on such extras as oak doors ($12,000 each) and a basement bowling alley. Fearing greedy hoodlums, Schwarzenbach is building tunnels leading to a strongroom refuge. Macbeth should have had it so good.

Buy Your Own Island!

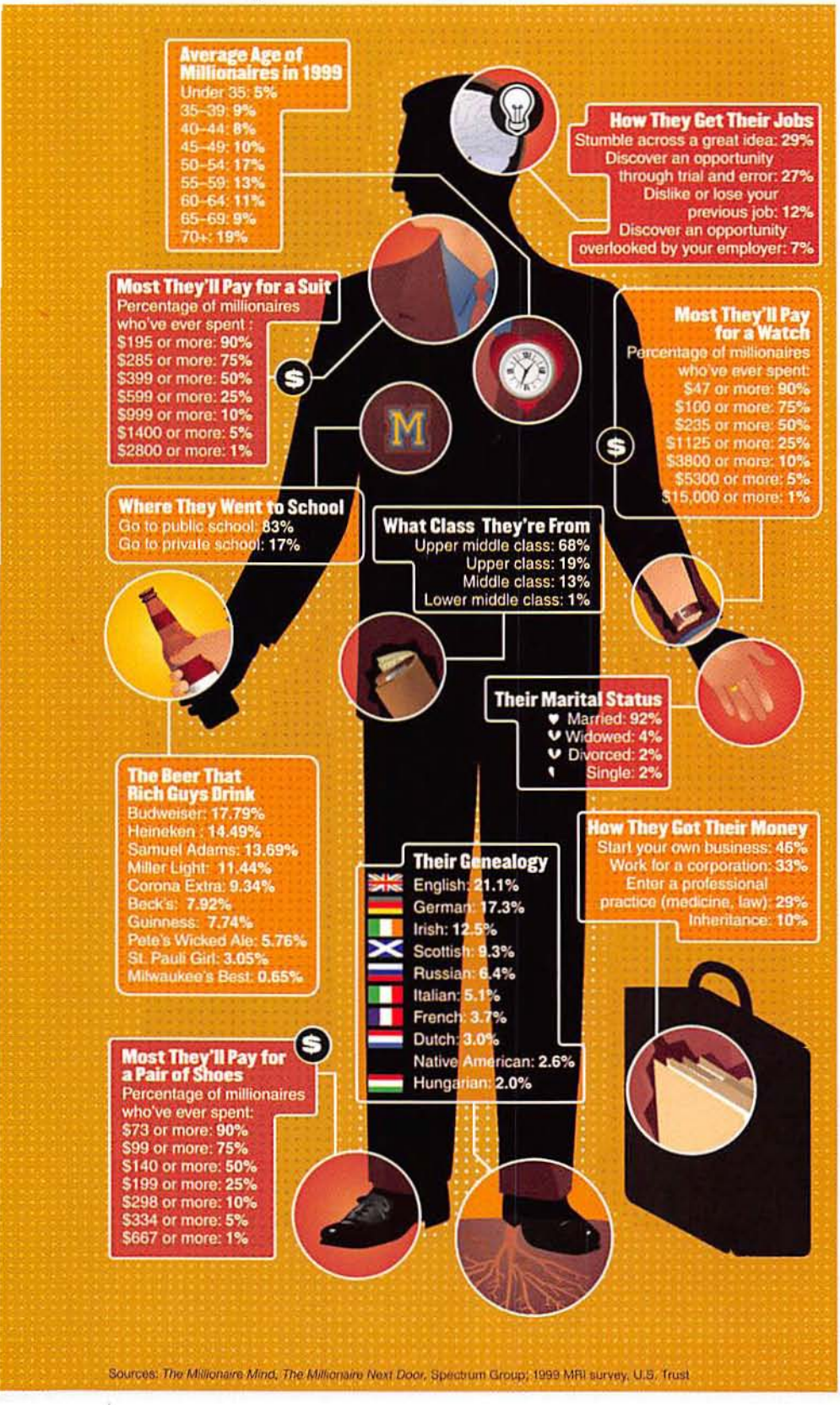
In 1974 Henry and Gloria Jarecki purchased Guana Island, an 850-acre paradise in the British Virgin Islands. No word on what they paid, but they'll happily rent you the whole island—which includes a wildlife sanctuary—for a mere $11,000 a night in the winter, or $8,500 in the summer.

Assemble a Harem!

Donald Trump so doubted he'd have a flock of women around him in his old age, he put money on it, reportedly putting $20 million into his own modeling agency, the Trump Management Group. He already owns the Miss America, Miss Universe, and Miss Teen USA pageants, making this "a natural progression," according to his spokeswoman. *—Andy Brown*

THE MAKING OF A MILLIONAIRE

All it takes is good blood, cheap beer, and a little perseverance.



Sources: *The Millionaire Mind*, *The Millionaire Next Door*, Spectrum Group; 1999 MRI survey, U.S. Trust

RULE #3: Don't be afraid to hire people smarter and cooler than you.

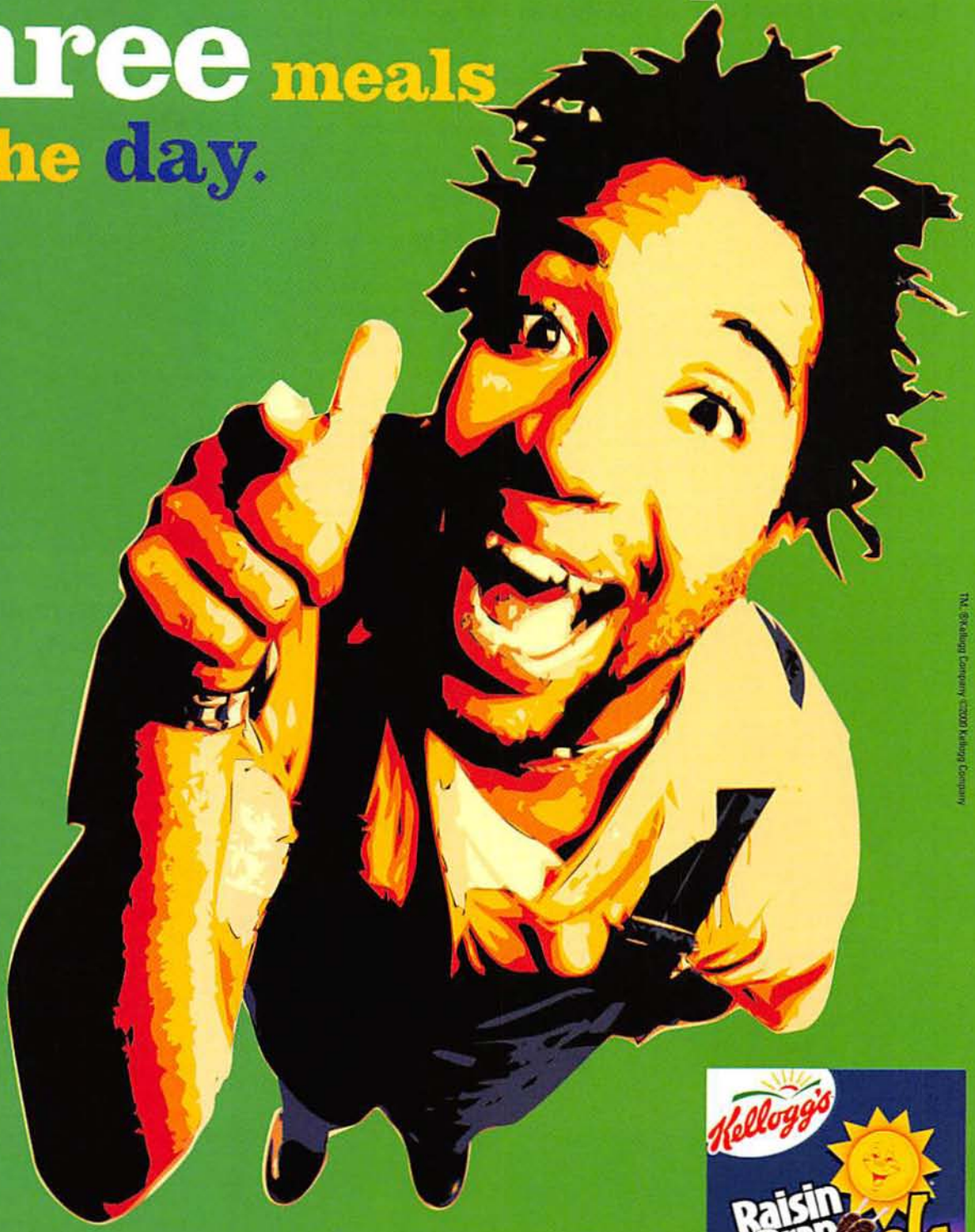
Joe Kraus, 28, a senior vice president of Excite@Home: "Most employers think, *Oh, I've got to hire somebody who doesn't think they're better than me.* And that's a path to disaster. You have to ask yourself: *Is it more important to be successful or to be in control?* If the answer is control, then you go down one path. But if the answer is success, that means you go out and you hire the most aggressive and the smartest people that you possibly can. When we started the site, we were 22 years old, and we had to recognize what we were capable of doing and what we weren't, and fill in our strengths. So when we fleshed out our management team, we brought in people that were then twice our age. Learn how to recruit somebody who's more senior and talented: Being able to hire your own mentor is a wonderful opportunity."

How he hit it big: After graduating from Stanford University in 1993, he and five of his friends launched the Excite Internet portal and search engine using $15,000 of their parents' money. The company went public in 1996 and generated one of the largest IPOs in tech stock history. After merging with @Home Network in January 1999, the business generated $421 million in revenue last year. Lucky bastards!

Just how big he hit it: Kraus has a net worth in the neighborhood of $50 million (no doubt one of those gated-community kind of neighborhoods). He owns about 615,000 shares of @Home stock, which at press time was trading at approximately $21. "I'm not Bill Gates, but I can't complain at all." A racecar fanatic, Kraus paid $250,000 for a red 1998 Ferrari 550 Maranello (he calls it "the best car ever built") that he's personally taken up to around 175 miles per hour.

Photograph: Christian Lantry, stylist, Tina Wray for REX grooming, France Dushaniy/Koko Represents; location, Malibu Grand Prix (www.malibugrandprix.com); graphic by XPLANE (www.xplane.com)

Breakfast, the most important three meals of the day.



TM. ®Kellogg Company ©2005 Kellogg Company

Sweetened crunchy flakes. Honey oat clusters and raisins.

Breakfast is Back™

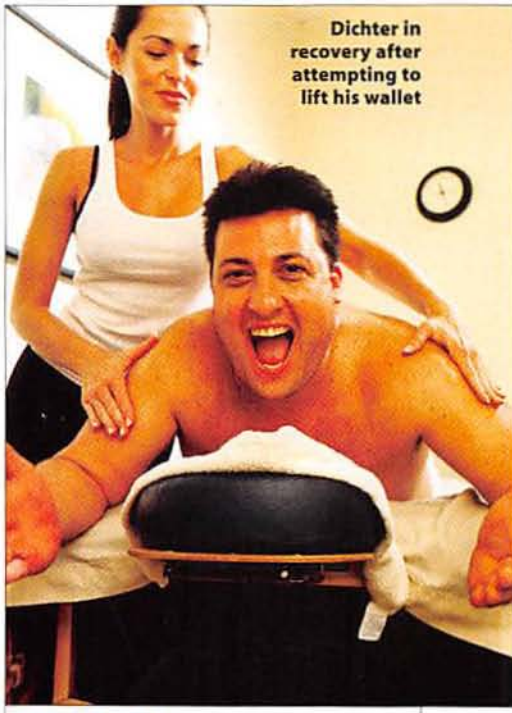
RULE #4: Ditch your loser friends; they'll only hold you back and keep you in the gutter.

Ken Wilson, 35, founder of Gatorz Sunglasses, a line of superstrong shades made of aircraft aluminum: "I always like to relate my business to motocross, and one of the things I found was that if you practice with people who ride really slow, you're probably never going to get faster. But if you go and ride with guys who are faster than you, you'll get better. In other words, if you hang out with losers, you're going to be a loser—if you sleep with dogs, you'll get fleas. I think out of 270 graduates in my high school, I was, like, 218 or 234 on the list. I was actually voted Most Likely to Fail by my classmates. Now a lot of my high school buddies have seen what I did, and at my class reunion they elected me Most Improved."

How he hit it big: Although he used to sell vacuum cleaners door to door, Wilson used the contacts he made while racing on the professional motocross circuit to launch a line of aluminum-frame sunglasses he designed. By the end of its first year of operations, in 1990, Gatorz was a million-dollar business. Wilson has since branched out into skateboard design and now rakes in considerably more than $5 million in sales annually, which puts him among the top 10 sunglass manufacturers. He credits much of his business success to the empowering messages he learned from listening to motivational tapes.

Just how big he hit it: Wilson owns a huge house on a golf course, a speedboat, and three souped-up motorcycles, not to mention a set of Tommy Lee's drums. He used to have the expensive cars and the Rolex until he decided that that lifestyle wasn't "cool." His oddest extravagance: a $7,000 American bobtail cat (a rare breed resembling a tiger) named Sammy after his friend and endorser Sammy Hagar. But perhaps even odder is the diverse assembly of stars he pals around with, including rappers Vanilla Ice and Kid Rock and grappler Stone Cold Steve Austin.

Wilson found a way to liven up his morning commute



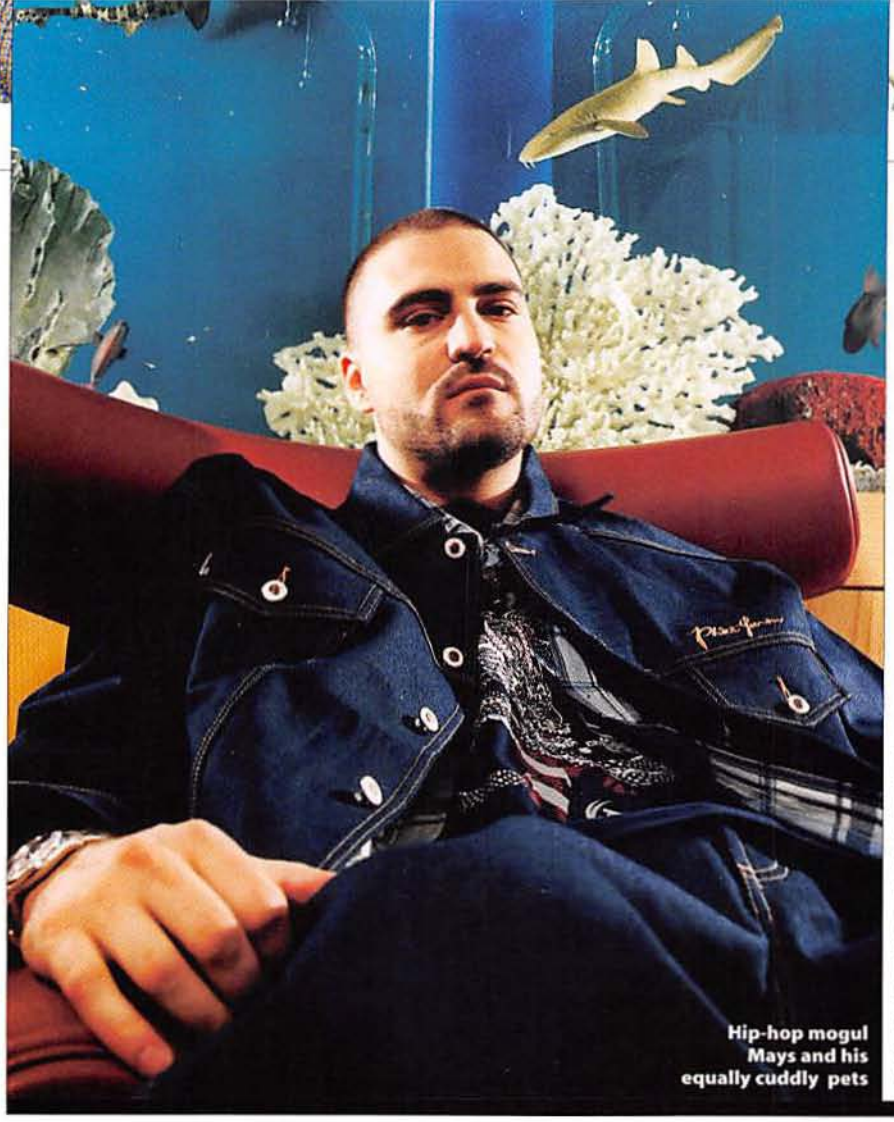
Dichter in recovery after attempting to lift his wallet

RULE #5: Ask for more than you really need.

Kenny Dichter, 32, co-CEO of entertainment at SFX Alphabet City, the biggest marketer of sports and entertainment products in the country: "At the end of the meeting, you gotta ask for what you want. The first product we ever brought to market was a Chicago Bulls record, in 1996, right in the middle of the Jordan run. This was the hottest team ever in pro sports. Once we got the NBA's permission, we went to Montgomery Ward in Chicago. My partner and I looked across the table at the buyer and said they could have an exclusive if they bought 150,000 units. There's no question we would have taken 50,000; but we asked for 150,000. They came back and took all 150,000 units, and that started our business. It was a million-dollar-plus order, and it funded our operations for the next 12 months."

How he hit it big: In 1996 he cofounded Alphabet City, a record label specializing in sports-themed compilations; in 1998 he sold it to SFX Entertainment for $4.4 million.

Just how big he hit it: Dichter makes "more than Danny Bonaduce and less than Michael Dell" at SFX Alphabet City and still has half of that cushy $4.4 million nest egg in the bank. The day of the sale, he went out and bought himself a Rolex. "It was $50,000—more than I've spent on all clothing I've ever worn combined." He also has a summer house on a lake in upstate New York that he's stocked with two Jet Skis "and a couple of six-packs."



Hip-hop mogul Mays and his equally cuddly pets

RULE #6: Ignore all urges to have a personal life until after you hit it big.

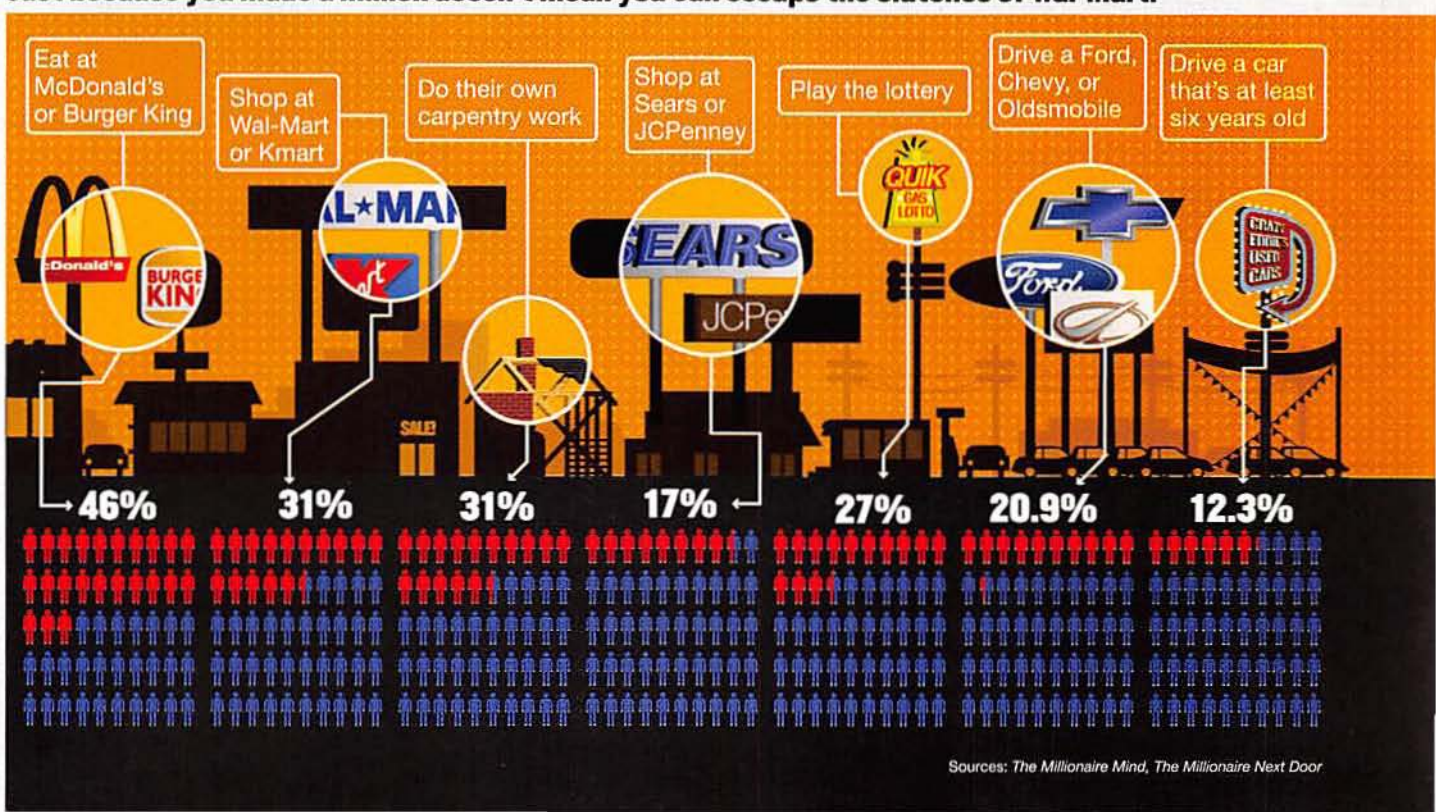
David Mays, 31, founder of *The Source* magazine: "I've had a complete focus on my vision and business, to the exclusion of nearly every other part of my life—other than sleeping, eating, and a few activities, such as basketball. Everything from family to my social life has suffered. I barely graduated because of *The Source*. I've missed out on plenty of parties, on seats in the first row at Knicks games against Jordan, and stuff like that. I definitely would say that you've got to be committed and totally focused on it to be successful. And now that it's established, I'm able to enjoy myself a little more, have some more fun, buy the Bentley."

How he hit it big: With $200 in the bank, he started publishing a one-page hip-hop newsletter in 1988. After spinning off countless TV shows and rap compilation albums, *The Source* now has a paid circulation of 440,000, frequently outselling *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* on the newsstands.

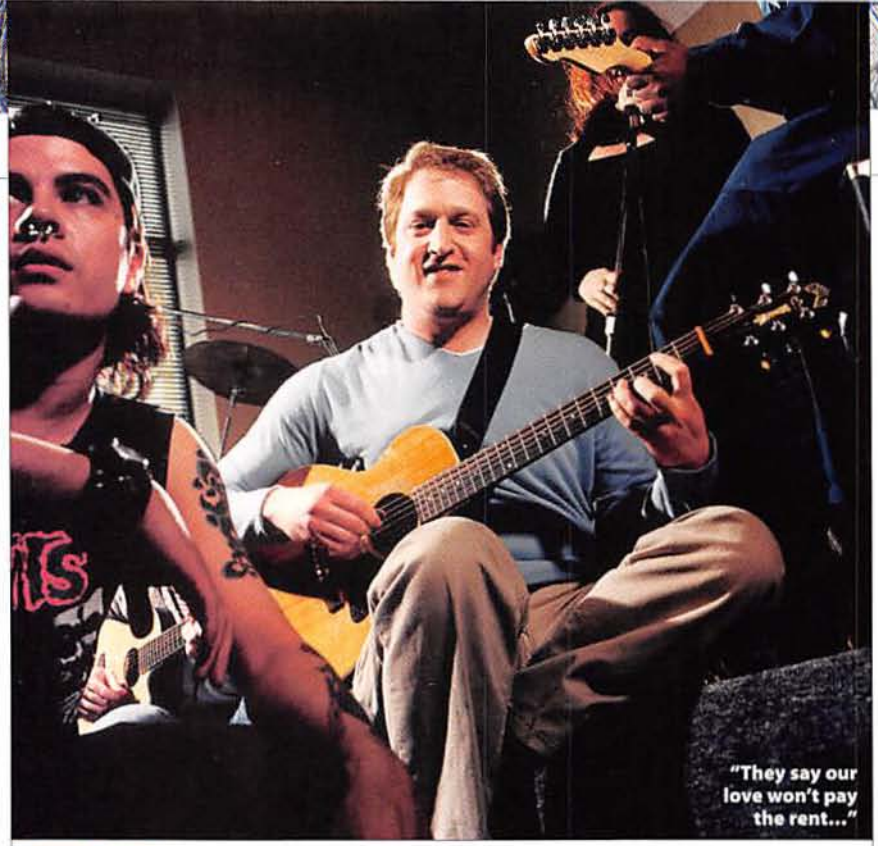
Just how big he hit it: His company, a sole proprietorship, will have a gross revenue of $30 million in 2000. He's bought all the "standard hip-hop items," like the Bentley and the $60,000 Rolex Masterpiece Edition, but treasures nothing so much as his huge Manhattan apartment's mammoth fishtank, which contains two sharks and a two-and-a-half-foot eel.

WHERE DO MILLIONAIRES SPEND THEIR TIME AND MONEY?

Just because you made a million doesn't mean you can escape the clutches of Wal-Mart.



Photographs: Christian Lantry; (Ken Wilson) stylist, Tina Wray for REX; grooming, Deidra Whitt for Visages Style;(Kenny Dichter, David Mays) stylist, Swanita Parmer for Artists at Timothy Priano;styling assistant, Spry; groomer, Samantha Fantuzzi for Susan Price, Inc.; graphic by XPLANE (www.xplane.com)


"They say our love won't pay the rent..."

RULE #7: Transform each of your business goals into a personal obsession.

Jason Olim, 30, founder and CEO of CDNow: "I think the people who are successful at starting businesses are people who have to do it for some internal reason, not an external reason. Have you ever watched *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*? Remember how he started building these mountains out of mashed potatoes and chicken wire and mud? Well, that was me. CDNow was my mashed-potato mountain. I was obsessed with this idea that I could make this thing. Honest to God, I was not thinking about getting rich. I thought I'd do it for a year and then go back to school or something. But I just knew I had to do this thing—and I knew that people would want it.

How he hit it big: In 1994 software designer Olim used $12,000 of his own dough to create an online music information database people could consult before buying albums from his site. They learned fast: CDNow generated $105 million in gross revenue in the first nine months of 1999.

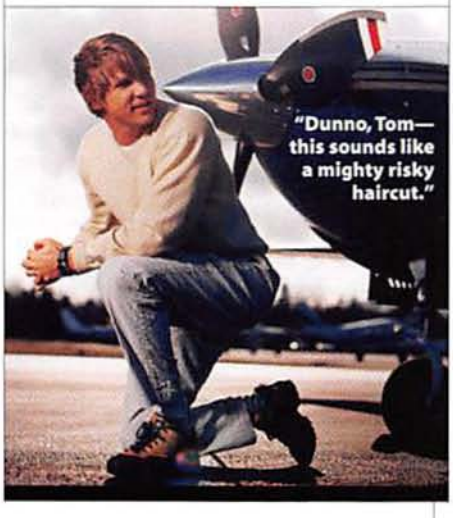
Just how big he hit it: After the company went public in 1998, Olim and his twin brother, Matt, became megamillionaires. Besides buying himself a house and a few other IPO toys, Olim soundproofed his new office and bought a state-of-the-art stereo system with speakers that are almost as tall as he is, weigh twice as much, and cost "more than a car."

RULE #8: Choose a business you'll truly enjoy doing day to day.

Tom Scott, 34, cofounder and chairman of Nantucket Nectars: "I firmly believe that you should only do something you think will be a lot of fun. When my partner, Tom First, and I first set up shop, it was like a tree fort for postadolescents. We had this little dingy office and sold everything from muffins to ice to coffee—the juice just happened to be one of the things we sold. We'd work from about 5:30 in the morning until about nine at night, and then we'd go out and get drunk. Sadly, I can't do that anymore. But I wouldn't have a business today if I didn't love it, because I'm bad at doing things I don't like."

How he hit it big: Favorable reviews of the Toms' peach-drink concoction led the pair to focus on the drinks, and the company did $50 million in sales in 1999.

Just how big he hit it: Scott owns and flies a single-engine Piper Malibu Mirage plane (at $870,000, it's better than the one JFK Jr. owned) and flies himself off on vacation. M


"Dunno, Tom—this sounds like a mighty risky haircut."

WORDS FROM THE WEALTHY

A big pile of dough won't necessarily change your life. Yeah, right. Here's the living proof.

The damn vending machine kept rejecting their bills

"Part of the loot went for gambling, part for horses, and part for women. The rest I spent foolishly."
—George Raft ['40s film actor]

"I'm convinced that certain facts of life are disguised by the powers that be to keep poor people from seeing how much fun it is to be rich. I've been broke and I've had money, and it's a lot of fun having money."
—Jay Leno

"It isn't necessary to be rich and famous to be happy. It's only necessary to be rich."
—Alan Alda

"Somebody said to me, 'But the Beatles were antimaterialistic.' That's a huge myth. John and I literally used to sit down and say, 'Now let's write a swimming pool.'"
—Paul McCartney

"My family got all over me because, they said, Bush is only for the rich people. Then I reminded them, 'Hey, *I'm* rich.'"
—Charles Barkley

"Money isn't everything as long as you have enough."
—Malcolm Forbes

"Why do you think I'm fighting? The glory? The agony of defeat? You show me a man says he ain't fighting for money, I'll show you a fool."
—Larry Holmes

Photographs: Christian Lantry; stylist: Saundra Palmer for Artists at Timothy Piazza; styling assistant: Spry; (Jason Olim) groomer: (Samantha Fairbanks for Susan Price, Inc.; (Tom Scott) groomer: Patricia Sheldon for Erms

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Hiding a kinky fantasy you're sure your girl would never go for? You're wrong. Real women reveal the real strategies that brought their guys' dreams to life.

By Nicole Beland Photographs by Butch Belair

Guys, let me clue you in to a small fact about your fantasies: We women know exactly what's on your horny little minds. We know just how badly you want to take porno Polaroids, dress us up in Catholic school uniforms, or watch us ride our vibrators to nirvana. You can tell us almost any kinky thoughts you want and chances are we won't be shocked. We may even have fantasized about those same things ourselves.

But that doesn't mean we're going to let you do them for real. Unless...

Unless you earn our confidence and can bring up *in just the right way* the topic of taking the back-door route, or of inviting our cute roommates over for a game of topless touch football, or of pulling out the camcorder and recording every last move for posterity. Because fantasies are fun when they're in your head, but they can get a little scary when push comes to shove.

So to find out precisely what it would take to get us to act on your every desire, we hacked into the *Cosmopolitan* Web site and begged, cajoled, and flattered the mag's readers until they confessed what they required (or would require) to live out their men's fantasies. More than 300 live ones responded. Then we broke the results down with some statistical analysis that will (we hope) tell you at a glance what your chances are. Good luck. And, hey, let's be careful out there.

Of Human Bondage

- Chances she'll tie you up: **8 in 10**
- Chances she'll let you tie her up (eventually): **7 in 10**
- Chances she'll let you tie her up on the second date: virtually nil

According to the fit-to-be-tied females we surveyed, a little light bondage is no big deal—as long as it's in the context of a serious relationship. Only a brave (and probably not too bright) few said they'd let a guy tether them to the bedposts after just a few dates. Here's why: "I once let a random hookup tie down my wrists and ankles, and woke up the next morning to find him gone and his Irish wolfhound licking my feet," said a 24-year-old who refused

'I tied him to a chair and did a sexy strip-tease and lap dance.'

to divulge even her first name.

Still, an eager 7 out of 10 said they'd be more than happy to bind their boyfriends if asked to, and about half would "tease, tickle, and torture" them once they were where they wanted to be. "My boyfriend whispered in my ear that watching me take off my clothes drove him wild," said Gina, 27. "So a few nights later, I tied him to a chair and then did a striptease followed by a lap dance." For best results, skip scratchy twine and scary ropes and opt for girl-friendly materials, like scarves, neckties, and old nylons.

On a Role

- Chances she'll dress up like a cheerleader and let you play with her pompoms: **1 in 2**
- Chances she'll surprise you by dressing up in an outfit: **1 in 7**
- Chances it'll be the Phillie Phanatic costume: **0**

Sexy lingerie is one thing, but if you're dying to see your girlfriend decked out as Little Bo-peep—frilly bloomers and all—you may be asking too much. Seven out of 10 women confessed they thought elaborate role-playing was "a little weird," but most admitted they'd "try it once or twice." "This guy I was seeing kept buying me costumes to wear to bed," said Elissa, 25. "I thought it was cute the first time, when he presented me with a little nurse's outfit from Frederick's of Hollywood, but when he rented a Cinderella dress from a Halloween shop, it freaked me out." If you're lucky, your girlfriend falls into the smallish 15 percent or so who like to surprise their significant others with kinky clothes. "Dressing up like a Girl Scout, complete with sash, kneesocks, plaid skirt, and buckle shoes, was my idea," confessed Melissa, 32. "Then he asked me what I was willing to do to earn some badges."

To put the idea into action, mention in a flirty, fawning way (preferably over a romantic dinner) that having her play dress-up would turn you on. "My boyfriend was constantly telling me how sexy I would look in a dominatrix outfit, how it would show off my body, and how [we think this is key, folks] he'd never done anything like that with anyone else," said Anne, 30. "It got to the point where I couldn't wait to try it because the thought of him worshiping my body got me really hot." That's step one. Step two is to

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actually go out and purchase said outfit. While most of the women reported they'd try a costumed ball, few would be willing to fork over the cash for an outfit themselves.

Shaving Points

■ Chances she'll be willing to shave off her pubic hair: **1 in 2**
■ Chances she wants you to shave off yours: **0**

Every woman I've ever known who's gone bare down there swears by it. So why don't more of us make the move to pube-free privates? A simple lack of impetus, it seems. About 8 in 10 hairless hotties claimed that the first time they took it all off was at the persistent urging of a man. "He kept telling me how good he thought it would look and feel if there was nothing but smooth, sexy skin," said Janine, 28. "But it wasn't until he asked if he could do the shaving that I really got into it." The truth is, your enthusiasm—and participation—is a huge turn-on. Just be sure to offer lots of oral sex in return, and keep your comments positive. "Mark was giving me oral sex when he poked his head up and said, 'You're so hairy. Every time I go down on you, I get a mouthful of hair,'" remembered Bridget, 26. "I eventually ended up shaving all the way, but Mark wasn't around to enjoy it." About half the women who had never done so said they'd consider baring all.

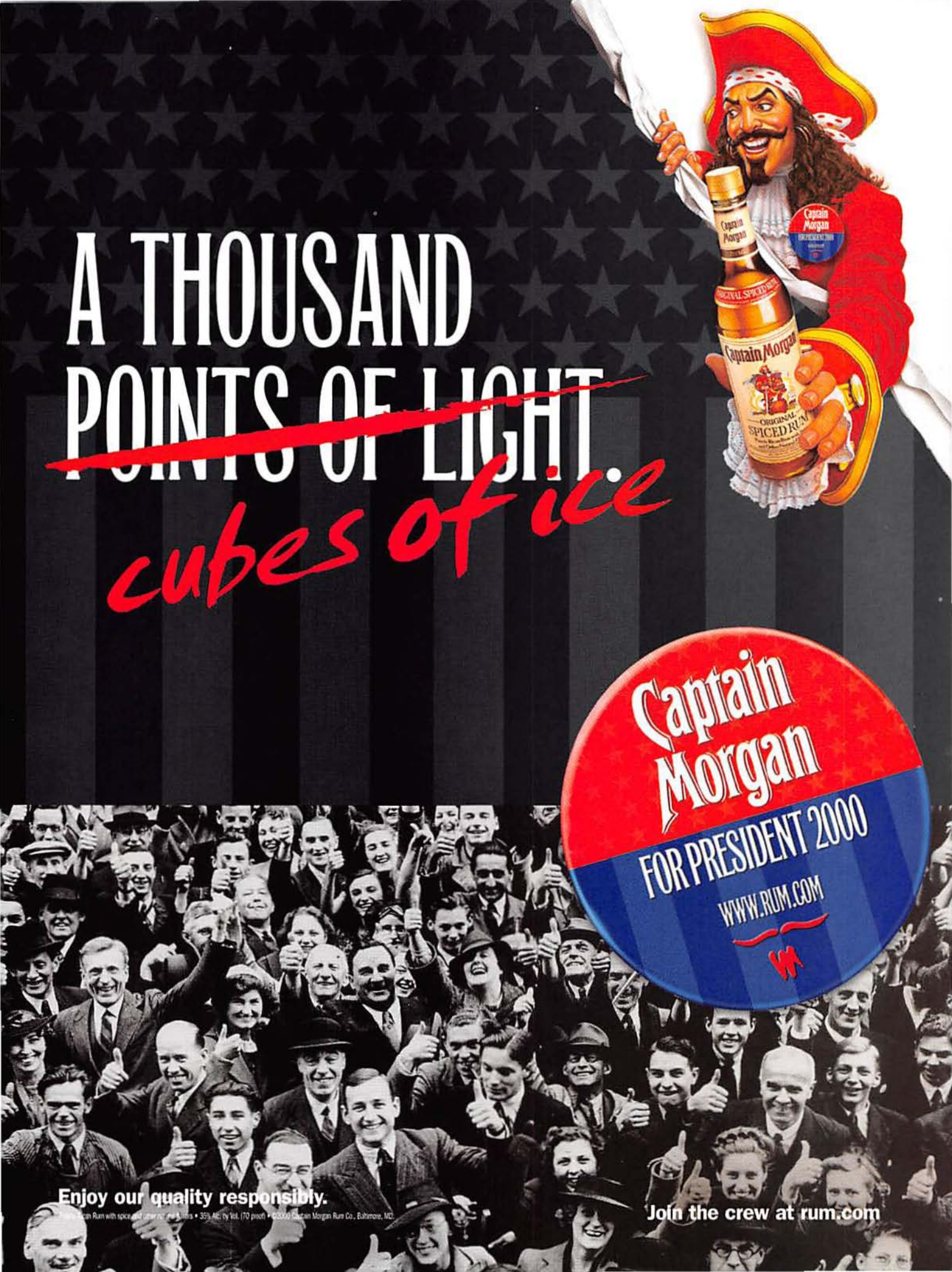
'He asked if I had ever fantasized about another woman.'

Three's Company

■ Chances she'll let you bring another woman to bed: **1 in 30**
■ Chances she'll let you bring another woman to bed if the three of you are hammered: **1 in 12**

No fantasy in your entire mental Rolodex freaks women out more. "No way. No how. I would never," said Patricia, 23. "If he suggested it, I'd tell him he could go straight to hell." Those who actually engaged in three-way trysts with their boyfriends claimed that booze was behind their actions. "We were drunk and high. I never would have done it sober," swore Madeline, 26. "And because we both knew the woman, it caused huge jealousy problems afterward." Ironically, the small number of women who were willing to share their men named their best friend as the ideal third.

So given a woman's rather high level of discomfort, how does a guy go about making this happen? "He made it all about me," said Denise, 25. "First he asked if I had ever fantasized about being with another woman. When I finally confessed that I had, then he said he'd like to make my fantasy come true. Of course I wanted him there for reassurance." Eventually her boyfriend reaped his reward. "We did it a few times with a friend of ours who's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bisexual, and my boyfriend watched us and then had sex with me. But by the third time, I was comfortable enough to watch while they got it on." The key here is to make your girlfriend feel safe: She should be convinced she's your number one and it's for her pleasure that Miss So-and-So is tagging along.

Girls on Film

- Chances she'll let you take porno pictures of her: **1 in 2**
- Chances she's afraid they'll wind up on nipplebandits.com: **10 in 10**

When you propose breaking out your Vivid Video amateur kit and making your very own video nasty, the more body-conscious gender immediately thinks one thing: *Will I look fat?* About half the women said they shy away from being shot because they fear they won't look foxy on tape.

To help her get over her naked-photo phobia, start by telling her she has a drop-dead gorgeous body—over and over again. "When he asked to take pictures of me in the buff, I hesitated at first, but he kept saying I had the best body, and that I was so hot, he wished he could see me naked more often," said Erin, 22. "What can I say? Flattery got him everywhere." A healthy dose of feigned spontaneity/stupidity (as in "Oh, hey, a Polaroid camera! Gee, I wonder what we could do with this?") will score you points. One in three chicks *Maxim* polled would feel better about a frisky photo session if it was a spur-of-the-moment thing, not some perverted plan.

More than half of women say they're willing to try having sex in public.

Location, Location, Location

- Chances she'll make love to you in a public place: **3 in 5**
- Chances she'll ever make love to you again after spending a night in jail for public indecency: **1 in 10**

Guys aren't the only ones who fantasize about doing the deed on a desk at work, in an apartment-building elevator, or on a picnic table in the park; you're just the only ones who'll admit it. Three out of four women we talked to confessed to having dirty daydreams set in odd locales. And a little more than half said they'd risk it in real life.

The best way to get lucky in the location of your choice? Drop a heavy-handed hint. "My boyfriend told me about a dream he had that we were making love in the music room where he teaches," said Kristen, 29. "One night while he was practicing late, I came in wearing a very short skirt minus my panties. Before he even realized what I had in mind, I was all over him." If the dream thing doesn't work, try a flat-out request. "He would go on and on about how amazing it would be to do it in the rain," explained Carrie, 19. "He was so sincerely passionate about it that I decided to make his fantasy come true."

Porn to Run

- Chances she'll watch a porno you "picked up on the way home": **4 in 5**
- Chances she'll watch a porno you pulled from your extensive collection: **1 in 8**

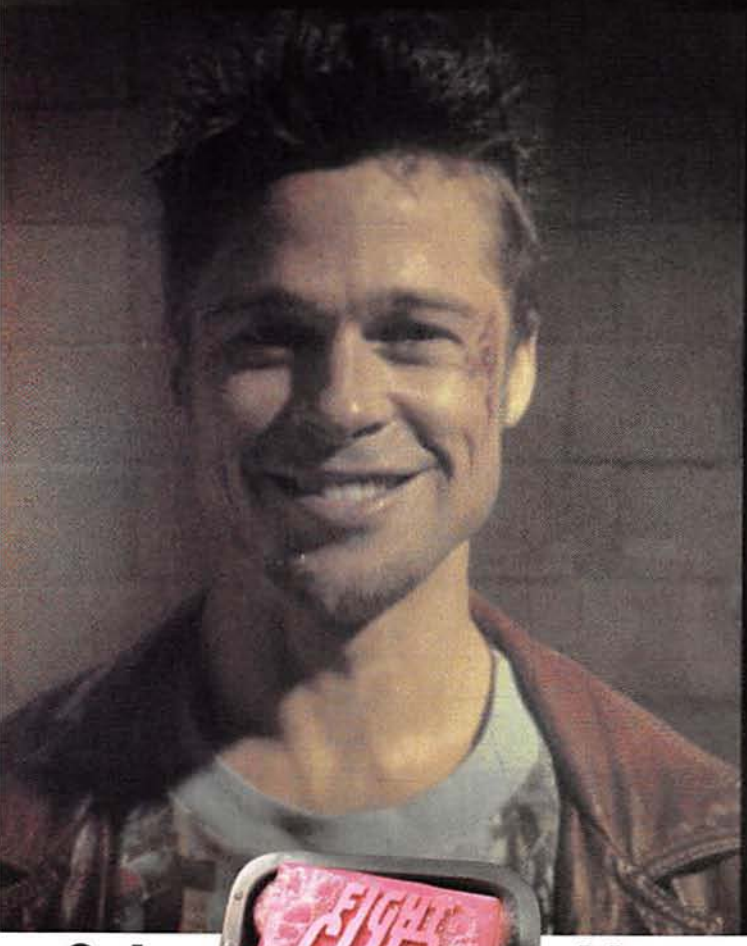
The problem with trying to make pornography part of your romantic routine is we're bound to think you're burnin'-hot for those bleached-blonde bimbos with breasts the size of basketballs. Numberswise, about a fourth of our tell-all group said they'd worry you're more turned on by a two-dimensional tart than by the flesh-and-blood babe in your arms. Fact is, you are. Now what?

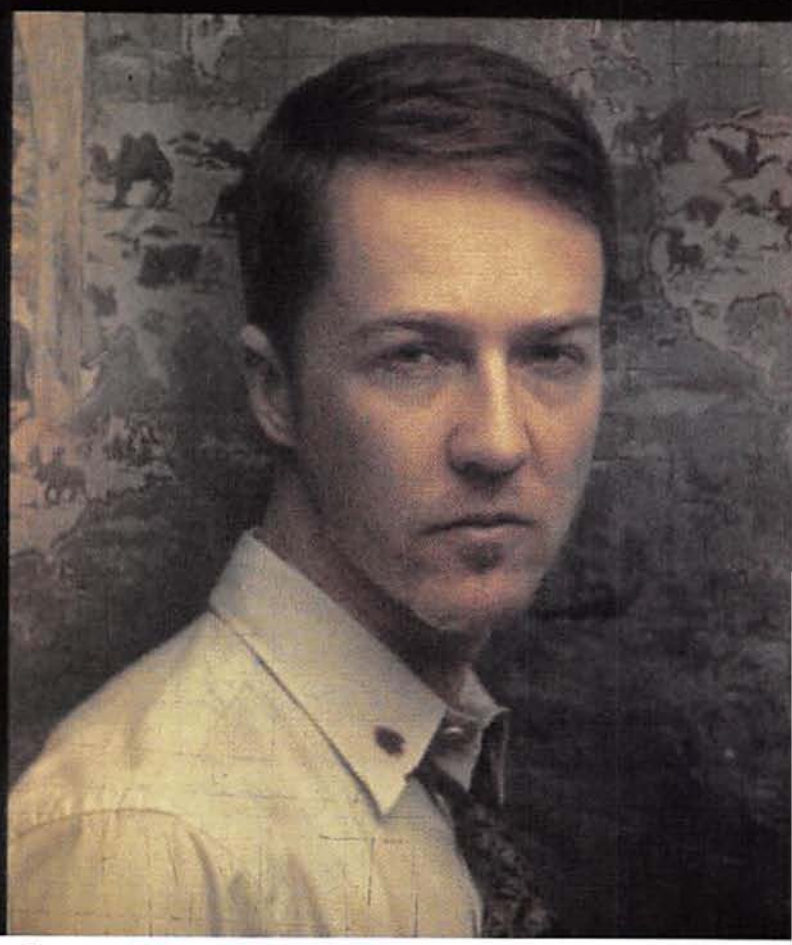
Convince her that this is far from the truth and things may play out in your favor. "I definitely needed convincing," said Colleen, 23. "But he won me over by saying he wanted to reenact it scene by scene so we could try different positions and discover new ways to make each other feel good. When he put it that way, it sounded kind of sweet." But be sure to pretend you actually had to make a shopping trip to procure a porno, as opposed to simply picking one from your enormous library. Eight out of 10 women said they wouldn't date a guy with a creepy smut habit. M

Our fantasy? She doesn't fall asleep while we're searching for protection

Stylist, Joseph De Acetis for Trifleses; prop stylist, Eyal Baruch for Trifles; assistant stylist, Meriam Seddouti; hair, Algano for Halley Resources/Sacha for Hair; makeup, Julie Harris for Bradley Curry Management; brunette, Vanessa Rachele /APM Model Management

Who is Tyler Durden?





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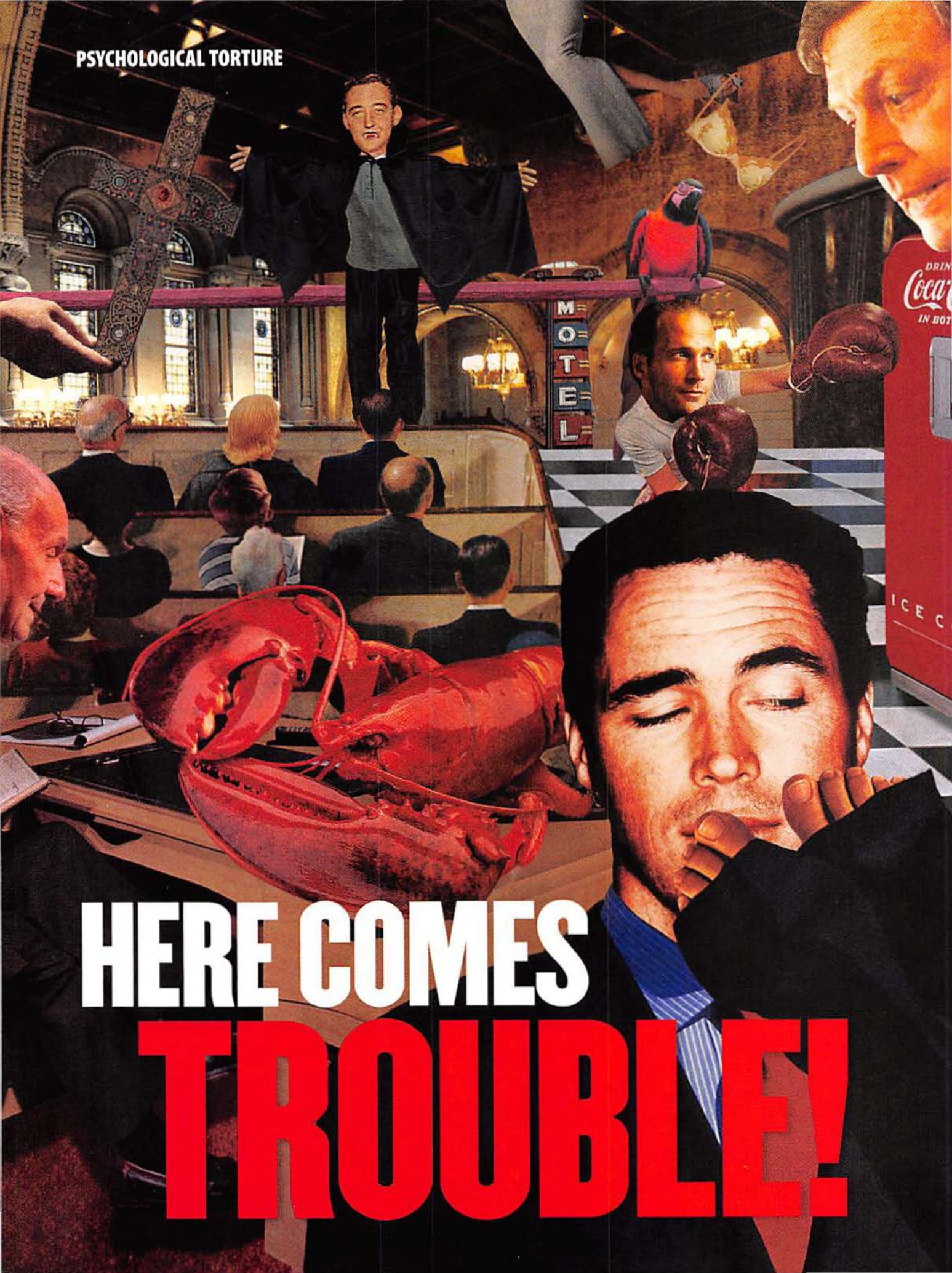


HERE COMES TROUBLE!

Bored? Uninspired? Unexpectedly sober? Why not take advantage of your downtime and screw with other people's heads?

By Justin Heimberg and David Gomberg

Try to grate cheese using an escalator

At a **Mall**

■ Start scuffle in Foot Locker; try to get salesman to give you a technical.

■ At Barnes and Noble, hang out in Self-Help section, hit on vulnerable women.

■ Try to grate cheese using an escalator.

■ When department store employees spray you with cologne samples, scream, "I'm melting...I'm melting...So much pain...Death is welcome...," and crumple to ground.

■ At Abercrombie & Fitch, badger other customers with lengthy explanations of why Abercrombie is far superior to Fitch; distribute propaganda.

■ Offer to pay for things in a) pennies, b) acorns, or c) "tales of adventure."

■ Go to TGI Friday's; order table for two. Insist that Steve Guttenberg will be joining you; feign heartbreak when he doesn't show up.

■ Ask news shop if they have the latest edition of *Inhaler Aficionado.*

■ Try on biking shorts that are too small for you. Stand in front of mirror, scrutinizing fit. Elicit sales clerk's opinion.

■ Teach the pet store parrots to say, "I have a prehensile penis and retractable testicles."

■ Go to Victoria's Secret; hand clerk sexy lingerie, tell her, "You look about my girlfriend's size. Could you try this on?"

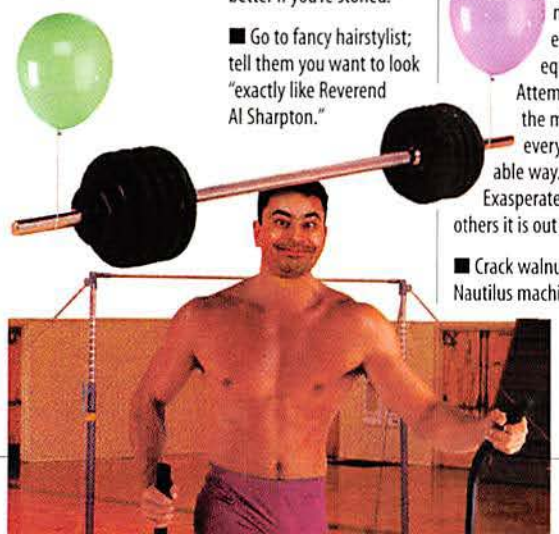
■ Do the same thing but say, "You look about my mom's size."

■ Do the same thing but say, "You look about Ben Gazzara's size."

■ Walk up to someone and "recognize" them as Carrie Fisher. Insist on getting an autograph.

■ Open cans of tennis balls, inhale fumes; tell people in giggly slur that "Sports Authority is much better if you're stoned."

■ Go to fancy hairstylist; tell them you want to look "exactly like Reverend Al Sharpton."



In the **Gym**

■ Lay slabs of beef on sauna rocks.

■ Spot intense weightlifters and discourage effort. "Don't worry about it. Don't strain. You don't have to prove anything."

■ Double up on treadmill.

■ Get hand strengthener stuck in your mouth. Appeal plaintively for help, with groans.

■ Mistake Coke machine for exercise equipment. Attempt to use the machine in every conceivable way. Exasperated, finally tell others it is out of order.

■ Crack walnuts in Nautilus machine.

■ Wear Floatties in hot tub.

■ If they ask, "Need a spot?" answer a) "I could really use one at the urinal," b) "I don't do drugs," or c) "No, thanks. Ernest Borgnine will be here soon."

■ Put picture of Father Guido Sarducci up on wall. Do sit-ups, lightly touching your lips to picture as you crest.

■ Constantly explain to huge muscle-dudes that they're "doing it all wrong."

■ Ask people if they know a really good forehead exercise.

■ Tell employee that your clothes were stolen. When asked what they look like, describe exactly what he/she is wearing.

Ask people if they know a good forehead exercise

In **Church**

■ Ask priest for low-fat communion wafer.

■ Giggle like schoolgirl anytime priest or minister mentions moral "duty."

■ Start the wave.

■ Inflate and pass around pre-sermon beach ball.

■ Fart. Claim it wasn't you but rather "Jesus working through" you.

■ After minister quotes from Bible, say in really sarcastic tone, "Yeah, right" or "I'm sure."

■ Mispronounce *God.*

■ Cover pews with bacon bits "to ward off the demons."

■ Claim you have found God, then bring in shackled Nipsey Russell.

■ Stage-dive.

■ Pencil in *Malone* after each *Moses* in Bible.

■ Human beat-box during hymns.

■ Quote fake Bible passages (e.g., "There are no time-outs in the world of professional wrestling," Shemp 3:23).

■ Wear novelty vampire teeth and cape; cower and hiss whenever cross gets near you.

■ Exhale tired "When is the friggin' monologue gonna be over?"

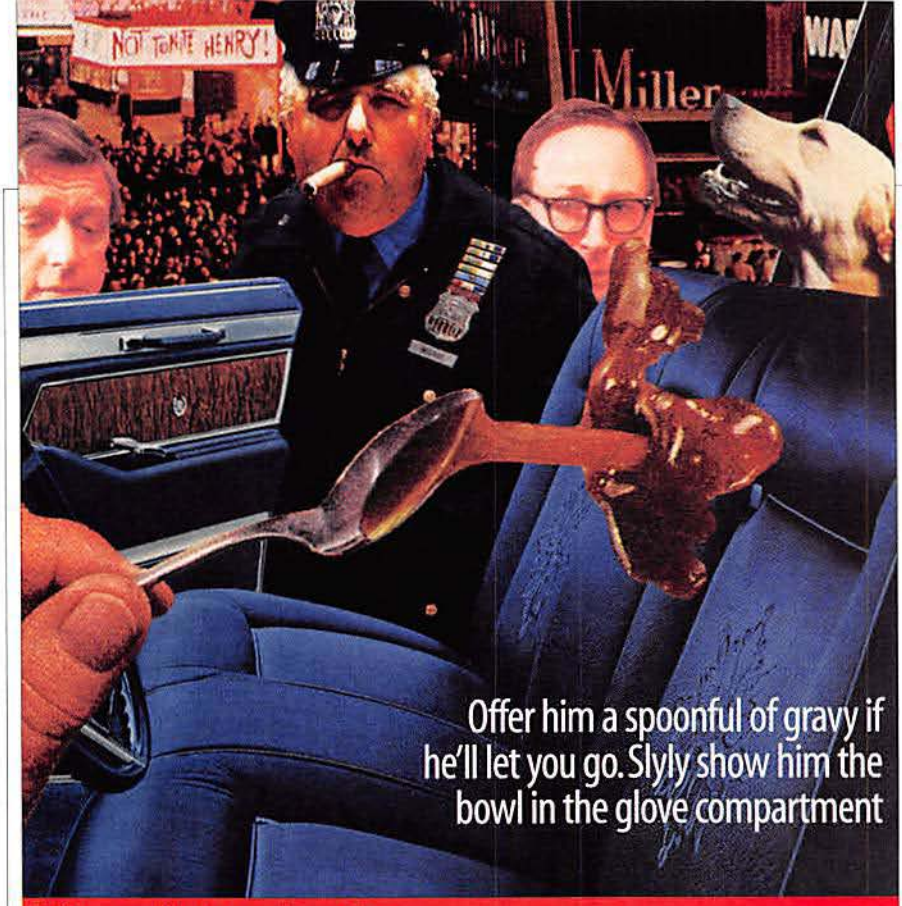
■ Call minister a) Rabbi, b) Your Honor, c) Admiral, or d) Mr. Roboto.

■ After minister concludes sermon, yell out scornfully, "What do you want, a biscuit?"

■ Take Bible in hand and ask neighbor, "Is this the book they always put in the hotels?"

■ Sneak into confessional booth, pose as priest; command confessor to say three Hail Marys and 10 rosaries, do 15 push-ups, and watch the *Cannonball Run* movies twice in a row.

Illustrations, Dennis Irwin



Offer him a spoonful of gravy if he'll let you go. Slyly show him the bowl in the glove compartment

When pulled over by a **Cop**

■ If he asks, "Do you know why I pulled you over?" answer a) "Because of the lynx?" b) "The stench of the decaying Mildred?" or c) "You like my groove thing."

■ Make pathetic attempt to hypnotize him.

■ Offer him a spoonful of gravy if he'll let you go. Slyly show him the bowl in the glove compartment. Wink.

■ Apologize. Explain that you have an irresistible, biological "need for speed." Show him Medic Alert bracelet.

In a **Job Interview**

■ When interviewer goes to shake your hand, suddenly pull it away, rub it through hair, and slyly say, "Psych."

■ In middle of sentence, gasp in trailing voice, "Feeling sleepy . . . Must get antidote . . . Need anti . . . ," then fall unconscious.

■ Ask him/her to join you in a duet of "Summer Lovin'." If he/she refuses, do both parts.

■ Periodically take off shoes and smell your feet.

■ On job application, under CRIMINAL RECORD, write, "Arrested for a) indecent display of plaid, b) obscene use of overhead projector, or c) stalking Golden Girls."

■ Relentlessly bitch about how the Belgians are taking all our jobs.

■ If they ask, "What are your hobbies?" answer, a) "Indoor sorcery," b) "Cabbage-stacking," or c) "Collecting Alexander Haig memorabilia."

■ If they ask, "Why do you think you're qualified for this job?" answer by a) unzipping your pants, b) placing two-pound lobster on desk, or c) saying, "Uh . . . right . . . credentials," looking around with nervous smile, then diving out window.

■ When interviewer isn't looking, quickly swap his/her family photos with pictures of cast of *Good Times*.

■ Yawn into hand, plunge hand into pocket, and say, "I'll save that for later."

■ Avoid eye contact; invariably stare at his/her a) hair, b) chin, c) left hand, or d) crotch.

On a **Bad Date**

■ Tag a sardonic "for a girl" onto all your compliments, as in "That skirt looks real nice on you . . . *for a girl.*"

■ Fill pants with mulch. Let a little fall out from time to time; whisper, "Oh, no, it's happening again."

■ Upon meeting her, scrape finger across her shoulder, taste, and say, "You'll do."

■ Attempt to do napkin origami. Fail. Be ruthlessly hard on yourself ("I suck"; "I'm such a loser").

■ Order: a) fudge-and-ham sandwich, b) gin on ground beef, or c) jar of mayonnaise with cherries in it.

■ Add: "And the same for the lady."

■ When she orders her meal, shake head and smirk. If she inquires what the problem is, just laugh and say with intense sarcasm, "No, good choice. Really."

■ Utter all statements with interrogative inflection?

On an **Elevator**

■ Read "Family Circus" comics; laugh hysterically.

■ Attempt to start chant of "USA! USA!"

■ Look at person, then scribble notes furiously. Repeat sporadically.

■ Enter out of breath. Glare intensely. Ask people if they are "Milton" and if they know where you can find him. Leave at next floor, swearing.

■ Scatter birdseed on floor. Upon receiving quizzical looks, reassure elevator mates with gentle smile and say, "For Pepe."

■ When someone enters, act like you are coming to and shout deliriously, "Where's my piccolo?"

■ Sit down.

■ Lie down.

■ Get down.

■ As you exit, dive out Indiana Jones style, then retrieve hat just in time. M

Freak out your **Roommate**

■ Give your arm a hickey, adding a new one each day. Say you're getting a disease.

■ In roommate's presence, cook only one meal: a lime in a toaster.

■ Feign masturbating to a) old photograph of "Where's the beef?" lady, b) Fozzy Bear, c) poorly drawn crayon picture of your roommate, or d) biography of Harriet Tubman.

■ When you know your roommate isn't around, call and leave absurd/ambiguous messages for yourself in different voices. Examples: *[polite]* "Hi. Your robot is ready." *[fed up]* "Return my helmet. This is just getting ridiculous." *[panicked]* "The sherbet has fermented. I repeat, the sherbet has fermented. Action needed."

■ Sleep between mattress and box spring.

■ Use toothpaste for all hygiene purposes.

■ Listen to only one song, over and over: "Party All the Time" by Eddie Murphy.

■ Constantly grab the air around you as if you are walking through cobwebs. Suspect roommate's involvement.

■ Organize all CDs by "increasing funkiness." Do the same with your socks. Quiz roommate. Become irate at his mistakes.

In roommate's presence, cook but one meal: lime in a toaster

Excerpted from the book *Do unto Others: 1000 Hilarious Ways to Screw with People's Heads* by Justin Heimberg and David Gomberg (St. Martin's Press, $8.95)

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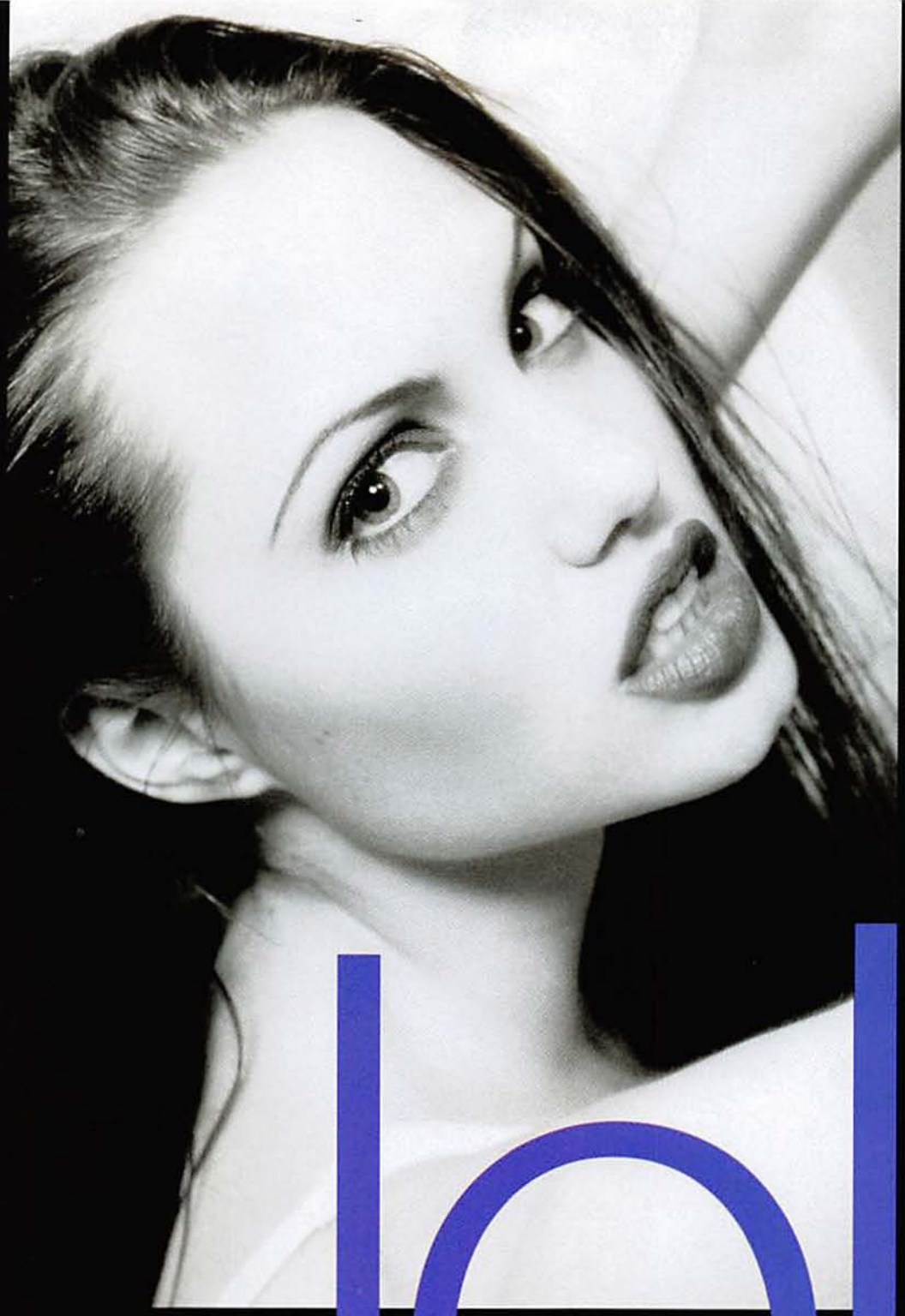


Angelina Jolie

By her own admission, she's young, she's crazy, and she's got knives. And now Angelina Jolie has a shiny new Oscar.

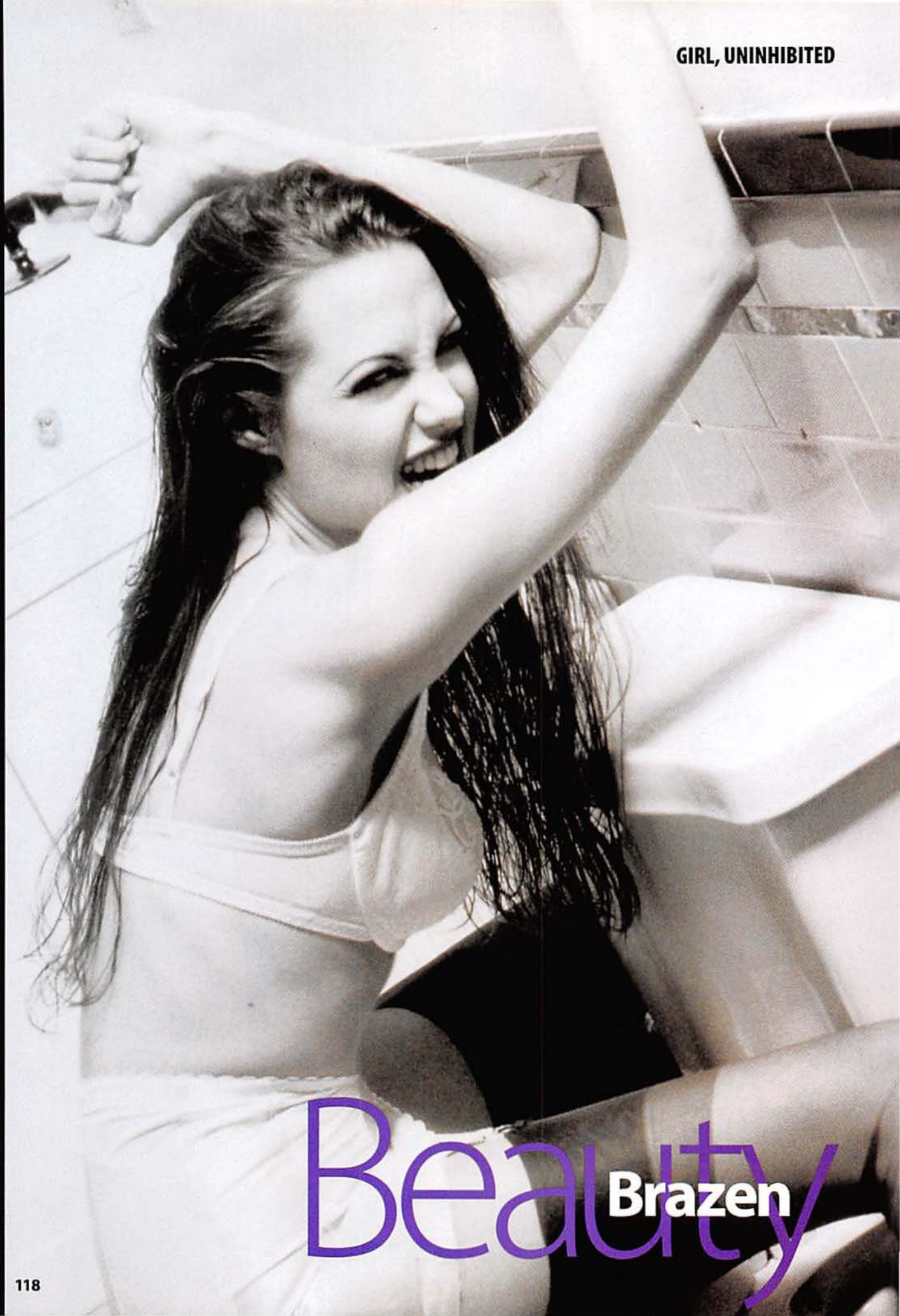
Spectacular Lips

Come say that Angelina Jolie doesn't know how to handle the spotlight; we say the spotlight doesn't know how to handle *her.* When she took the stage at the Academy Awards in March, clutching the Oscar she had just won for her performance in *Girl, Interrupted,* and declared, "I am so in love with my brother right now," she genuinely meant it. And when Angelina awoke the next day to find that her statement was the scandal du jour of an otherwise yawn-inducing show (it didn't hurt that she also gave him a lingering kiss on the lips), she shrugged it off. "He's my best friend," she told reporters. "He's always been my strongest support."

At just 24, the brazen beauty is used to seeing every aspect of her life dissected: her tumultuous relationship with father Jon Voight (of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Deliverance* fame); her brief marriage to *Trainspotting* star Jonny Lee Miller; her fascination with knives. Of her knack for self-nicking, she simply explains, "You're young, you're crazy, you're in bed, and you've got knives, so shit happens." And when told that a poll had named her explains simply the actress women would most like to sleep with, she replied, "That is very, very flattering. And I'd probably be the one actress who would say yes."

Angelina proved her box office clout in the thriller *The Bone Collector,* then injected some sex and danger into *Girl, Interrupted,* a film she stole out from under Winona Ryder. Playing Lisa, a reckless mental patient, she found a role that hit close to home. To keep the mood on the set light, she decorated her trailer with shots from porno mags. "You could tell certain people were offended by the pictures," she grins, "but I didn't mean to offend them."

After the gravity of *Girl, Interrupted,* Angelina's looking forward to this month's car-thief flick, *Gone in Sixty Seconds,* costarring Nicolas Cage. "It hit the spot," she says. "I get to go under a car and get all greasy. It has boys in it, too, so that was fun. And uncomplicated sex, which is a change." Despite her eminently visible sexuality—not to mention her spectacular lips—she says she's often anxious about being photographed. "I'll be jumping around and feeling sexy," she explains. "Then the pictures come out, and I'll be in a bustier top, sucking on a shoe, and my friends will go, 'What did you do that for?' Whatever her motivation may have been, we're glad she did. M



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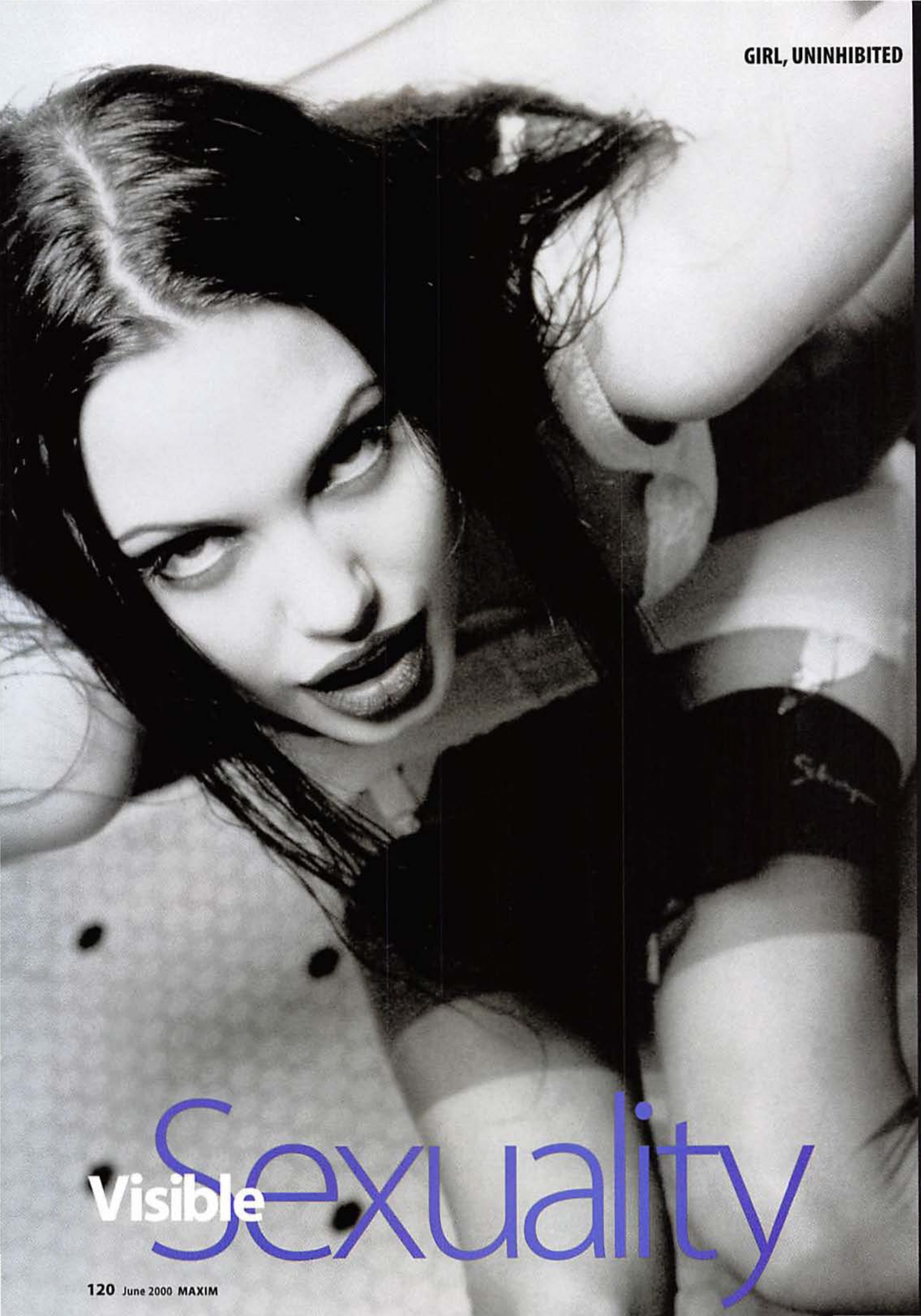

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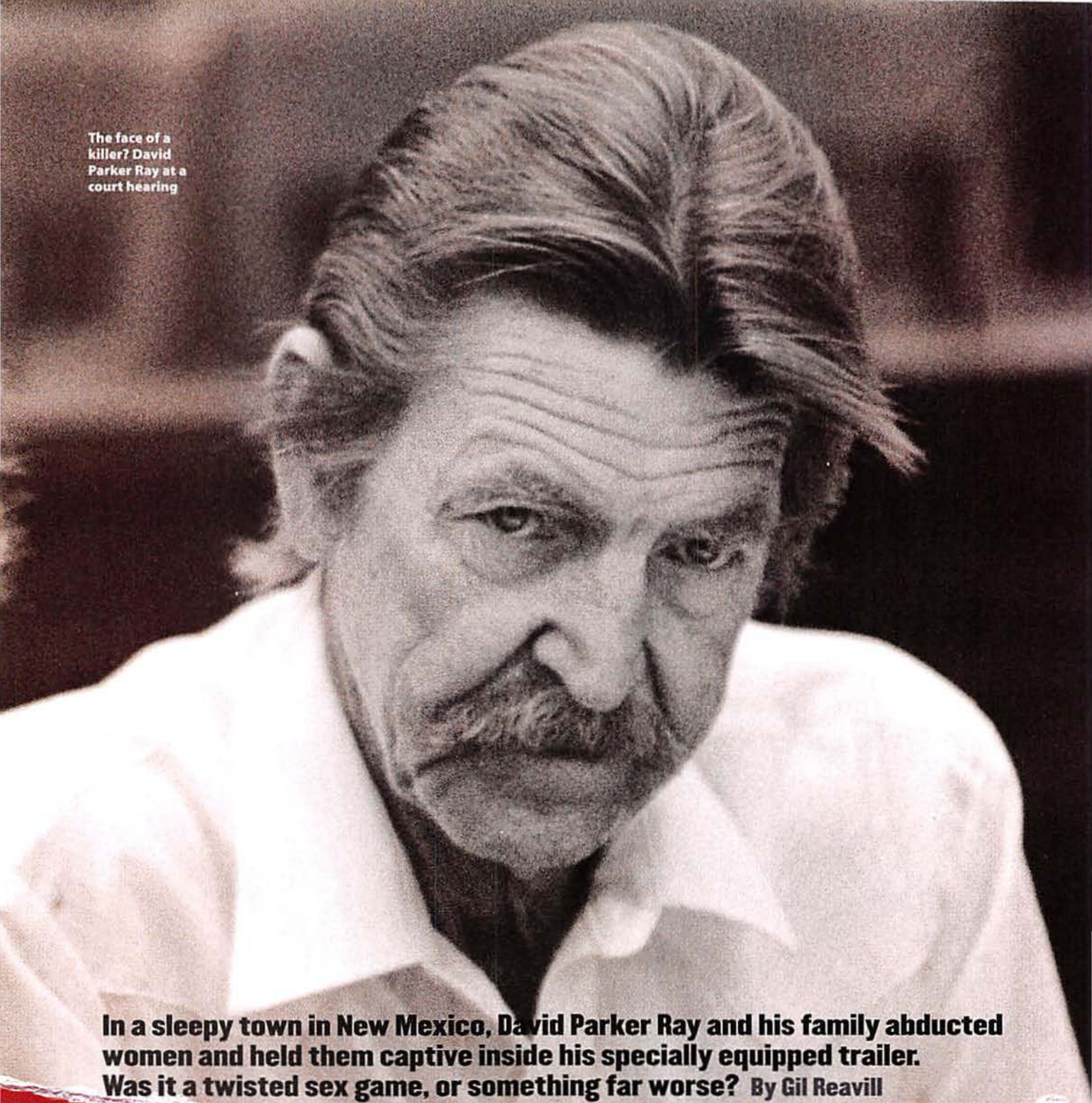
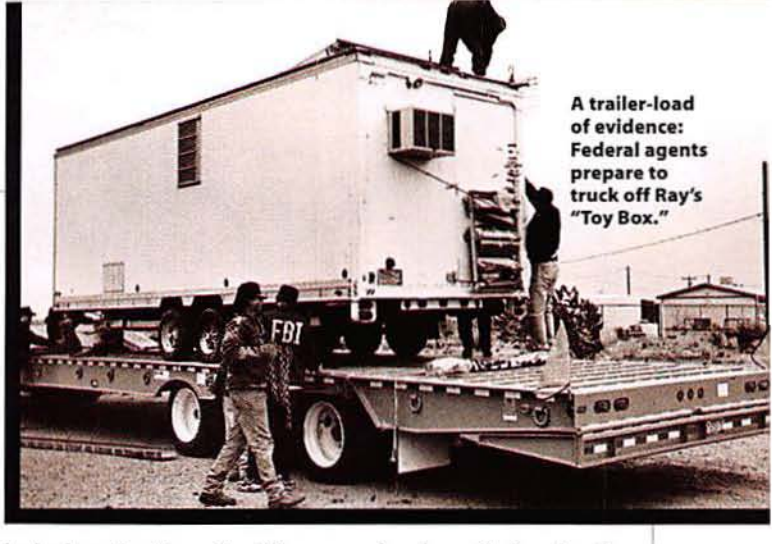


The face of a killer? David Parker Ray at a court hearing

In a sleepy town in New Mexico, David Parker Ray and his family abducted women and held them captive inside his specially equipped trailer. Was it a twisted sex game, or something far worse? By Gil Reavill

THE EVIL IN EL



A trailer-load of evidence: Federal agents prepare to truck off Ray's "Toy Box."

Cathy Vargas* bursts through the front door of the mobile home, naked. For an instant the bright desert sun blinds her. Then she is across the yard and through the open front gate. She still wears the padlocked metal collar around her neck and trails a snapped-off five-foot section of chain.

She has no idea where she is. She has lost all track of time. She knows one thing.

Run. *Now.*

It is just shy of 5 P.M. on March 22, 1999. The neighborhood is silent, a jumble of mobile homes and boarded-up vacation bungalows. Every yard is empty. Her footfalls pound seamlessly on the volcanic sand of the road.

Vargas hears a car approaching. A teal-blue Chrysler approaches from behind. It slows into a turn. Vargas, frantic, yanks at the locked passenger-side door. As she does she glimpses her reflection in the closed window. Her face and narrow, thin shoulders, covered with blood. Her slave collar.

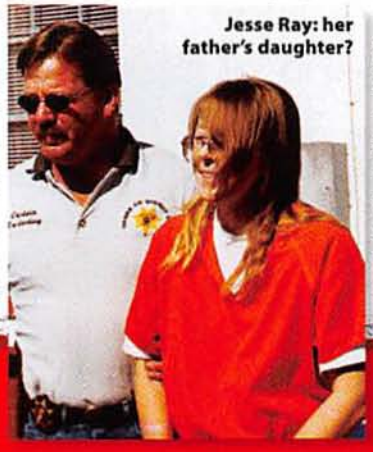
She finds she can't scream, can't force any sound at all from her throat. The woman at the wheel, a retiree named Doris Mitchell, doesn't say a word, just stares in shock. In agonizing slow motion, the Chrysler slides by Vargas and is gone.

She flees downhill, toward the lake, on a road of patchy asphalt. On her left she spots a double-wide mobile home with a small covered porch, behind a fenced patch of grass; the front door is ajar. Her momentum carries her forward. She bursts into this door as she had burst out of the other one.

"Help me," she begs, over and over. She swings around and bolts the door behind her. "Don't let them get me!" she cries.

The home Vargas barged into was one of a few hundred that litter the southern shore of Elephant Butte Lake in the modest retirement community of Elephant Butte (pop. 1,500), just outside the town of Truth or Consequences in south central New Mexico.

Sierra County Sheriff's Deputy Lucas Alvarez arrived at the residence of Don and Darlene Breech in response to their 911 call. He found Vargas wrapped in one of Darlene's pink bathrobes and in a "hysterical state," Alvarez reported. Vargas, who was 22 but looked 17, could not calm down and continued "screaming she had been kidnapped and locked up for three days" by a couple who called each other David and Cindy. She alluded to terrible things that had been done to her.


Jesse Ray: her father's daughter?

While Alvarez remained with Vargas, his partner, Deputy David Elston, drove to investigate another mobile home three blocks away. A rutted wooden sign out in front read DAVID P. RAY. The green-and-white mobile home, heavily built with add-ons, slanted back from the road. It was surrounded by two sheds, a bait trailer, and in the back a larger white box trailer. A few old boats lay discarded on the patchy grass.

Finding the sliding-glass back door of the mobile home unlocked, Elston stepped nervously inside. He yelled out—no one home. Methodically the deputy searched the house, clearing it for "endangered persons," as he'd put it later.

A hallway led to a middle bedroom. The first thing Elston noticed was the bed—shards of broken glass and smears of blood were strewn amidst its tangled sheets. A large latex dildo stood on a nearby stand. A handmade, coffinlike box sat along one wall. Then he saw a pair of strange pulley devices fabricated out of chains, clamps, and weights, which slid along half-inch steel rods fastened to the ceiling. Hand-printed labels on them read KNEE SPREADER and ANKLE SPREADER.

Deputy Elston had seen enough. He got on his radio.

That afternoon police took into custody the owner of the mobile home, David Parker Ray, 59, and his live-in girlfriend, Cindy Hendy, 38. Ray had been employed for the last five years as a mechanic at Elephant Butte Lake State Park motor pool and was still wearing his neatly pressed uniform when police nabbed him. Officers noted that Hendy, a crapulous blonde who was a fixture on the local party circuit, had a fresh cut on the back of her head and blood ▶

EPHANT BUTTE

* Names of surviving victims have been changed

Roy "Boy Toy" Yancy's victim was never found

on her shirt and hair.

Crime scene technicians swarmed over the Bass Road property. But it wasn't until darkness approached that they got around to entering the 27-foot white box trailer parked behind the residence, the one Ray had labeled, with a hand-lettered sign, SATAN'S DEN but that would come to be known by Ray's other nickname for it: The Toy Box. What investigators would find behind its steel-reinforced doors would change the case—and the town of Elephant Butte—forever.

In a New Mexico courtroom, David Parker Ray now stands trial, facing 200 years in prison if convicted on kidnapping, conspiracy, and criminal penetration. Two of Ray's alleged accomplices are serving prison terms; another, his own daughter, awaits trial. The investigation has ripped open a small American town cut from an even coarser cloth than those portrayed by David Lynch—not *Blue Velvet* but black velvet.

Three victims have stepped forward, charging Ray with abduction and torture. But he could be guilty of much more.

Ray's only public statement came two days after his arrest. At his arraignment, he growled a brief, one-sentence denial to reporters: "It didn't happen that way." Otherwise Ray kept his eyes lowered, his rugged Bronson face an expressionless mask, his full, dark hair impeccably slicked back from a deeply creased forehead.

Hendy whispered to journalists: "I'm afraid to talk." Authorities secluded her. She quickly got over her fear of talking. When she caved a week later in exchange for a reduced sentence, she told an amazing story.

David Ray, Hendy said, was the leader of a sex-and-sadism torture ring. She herself was a member, as was a former boyfriend of hers, a short-order cook named Dennis Roy Yancy, 27, who everybody called Boy Toy Roy. Also involved was Ray's daughter, Glenda Jean "Jesse" Ray, a 31-year-old lesbian motorcyclist with her own nickname: Dyke on a Bike. Under the guidance of the elder Ray, scores of women—party girls and prostitutes, mostly—had been abducted, then manacled and forced into elaborate sexual rituals in The Toy Box.

But it was Hendy's final revelation that brought the profilers from the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit running. Ray, she told investigators calmly, had murdered at least 14 of his torture victims, dismembering their bodies and neatly discarding them in nearby Elephant Butte Lake.

In early April, authorities descended on the Bass Road property, bringing in cadaver dogs and ground-penetrating radar. They recovered personal IDs, cosmetic cases, and other personal effects of possible victims. They found bizarre photographs and home videos that showed unidentified women in bondage. But where were the human remains?

An army of forensic investigators dragged the lake and searched the desert. They were digging not just for bodies but for answers. And as the weeks became months and the search widened like ripples of water on the lake's placid surface, the question became impossible to avoid: What *really* happened in Elephant Butte?

Sadists at play: Ray, Yancy, and Hendy

David Parker Ray was the product of two families, the Rays and the Parkers, both rooted in the unforgiving desert landscape of the Rio Grande River Valley. He was born in Belen, New Mexico, in 1939. Audie Miranda, a high school friend, remembers that Ray's dad, Cecil, drank and had a temper.

As David headed into adolescence, the family broke up. David and his sister Peggy were farmed out to the Parker ranch, his grandparents' place, east of Belen, in the low foothills near Abo Pass.

Even as a boy, he liked working with his hands and fixing things. After moving to Albuquerque and graduating from high school there in 1959, he sharpened his mechanic's skills with a stint in the army. He later taught aircraft maintenance in ▶

Scores of women had been manacled, tortured, and murdered.

Photographs: Paul Tooley; R.E. Hart, (inset); Robert Glasgow, (paper tears)

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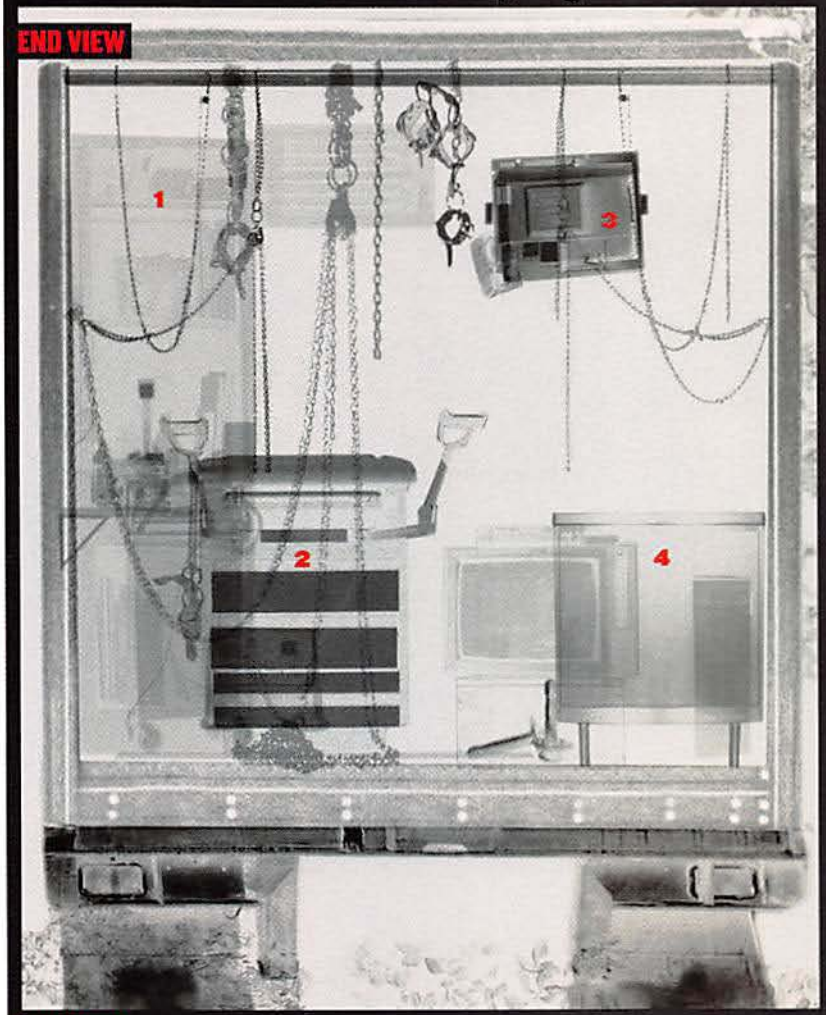
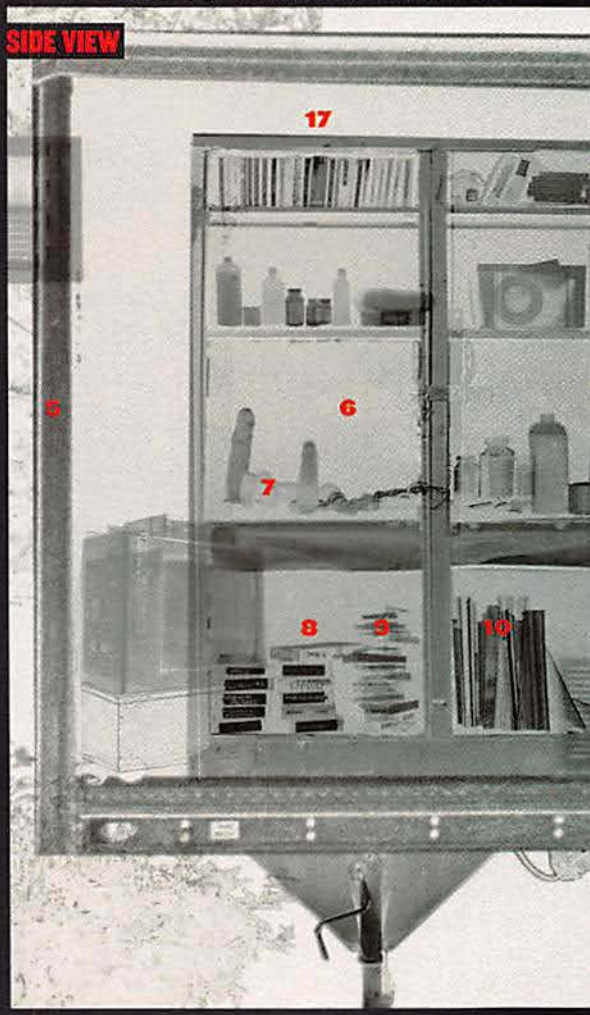
INSIDE THE TOY BOX

A sick mind + access to a machine shop = big trouble. Welcome to David Parker Ray's trailer of horrors.





END VIEW:
1 Medical supplies in the large stainless-steel cabinet included chloroform, surgical tools, latex gloves, ammonia "poppers," inhalers, lubricants; 2 the centerpiece of The Toy Box: a gynecological chair with stirrups, rigged to slide back and forth on a six-foot track to position under captives suspended in midair; it was electronically operated via remote control and equipped with electrodes at head and midsection; 3 TV monitor positioned so that captives could witness what was being done to them; 4 home-made bondage closet opened up into a full slide-out gurney.

Tulsa, and in the early 1980s, he was hired as an auto mechanic at Canal Motors in Phoenix.

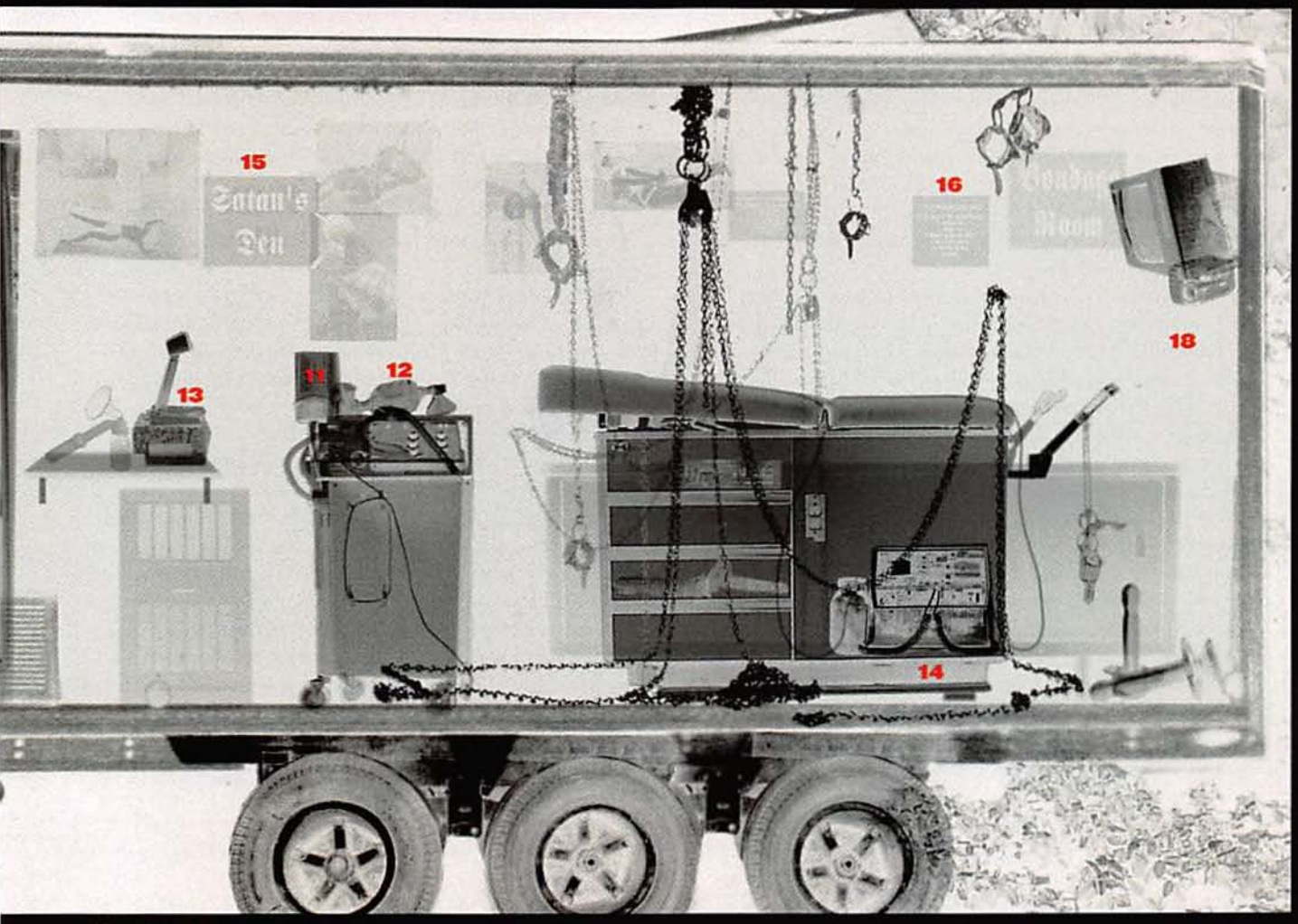
He divorced two times and fathered a son and a daughter. It was while he was still living in Phoenix and working at Canal Motors that Ray first established himself in the single-stoplight village of Elephant Butte. He signed a lease on the state-owned lot at 513 Bass Road in 1984.

What drew him was water. Formed when the Rio Grande was dammed in 1916, Elephant Butte Lake is huge—45 miles long, five miles wide. Teeming with trophy bass, it is a prime stop on the pro fishing circuit. In its murky depths, Elephant Butte Lake also plays host to 120-pound channel catfish, bottom feeders that devour anything edible.

Immediately to the south of the lake is Truth or Consequences, population 8,000, the only town in America named after a game show. In 1950 residents voted to change the town's name from Hot Springs. Each year since then, residents celebrate the Ralph Edwards Fiesta, honoring the hometown host of the radio and TV program that gave the town its odd new moniker. The genial Edwards appears at each parade, smiling, waving, and blinking in the hot desert sun.

But the Fiesta doesn't tell the whole story about Truth or Consequences. Jobs are scarce and mobile homes are the rule, not the exception. The depressed economy is boosted only slightly by the drug corridor running from Juarez, Mexico. Edwards probably never ventured onto Austin Avenue at night, when trade prospers in the sole locally produced industrial product, methamphetamine.

"It's a world of alcoholic speed freaks," says longtime resident Steve Lowe of this underbelly of T or C, as Truth or



SIDE VIEW:
5 Toy Box door equipped with a deadbolt lock and reinforced steel frame; **6** stainless steel cabinet; **7** dildos: latex, carved wood; **8** over 100 videotapes—mostly hardcore porn and homemade torture videos; **9** Polaroids of victims; **10** magazines, bondage literature; **11** suction device; **12** respirator; **13** police scanner; **14** electroshock device embedded in chair; **15** signs: "Satan's Den," "Bondage Room"; **16** wall chart: "How to Handle Excuses Given by the Captive" (sample: "Remember, a woman will do anything to be released...Never trust a chained captive.") **17** books, including *American Psycho, Sexual Behavior of the Human Female* and *Family Medical Guide*; **18** TV camera aimed at victims

Consequences is known locally. "It's a real white-trash scene."

Ray initially used his Elephant Butte mobile home as a vacation and weekend retreat, traveling back and forth between there and Phoenix. As a sideline he ran a roadside towing business called Dave's Automotive Service.

Behind the mobile home, near the edge of the property, Ray parked a locked box trailer. His neighbors knew it only as "David's workshop." They knew enough not to try to enter.

It was during this period that Ray first attracted the attention of the authorities. In June 1986 a woman contacted the New Mexico field office of the FBI. David Parker Ray, she said, was abducting women, torturing them, and then selling the victims as white slaves to buyers in Mexico. Stranger than the allegation itself, however, was its source. The accuser was Ray's daughter, 19-year-old Jesse Ray.

Glenda Jean Ray was born in 1967. She was known as Jean while growing up in Albuquerque and southeastern Texas. Later on she adopted the nickname Jesse.

The FBI investigated Ray for a year after Jesse came forward. It was during these inquiries that Ray allegedly confessed that he'd been having bondage fantasies since he was in junior high. Jesse could not supply names of victims. The FBI categorized the allegations as "non-specific" and closed the investigation after failing to substantiate the charges.

"That was her last try to get out from her dad's influence," says a friend of Jesse's from T or C. "It was the last time she said to him, 'No, Dad, what you're doing is wrong.' I blame the FBI. They did nothing. After that, she didn't even try."

In her adult life, Jesse relocated frequently with her mom. But she spent a lot of time in T or C, a town she referred to ▶

Photo Illustration: John Sosnovsky

She stared at her own hogtied body.

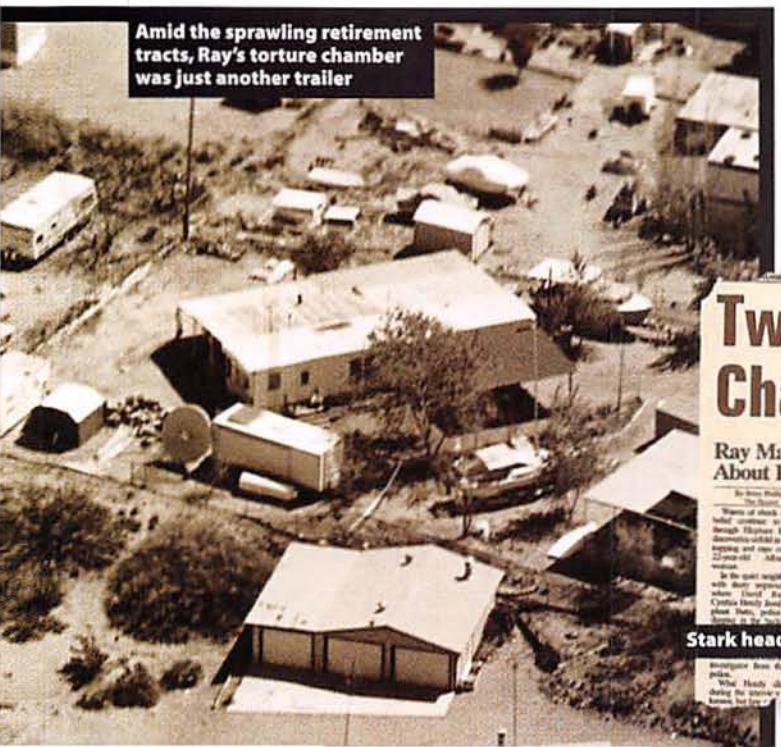
as Shithole USA. She was always there for her father if he reached out to her. "It seemed like whenever she went away, he'd get sick and ask her to come back to nurse him," says Jo McClean, an Elephant Butte acquaintance. "And whenever she came back, she'd get a bleeding ulcer and get real sick herself." According to neighbor Debra Fisk, Jesse had to be airlifted twice because of her condition.

Around Truth or Consequences, she made no secret of her sexual preference, getting "married" to her longtime girlfriend, Teri. Jesse often worked as a mechanic, her father's trade. She liked to scuba dive in Elephant Butte Lake. Slim and blonde, she blasted around Truth or Consequences on a motorcycle.

Thirteen years after trying to turn her father in on white slavery charges, Jesse contacted the FBI once again. This time she came forward not to accuse but to defend him. With her father in jail in the Elephant Butte case, Jesse returned to Truth or Consequences from where she was living, in Galveston, Texas, to "seperate [sic] fact and fiction in my fathers [sic] case," as she wrote in a letter to friend Misty Wakefield.

The FBI was less helpful the second time around. Agents interrogated her, tailed her around T or C, and finally, on April 26, 1999, arrested her on kidnapping, conspiracy, and criminal penetration charges.

The teenager who had once reported her father, authorities said, had become an accomplice who actively procured victims for him. A 25-year-old T or C resident named Kelli Vestry came forward to charge that in July 1996, David Ray had abducted her. Jesse Ray, Vestry said, was an active participant in the kidnapping.



Amid the sprawling retirement tracts, Ray's torture chamber was just another trailer

Jesse played an excellent game of pool. On the T or C bar circuit in the mid-1990s, she often encountered Vestry, a girl with a slight build and curly hair. The two occasionally drank together at Raymond's, a T or C biker bar.

Days after Vestry's marriage, on July 16, 1996, she had a fight with her husband and left her in-laws' trailer home, where the couple were living.

According to Vestry's account, that evening she embarked on a round of barhopping. She fell in with a crowd that included Jesse, and they went to Rocky's and the Blue Waters Saloon—the usual stops on the T or C pub crawl. Around midnight Jesse offered to give Vestry a lift on the back of her bike to her in-laws'. Instead she took Vestry to her father.

They arrived at the Bass Road mobile home around midnight, Vestry said. Jesse left the living room for five or 10 minutes. When she returned, David Ray was with her. Father and daughter sat on either side of Vestry on the couch.

"They had a knife," Vestry recalled. "They handcuffed me and put duct tape over my mouth and eyes."

Minutes later the elder Ray led Vestry, her eyes still covered, out of the residence to the white box trailer parked behind it. He stripped her of her clothes and laid her down on a narrow table, what Vestry initially thought was a weight bench. Working quickly, Ray bound her with chain restraints. Then he suspended her in midair from a pulley system.

When Ray ripped the duct tape from her eyes, Vestry found herself staring into a video monitor at her own terrified face and hogtied body. She saw that the weight bench was really a gynecological table, complete with stirrups.

She could smell the odor of chloroform. Chains and leather straps covered the walls and floors. A police scanner squawked quietly along one wall.

"Hello, bitch," rumbled the gravel voice of David Ray. It took a moment for Vestry to realize it was an audiotape. "You're chained, handcuffed, scared, and disoriented…Listen to this tape…It was created July 23, 1993, as an advisory tape for female captives from my several years' experience…

"You are here against your will," the voice continued. "You ▶

Stark headlines in a quiet town

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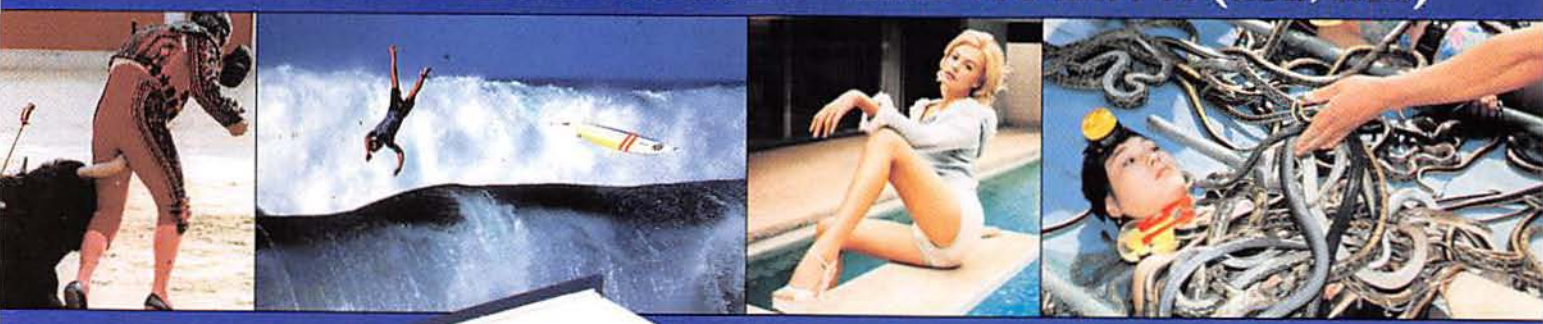

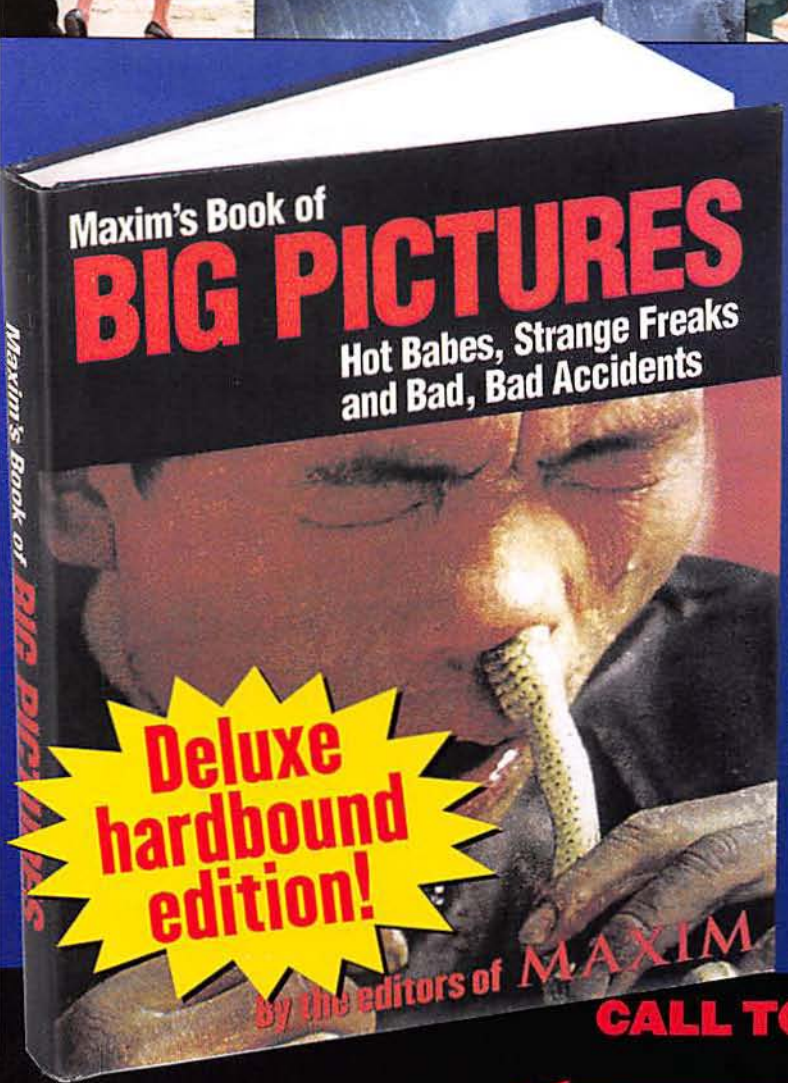
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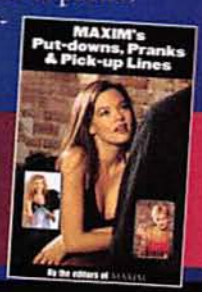

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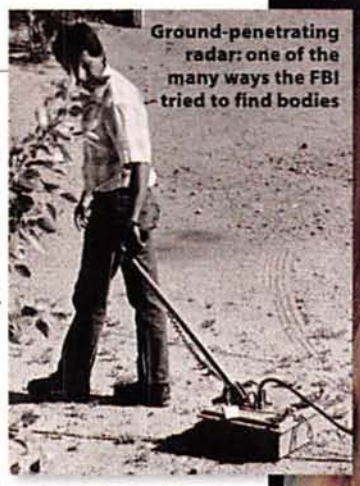

Ground-penetrating radar: one of the many ways the FBI tried to find bodies

Jesse Ray went from being her father's accuser, to his defender, to his accused accomplice

probably think you're going to be raped. You're right about that. You will be raped thoroughly and repeatedly…My female companion and I are very selective…We'll snatch anything clean, young, and well-built…We're basically like predators. We're always looking. I don't want to kill unless it's absolutely necessary. If I'd killed every victim I ever kidnapped, there'd be bodies all over the country."

Ray kept Vestry chained in The Toy Box for three days. She lost count of the torture sessions.

They would begin with Ray applying makeup to Vestry so she'd look her best on video. Then he jolted her with a cattle prod. Alligator clamps leading to a small control box were attached to her nipples. By turning a dial, electricity was sent repeatedly through her manacled body. Unable to sustain an erection, Ray invaded her with dildos and other objects.

Finally it was over. Ray told Vestry that she was too small and was of no use to him. He would drug and hypnotize her, he said, so she would not be able to remember what had happened to her. Ray then dragged the barely conscious girl into his State Park–issued Bronco and dropped her off on the doorstep of one of her friends. For months she had only partial memory of what had happened. And until Ray was incarcerated, she never reported it to anyone.

Dennis Roy Yancy was as close as Truth or Consequences got to a man-about-town. He dated and drank his way through the T or C party crowd that Jesse Ray ran with. In the early '90s, the thin, dark-haired Yancy, having just returned from a hitch in the navy, became friendly with David Ray.

One person Yancy dated was a frail 22-year-old mother of two named Marie B. Parker, the sort of lost woman whose mom, when filing a missing person's report for her daughter, instructed police to look in the motels along Albuquerque's Central Avenue, "because that's where she hooked from."

The 1997 Fourth of July holiday drew the usual large crowd of vacationers to Elephant Butte Lake. Jesse and Parker were among those staying at a campsite on the lakeshore. The latter had been thrown out of her house and was staying with her daughter on the beach in a tent belonging to Ray.

"David came down later and yelled at them about cleaning up the campsite," neighbor Debra Fisk recalled. Always fastidious, Ray complained that his reputation in the community was being tarnished by all the trash left on the beach.

That holiday weekend, Parker disappeared. From a confession given to authorities by Yancy, Parker was abducted at gunpoint by Jesse and taken to The Toy Box. Then at some point during the holiday weekend, Yancy took a length of rope and strangled Parker while David photographed the deed.

"You have to get rid of her," the elder Ray told Yancy.

According to Yancy's confession, he, David, and Jesse wrapped the body in a tarp and disposed of it in the desert ▶

METHODS BEHIND THE MADNESS

Like *The Silence of the Lambs'* Hannibal Lecter, David Parker Ray is the sort of anomalous criminal who captures the full attention of the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit. BSU profilers study these rare, deadly offenders to strengthen the bureau's already vast deviant-behavior database—and to come away with clues to help them track down future killers.

Retired FBI profiler Roy Hazelwood, a BSU legend, pioneered the classification of deviant criminals. Here, he says, are the four main types:

The organized killer

Mature and frequently a husband and father, this species of murderer is socially competent and works hard to refine his MO. He typically carries his own weapon, preys on strangers outside his neighborhood, and takes pains to conceal his crimes. The prototype is Ted Bundy, who murdered at least 30 young women and would often drive hundreds of miles in search of new victims.

The ritualistic rapist

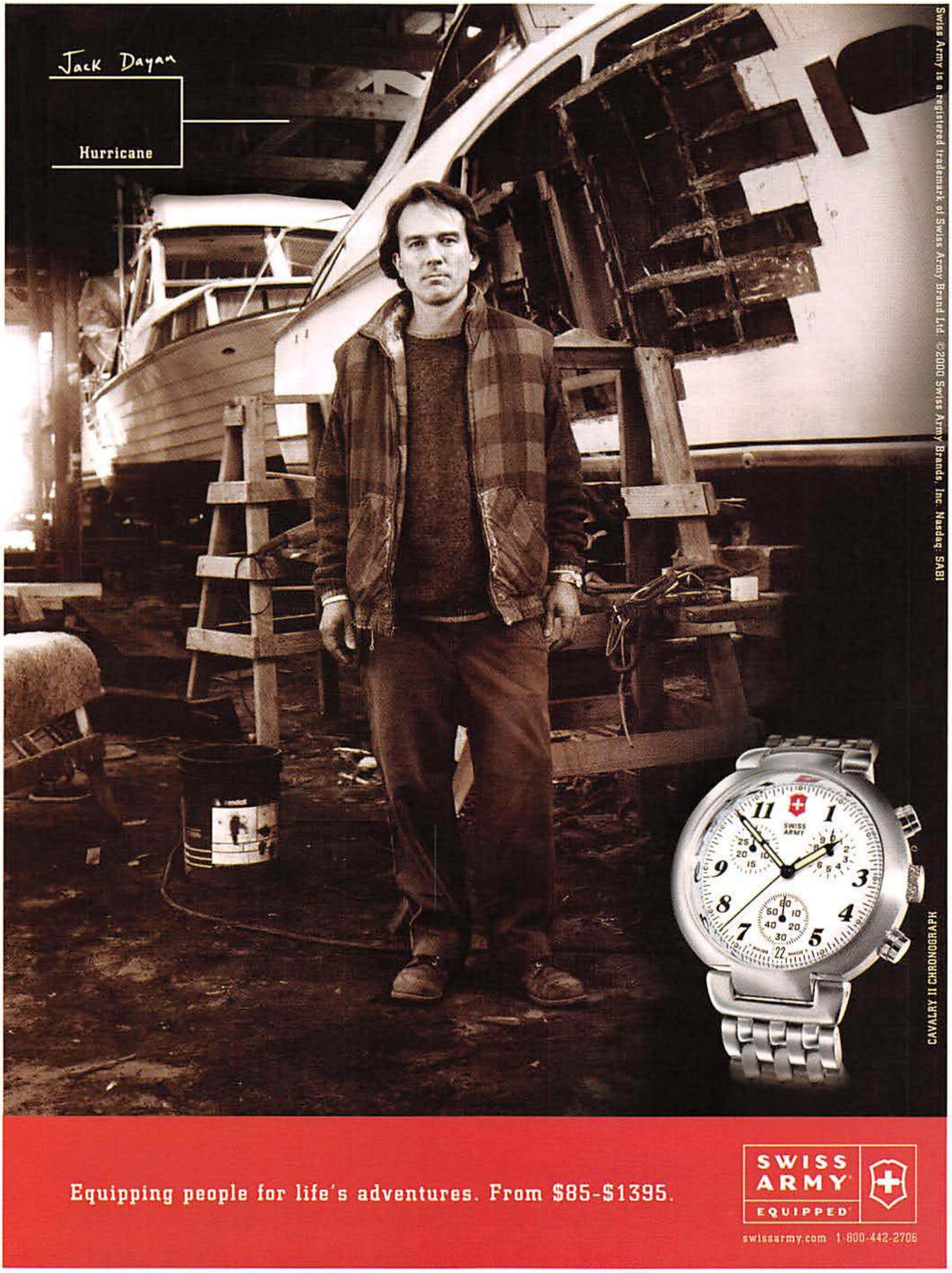
This deviant aims to carry out complex master/slave role-playing fantasies with his victim in a specialized setting, such David Parker Ray's bondage and torture room, The Toy Box. More than other offenders, he tends to hunt the same type of woman—short blonde, tall brunette, co-ed, etc. He generally has one or more specific fetishes, which he will practice while he rapes.

The disorganized killer

This offender is generally younger and lacks self-restraint. He is far more likely to be identifiably strange, such as the disheveled, wild-eyed loner Richard Ramirez, L.A.'s "Nightstalker" of the 1980s. The disorganized offender acts on impulse and will grab any weapon at hand to commit a homicide, having taken little or no precaution. And he makes negligible effort to conceal the crime or his responsibility for it.

Criminal sexual sadist

At the top of the aberrant-offender food chain is this extremely rare serial killer. His central fantasy is presiding over a helpless, suffering victim. He has a towering anger toward all women. But the real hallmark of this sexual killer is his highly prolific nature. The poster boy is John Wayne Gacy, who tortured and strangled dozens of young men and boys in the 1970s. *Stephen G. Michaud*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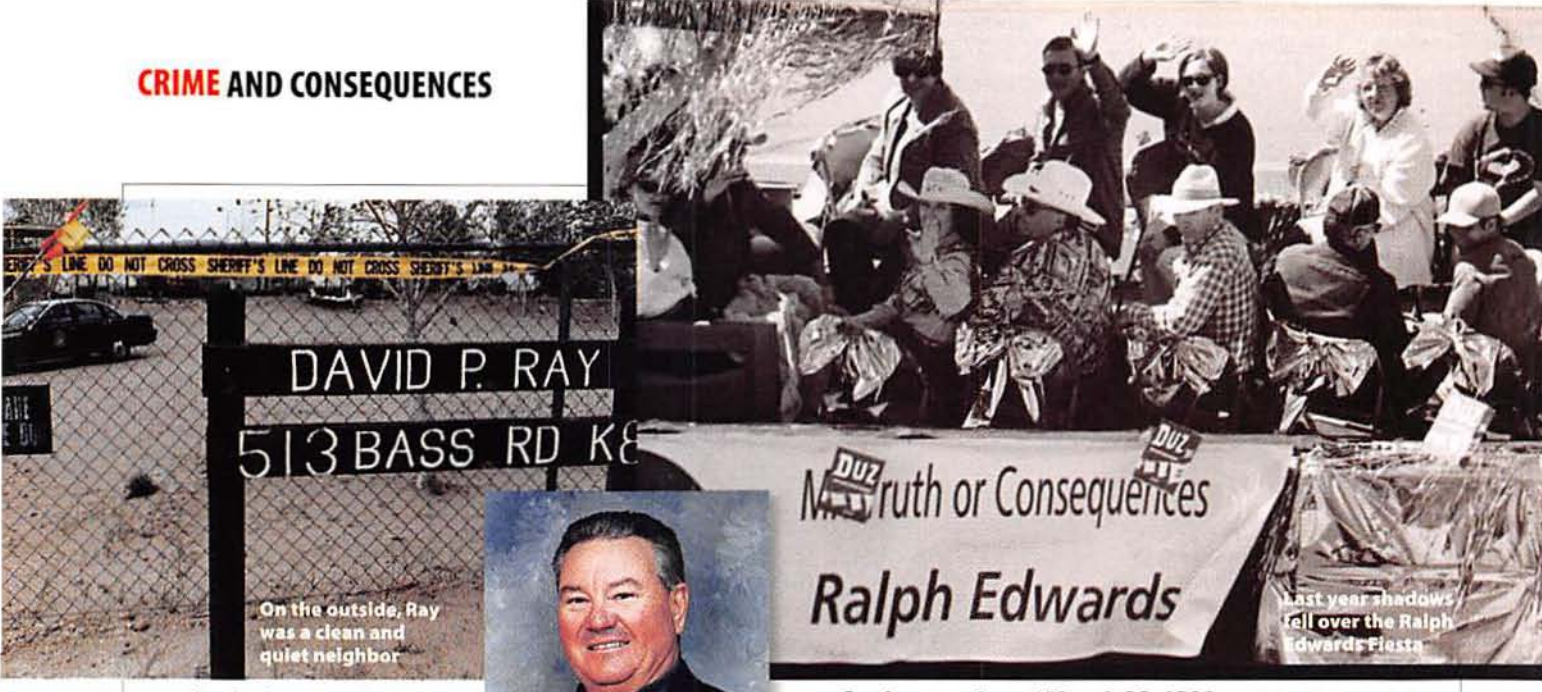


On the outside, Ray was a clean and quiet neighbor

"We feel violated," says Elephant Butte mayor Bob Barnes

Last year shadows fell over the Ralph Edwards Fiesta

wasteland along Highway 195, outside Elephant Butte.

After the Parker killing, Yancy and Jesse left town and stayed in a hotel in Galveston, Texas. They returned to T or C in the summer of 1998. Before long Yancy was dating a new girl in town, a cheap, fast, and out-of-control blonde who called herself Cindy.

In Cynthia Lea Hendy, David Parker Ray found a perfect companion and accomplice. The daughter of a navy officer, she grew up in Seattle's University neighborhood. According to her son Shane Larson, one of three children Hendy had by three different fathers, his mom fled the Seattle area in the mid-'90s to avoid arrest "for a variety of offenses."

In 1997 she moved to Truth or Consequences with a boyfriend who had family in the area. She didn't remain with him long. She was, by all accounts, a different person when she drank. She drank a lot. Before long she was dating Yancy and hanging out with Jesse.

Hendy was wild even by T or C standards. "They were always dabbling in S&M," recalls T or C landlord Jack Noel, who once rented a house to a lesbian couple whom Hendy visited often. "Cindy and the whole group were heavily into bondage and leather—tough leather kind of stuff."

Hendy continued to date Yancy after she met David Ray in the summer of 1998, but she gradually gravitated to the older man, and moved into Ray's mobile home on Bass Road at the end of the year. The three often spent time together.

"I thought David Ray was the victim," says Rick Hart, a local photographer who was acquainted with all three. "Here were these two younger friends, both big drinkers, and this quiet older guy. I thought *they* were taking advantage of *him*."

On the morning of March 20, 1999, a white Toyota pickup with a camper pulled into Albuquerque's main drag for prostitutes. Cathy Vargas agreed to enter the camper with a rough-faced man sporting a mustache.

Once she was inside, two things happened in quick succession. David Ray, Vargas' prospective john, displayed a badge and told her she was under arrest for solicitation. Then Hendy came out of the bathroom with a pair of handcuffs.

Ray drove his captive 150 miles south to Elephant Butte, to the mobile home on Bass Road. Vargas was taken repeatedly into The Toy Box, where she was manacled and tortured.

Before he left for work on Monday, March 22, Ray unlocked Vargas' handcuffs and leg shackles but left her metal collar on. Hendy was in the living room of the trailer, catching up on her soaps. Vargas, in the middle room of the trailer, saw her chance and struggled to free herself from the wall.

Hendy appeared in the doorway.

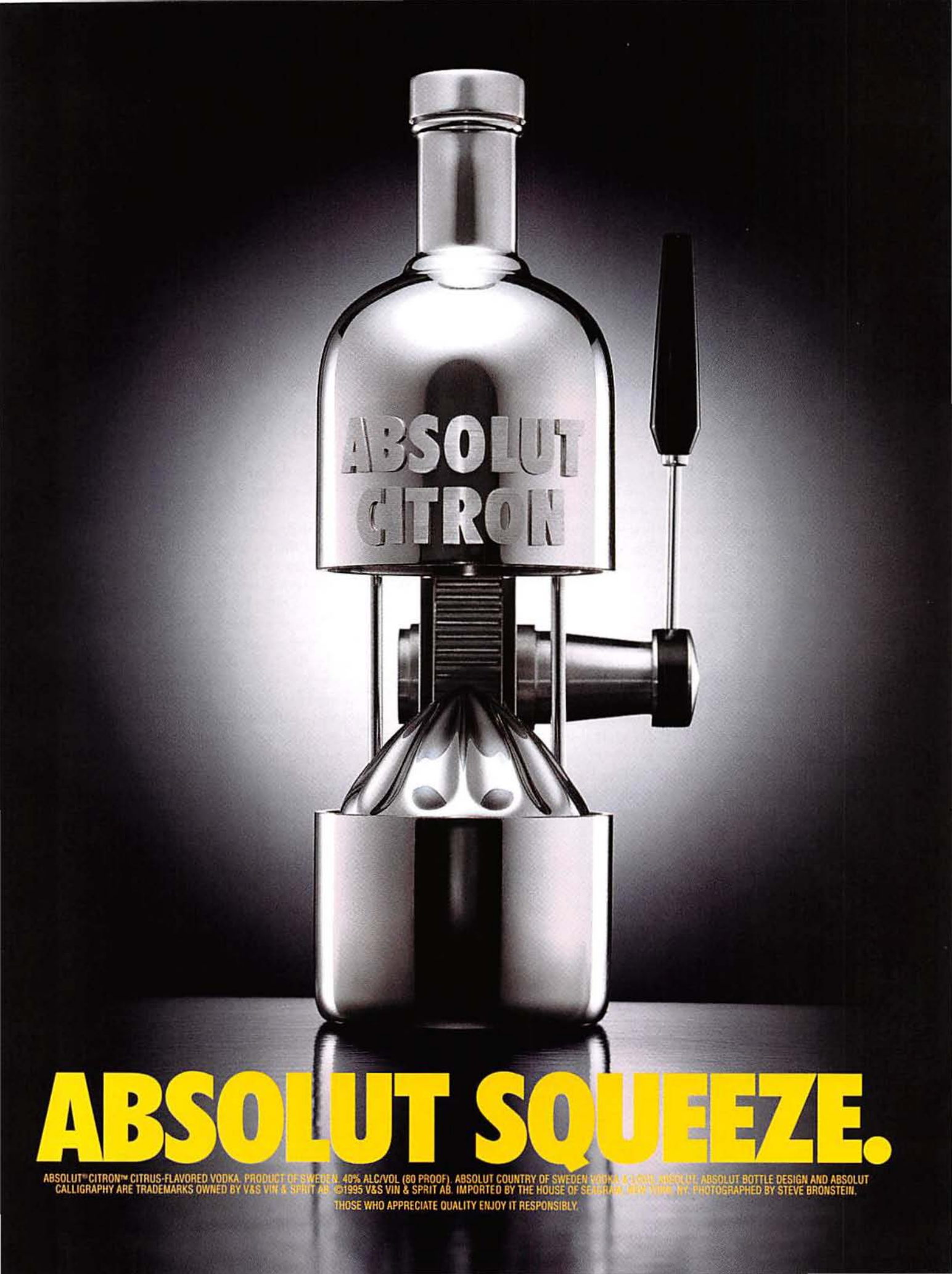
"You're not going *anywhere*," she yelled. Vargas ducked as Hendy grabbed a lamp and slammed it over her head. The two women grappled. Vargas managed to grab an ice pick, and she stabbed her abductor in the back of the head.

Suddenly Vargas was free. The tussle had worked the collar loose from the wall. She tore out of the bedroom and raced through the living room and out the front door of the trailer.

She didn't stop running until she was safe inside the Breeches' double-wide, a locked door between her and her torturers and a robe wrapped around her body.

Hendy began serving a term of 12 to 54 years in the state correctional facility in Grants, New Mexico, in the spring of 1999. She agreed to take the stand against David Ray. Ron Yancy plead guilty to second-degree murder in the death of Marie Parker. He wept at his sentencing, where he received a 20- ▶

A town of retirees is now famous for sexual sadism.



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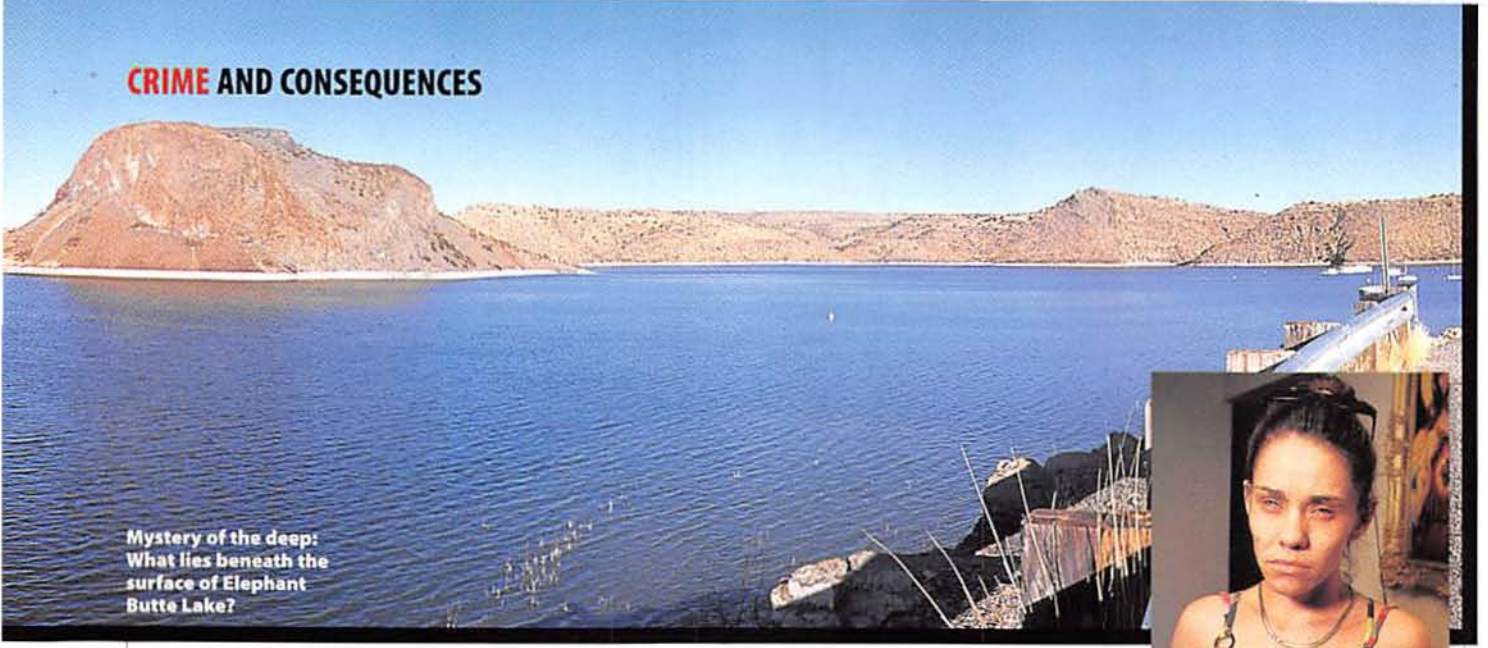


Mystery of the deep: What lies beneath the surface of Elephant Butte Lake?

year term. Yancy led authorities to where he recalled burying Parker's body, but no remains were found.

Jesse Ray's trial is scheduled for this month in Gallup, New Mexico. The first of David Ray's three trials (one for each surviving victim) began jury selection last month.

Media attention in the case was initially voracious. "We feel violated," Elephant Butte mayor Bob Barnes told a news conference. "Things have just crashed in on us." He told of a town where many people didn't lock their doors that had become a synonym for sexual sadism. The whirring of the news helicopters, Barnes complained, disturbed his afternoon nap.

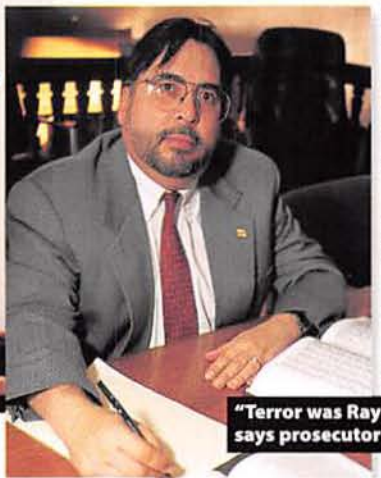
Authorities working on the case have gained a gradual understanding of its horrors. Darren White, head of the New Mexico Department of Public Safety, says he feared for the mental health of the police under his charge, calling Elephant Butte "a very sick and disturbing puzzle." But as the summer of 1999 wore on, there was still no physical evidence of homicide.

Investigators learned that a sadist who's a skilled mechanic is a deadly combination. "He did excellent repair work: welding, that kind of thing," says the FBI's lead agent in the case, Doug Beldon. "He was really great with tools."

Jesse Ray continues to maintain her innocence and defend her father. "Pops may be flaky," wrote Jesse to a friend, "but I refuse to get drawn up into his little nightmare."

Ray's mom, Opal Jensen, won't talk about the case, commenting only on the media onslaught. "I've been tortured repeatedly by the stories and pictures."

A New Mexico cop displays the gun Ray used on his victims



"Terror was Ray's main goal," says prosecutor Ron Lopez

Angie Martinez, a survivor, says Ray may have released her because "I gave him the best blow job I could."

Several times a week, David Ray used to take his boat out on Elephant Butte Lake. Area residents now nervously eye the big reservoir, fearful of what might bob to its surface.

After Ray was arrested, police finally identified a body that had been pulled out of the lake more than 10 years earlier. It had been weighted down with anchors. An autopsy revealed that the victim had died from a single gunshot to the head. Using dental records, police identified the body as Billy Ray Bowers, Ray's boss at Canal Motors in Phoenix in the 1980s.

In Ray's mobile home, authorities discovered a map of the lake marked with *X*s. Ray had told people in town the proper way to dispose of a body, always keeping the conversation strictly theoretical: Slash open the viscera to make sure the body gasses don't bring the corpse to the surface, weight the body cavity with rocks, then wrap the whole package in chicken wire.

Area resident Becky Smith said that while boating with Ray, she asked, "if the dam broke, do you think they'd find bodies?"

"You bet," Ray said. "They're at the bottom of the lake."

Tom Hawkins, former head of the state police diving team, recalls the discovery of a human foot in Elephant Butte Lake in the mid-1990s. He believes that Ray could have easily disposed of 14 bodies in the lake. "Catfish would gnaw the flesh to the bone," Hawkins says.

Three months after the case broke, on June 30, 1999, a fisherman named Ralph Tutor spied a sodden burlap sack floating near the north end of the lake. Something about the bag didn't sit right with Tutor. It was split open and had exposed swollen clumps of pink cheeselike material. "It wouldn't have been right to leave that sack in the water," Tutor says.

The bundle wound up in the state crime lab in Albuquerque. It contained strips of human flesh and a piece of bone. But the tissue was so decayed that DNA analysis was unable to establish identity or even gender.

Still, locals worry that the fish of Elephant Butte Lake are feeding on something other than each other. Some have sworn off eating fish from the lake altogether.

This year, for the first time in 50 years, Ralph Edwards missed his annual Fiesta. M

Research by Laurina Gibbs and Gerald Garner

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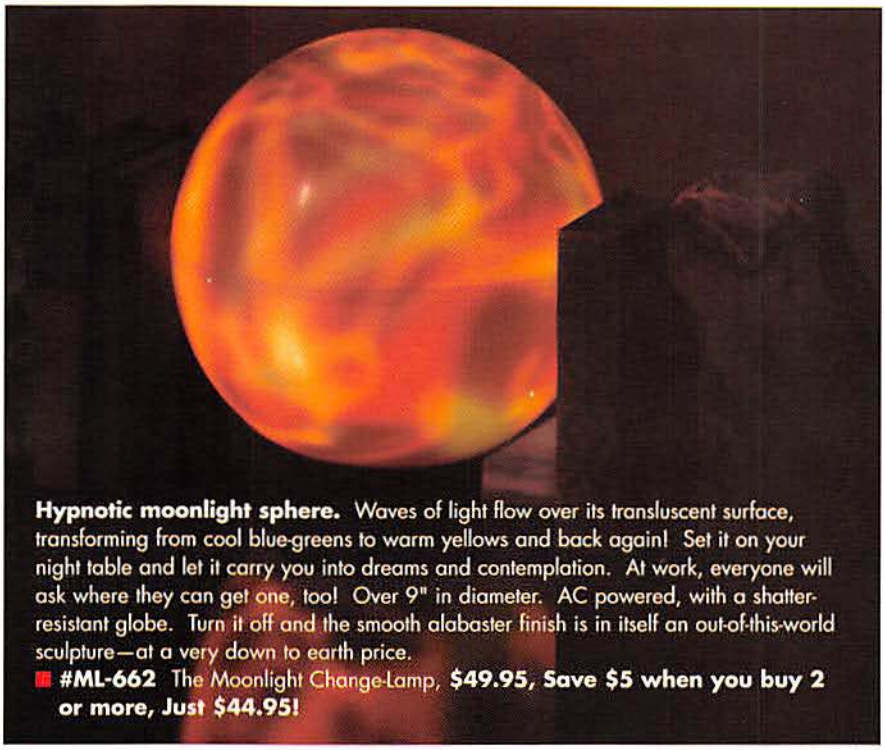
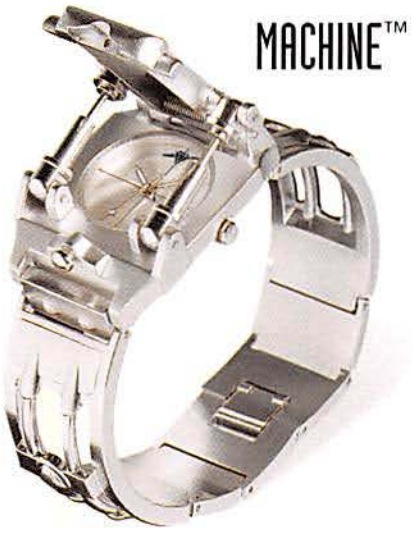


Hypnotic moonlight sphere. Waves of light flow over its transluscent surface, transforming from cool blue-greens to warm yellows and back again! Set it on your night table and let it carry you into dreams and contemplation. At work, everyone will ask where they can get one, too! Over 9" in diameter. AC powered, with a shatter-resistant globe. Turn it off and the smooth alabaster finish is in itself an out-of-this-world sculpture—at a very down to earth price.

- **#ML-662** The Moonlight Change-Lamp, **$49.95, Save $5 when you buy 2 or more, Just $44.95!**

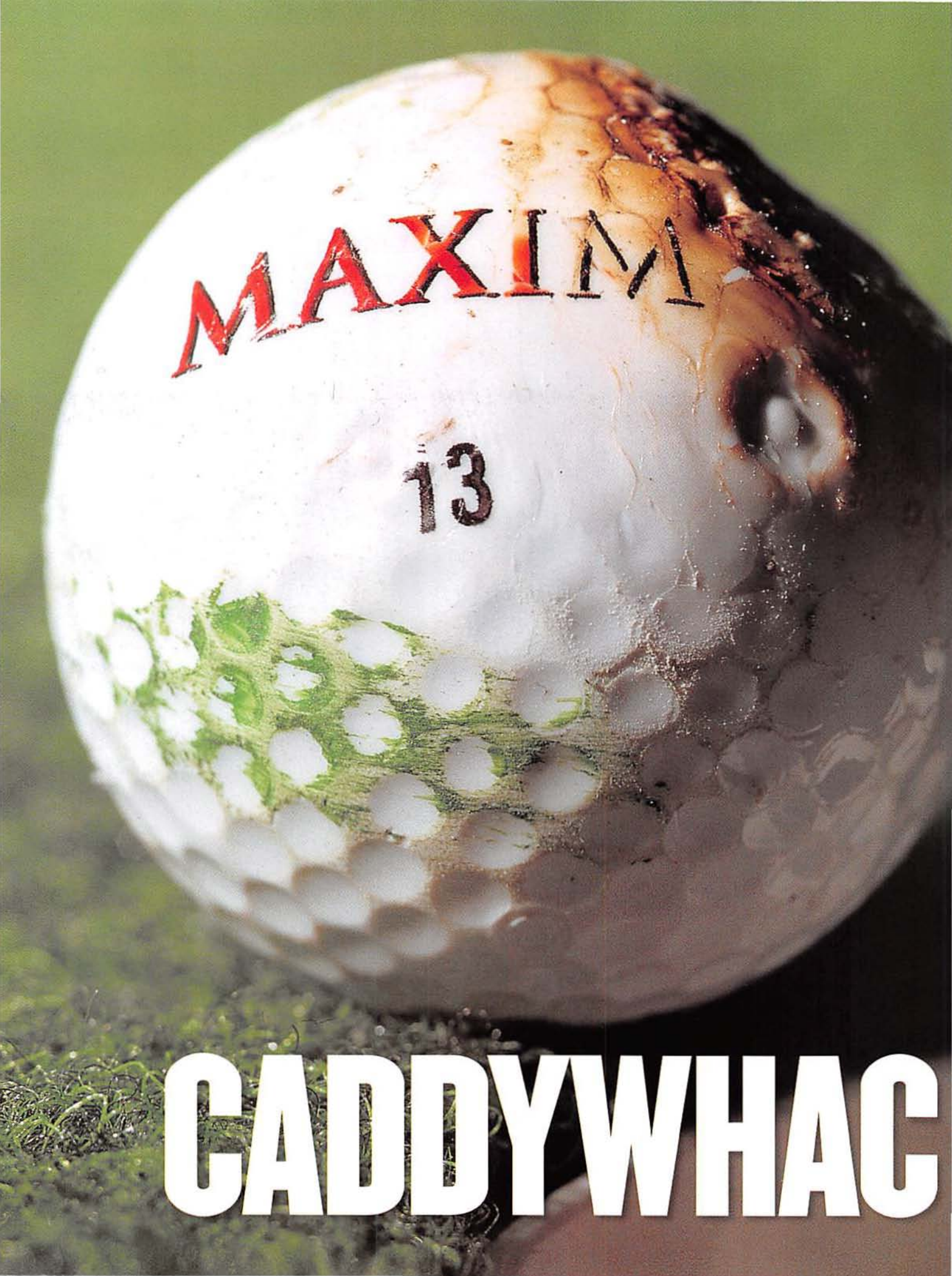
Machine Watch III. To access the time on our special Machine Watch, pull the secret release button. Gleaming pistons push and slide, and the cover raises. Click it closed, and it's protected from dust, rain, and impact. 7.25" band to fit almost any wrist. Quartz action is ultra-accurate.

- **#0340-M** Machine Watch III, ~~$49.95~~ **$39.95**



Sonic force-field wards off blood-sucking mosquito's! You won't believe this electronic marvel! Uses ultrasonic and sonic technologies. The first replicates the wing-beat frequency of the dragonfly, a mosquito's most dreaded enemy. The second replicates the wing-speed sound of the male mosquito, repelling the mated females, which are the ones that bite. In fact, in scientific tests, a person locked overnight in a room with 200 mosquito's wasn't bitten a single time. Yet the Mosquito Force-Field measures just 1" x ⅜"! Straps to your wrist, or clips to your hat or belt. Even has a built in flashlight. Button-cell battery included.

- **#TE-0500** Personal Mosquito Contro™ Force-Field, **$19.95**
  Two for $16.95 each



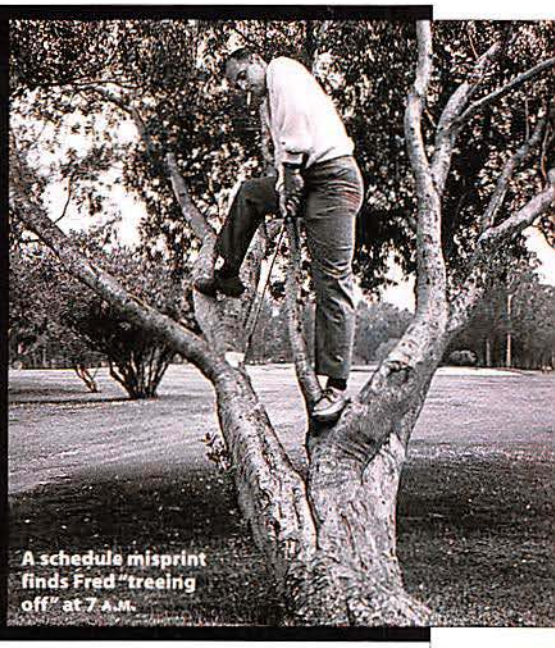
CADDYWHAC

KED!

After 6 cities, 324 holes, 1,267 tequila shooters, 4 wrecked cars, and a tattoo, we realized: We should have brought more than one ball.

By Jonathan Abrahams

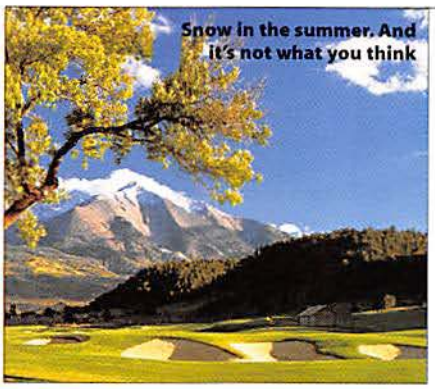
You love golf. You daydream about great shots. You spend the wee hours of the morning waxing your clubs. And while other guys watch porn videos, you sneak on that tape of Tiger winning the '97 Masters. So what the hell went wrong on that last golf outing with your friends? Does the phrase "elephants' graveyard" come to mind? Once you aired the stink of Ben-Gay out of your clothes, you vowed that next time you'd find a destination where people with pulses play, and where a real, honest-to-God social scene exists. No more one-dimensional golf orgies like Palm Springs. We scoured the continent for six of the coolest golf vacations that offer amazing courses, wild off-links sports adventures, and bar scenes so hot they'll threaten your early-morning tee times. You worked your ass off all winter for this: Don't accept anything less.



A schedule misprint finds Fred "treeing off" at 7 A.M.

ASPEN, COLORADO

Cannibal-free for more than a century!



Snow in the summer. And it's not what you think

The lowdown: Aspen's low barometric pressure (at 8,000 feet above sea level) adds about two inches to your penis. Well, not really, but you *can* hit a golf ball about 15 percent farther in Aspen's thin air, and that's almost as good. The golf offers equilibrium-disrupting elevation changes and adventures straight out of ESPN2.

Golf o' the gods: Get your butt kicked at River Valley Ranch (970-963-3625). Built over and around the beautiful Crystal River, it's an undulating, bunker-infested 7,348-yard extreme-golf experience about 30 minutes out of town. Get ready to be humbled.

Where else to play: Loosen up at Aspen Golf Club (970-925-2145), a championship course that's long (7,165 yards), relatively flat, and wide-open. Tighten the screws at Snowmass Golf Club (970-923-3148), a shorter, even more scenic, and *far* more intricate mountain course.

Test your *cojones* on: The ninth hole at Aspen Golf Club. A steep shelf in the middle of the fairway kills any roll on your drive and leaves you with a blind 200-yard second shot into the wind. If the world were fair, scoring par here would get you laid. But it's not, so it won't.

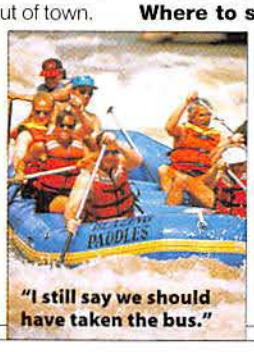
Anti-golf activity: Blazing Adventures (800-282-7238) is a one-stop adrenaline store: Mountain bike down the Snowmass Divide, take a jeep over Gold Hill, or, for about $110 a head, raft down the infamous Numbers section of the Arkansas River, where the rapids run at levels 4 (extremely wild) and 5 (neck-snapping).

Drink up: Start at the 108-year-old Red Onion (970-925-9043), where, according to Colin, a local resident, "the drinks are cheap, the music is loud, and the girls are willing." The Little Nell bar (970-920-6384) is Aspen's number one après–ski/golf/*anything* destination, with moody lighting and low-slung tables.

Chow down: Campo Del Fiori (970-925-7717) serves great Italian, Conundrum (970-925-9969) serves high-end modern American, and celeb magnet La Cocina (970-925-9714) was serving blue-corn tacos way before they got cool.

Where to stay: Stay in town to make stumbling home at night easier: The Molly Gibson Lodge is a $225-a-night crib (970-925-3434), while L'Auberge (970-925-3001) and the Boomerang Lodge (970-925-3416) have rooms that won't put you in the poorhouse.

Survival tip: Drink like a fish to replace the fluids your body sheds at oxygen-depleted high altitudes. We're talking *water*, cowboy.



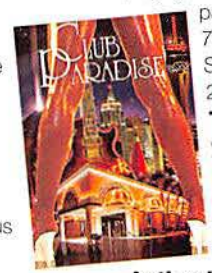
"I still say we should have taken the bus."

With pants like that, he'd *better* carry a big club

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

What the hell are Siegfried and Roy *doing* in that water hole?

The lowdown: Visitors to Vegas are so busy drooling over the beautiful women, the blackjack tables, and the beautiful women, they often overlook its other assets, like, um—what were we talking about again? Oh yeah, golf. The region's daily-fee golf courses consistently rank high in *Golf* magazine's best-in-the-country lists. And the *Easy Rider* land begs to be explored on four rugged wheels.



Golf o' the gods: The public jewel of the desert is the Jack Nicklaus–designed Reflection Bay Golf Club (702-740-4653) at the Lake Las Vegas Resort; the arduous course features a 40-foot waterfall and a 320-acre lake that sucks in balls from a third of the holes.

Where else to play: The Royal Links (702-450-8123) was constructed—in true Vegas copycat style—to look like a Scottish links course, complete with sandy soil and a heatherlike rough (but minus the haggis cart), with holes designed after ones on British Open courses; the pro shop even resembles an ancient European castle. If the poker table's paying off, book a $630-a-night (single occupancy) room at Bellagio (702-693-7111) to gain private access to Shadow Creek Golf Club, ranked 20th in the U.S. by *Golf Digest*.

Test your *cojones* on: The 455-yard par-4 sixth at Reflection Bay. What with the canyon running down the right side, most players bail left of the pencil-necked fairway, into the desert that coyotes call home.

Anti-golf activity: Take a break from the tables and go off-roading in a fully equipped Hummer. For $100 a head, Desert Fox Tours (702-798-4866) will pick you up at your hotel—in the Hummer, six to a truck—to take you on a hill-climbing, sand-blasting three-hour expedition through Red Rock Canyon. To mainline adrenaline, try the SkyScreamer at the MGM Grand Adventure theme park (702-891-1111), a $35 trip 250 feet into the air that drops you into a 70 mile-per-hour vomit-inducing free fall.

Drink up: Well, duh—where *can't* you drink in this town? If the dice aren't rolling your way, catch some tunes at the House of Blues at Mandalay Bay, or The Joint at the Hard Rock Hotel (702-693-5000). If you've won big, settle in at strip club *extraordinaire* Club Paradise (702-734-7990), across from the Hard Rock.

Chow down: The perfect place for feeding a model—or your own gob—is Nobu (702-693-5090), one of the latest branches of New York's famed sushi restaurant. Meat eaters can feast on the best porterhouse in town ($24) at the All-American Bar & Grille at the Rio (702-252-7767), or if you're down-and-out, you can survive on low-budget In-N-Out burgers.

Where to stay: If you want to be close to the golf, The Lake Las Vegas Resort (800-564-1603) is on the same property as Reflection Bay, about 17 miles south of the Strip. If you want to be close to the action, stay in a casino hotel (www.vegas.com/resorts lists 'em all); many offer golf packages.

Stripper tip: "If you're looking for a good dance," offers Dakota, a serpentine exotic dancer from Club Paradise, "undo a few of those buttons on your shirt and let the girls play. *They* like to see some skin, too."

No, I said, let's go play the *slots*

RENT-A-DISTRACTION

They'll carry the clubs. The balls are your responsibility

These beautiful women are happy to host your next tournament.

Why hire a pimply adolescent to caddy your next tournament, when you can get a leggy blonde bombshell for just six times the price? Pin-Up Golf girls, a year-old California company founded by Miss Budweiser circa 1998 Jennifer Pennington, employs eight aspiring "actresses, models, and singers" trained in golf etiquette to enhance your game—not to mention the scenery. "We're not bimbos hanging out on the courses," says the Bud gal reassuringly. For about $300 a girl (minimum two girls—who's complaining?), the Pin-Ups arrive uniformed in formfitting sweaters, thigh-high authentic Scottish kilts, bobby socks, and golf shoes (sweet Jesus!); they'll drive beverage carts, run contests, hand out clubs, keep score—and offer calendars customized with the name, date, and location of your tournament. They'll go anywhere, as long as you foot the bill: "Have kilt, will travel," says Pennington. But will they shoulder a bag? "Definitely! We just haven't been asked to yet." That's because, in their presence, no man can form coherent sentences. (888-849-3004; www.pinupgolf.com)

—Laurina Gibbs

Photographs, Satoshi (opening spread, golf ball, grass); Robert Glasgow (products)

AUSTIN, TEXAS

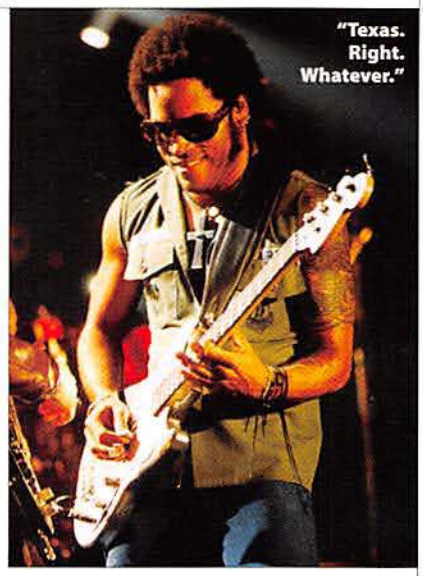
Really, Mr. Bush? You can get *anything* here?

The lowdown: Guys from Austin are either sick golfers (it's the hometown of Ben Crenshaw and Tom Kite), sick musicians (it's the live-music capital of the U.S.), or sickly obsessed with University of Texas girls (some of the cutest in the country). Even if you're not from Austin, this city caters to all of the above.

Golf o' the gods: Barton Creek (800-336-6158) is far and away Austin's ultimate golf destination. The marquee attraction: the Fazio Foothills course. Not unlike Charlize Theron, it's exquisitely sculpted, difficult to crack, and consistently ranks as one of the best on earth.

Where else to play: Close by to Barton Creek's 72 holes are the Circle C Ranch Golf Club (512-288-4297) and Legacy Hills (512-864-1222), the latter a challenging semiprivate layout with a 357-yard ninth hole shooting uphill around a creek and a waterfall. The 18th hole on the brand-new back nine of the nearby White Wing course requires you to carry 220 yards—over a canyon—to save face.

Test your *cojones* on: The 420-yard par-4 16th at Barton Creek's Foothill course. The tee shot, through a tunnel of trees, is tough enough, but the mid-iron approach is the real test, what with a waterfall protecting the front of the shallow green and rocks lining the back.



"Texas. Right. Whatever."

"Guess what I'm doing!"

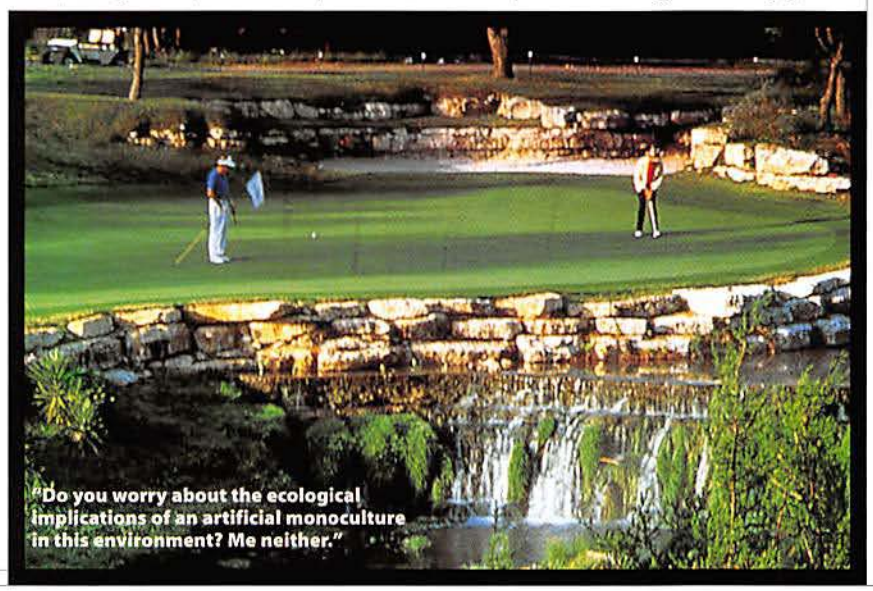
Anti-golf activity: Put some power back in your palms by tearing up Lake Travis with a rented Jet Ski (about $60 an hour) from Makin' Waves (800-900-8899). Then scope out U of T girls sunbathing on limestone cliffs at Hamilton Pool (512-264-2740), a swimming hole with a 50-foot waterfall.

Drink up: Downtown's Sixth Street has more live-music dives than you'll ever need. For local talent, Liberty Lunch (512-476-7165) was voted best live-music venue by *The Austin Chronicle*, while the Austin Music Hall (512-495-9962) is a headliners' joint.

Chow down: Pinch crab enchiladas from Manuel's (512-472-7555), mouth-watering barbecue from The Salt Lick (512-858-4959), or miso-ginger sea bass from Bistro 88 (512-328-8888).

Where to stay: If you're gonna play Barton Creek, stay Barton Creek (800-336-6158), in rooms that start at $230 a night. Hey, you can live cheap or you can live good. If living cheap is OK, Austin is also peppered with inexpensive hotels (http://austin.citysearch.com).

Pick-up tip: "Go find a local band called the Scabs," says Charlie Jones, a local music producer. "Girls go where *they* go."



"Do you worry about the ecological implications of an artificial monoculture in this environment? Me neither."

GOOF BALLS

Who says golfers are dull? Well, us, actually. But with these crazy gadgets, they don't need to be.

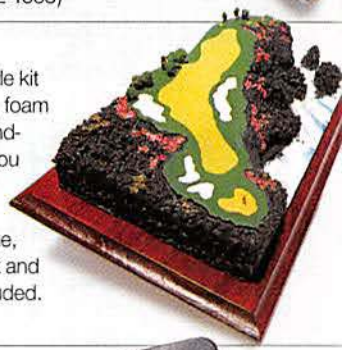
Water world

Ah, summer: the perfect time to scare the hell out of friends frolicking in your pool—by chipping Whiffle balls at their heads! Lay Aqua-Golf's fake grass mat on the patio, and chip Velcro-covered balls onto a 15-sq.-foot floating green in the pool. ($49; 888-499-7787)

Mind weeder

Keep losing your shots? Now you can lose your dignity too! The Finders Keepers Golfball Detector is a pivoting four-inch metal rod employing a technique (said to date back to 3000 B.C.) that finds lost balls if you hold it and "think about the object on the ground." ($20; 800-282-1533)

Model plains



The Links Design-a-Hole kit contains carving tools, foam boards, paints, and landscaping materials so you can design your own miniature 3-D golf hole. When you're done, place it atop your desk and stare at it. Life not included. ($35; 863-318-9737)

Weird science

EliteSolo's diagnostic computer program predicts how well you'll play after you input factors like sleep, stress, and hand-eye coordination, which tests with its built-in video game display. What you do with this data is between you and your priest. ($95; 800-862-8656)

Say cheesy

Each of the 15 exposures on the disposable QuickSnap Golf camera records an eight-shot sequence, from backswing to follow-through. Mail in the film for a precise analysis of why you suck. ($18; 888-499-7787)

MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

The locals are a right friendly bunch. Just don't mention the *f-l-a-g*.

The lowdown: Don't let the genteel charm of this friendly hamlet fool you. This town sports more than 100 golf courses on a 60-mile stretch of coastline, and a row of strip clubs to steam the pleats out of your pants.

Golf o' the gods: King's North at Myrtle Beach National (843-448-2308) was named one of the 10 best new upscale public courses of 1997 by *Golf Digest*. It's a seriously tough course: The 18th hole *alone* is surrounded by (gulp!) 42 bunkers.

Where else to play: Swing by the Avocet and Falcon courses at Wild Wing Plantation (843-347-9464). Or play 18 in the morning at Glen Dornoch (843-249-2541), featuring 35-foot drops next to the intercoastal waterway; then play 18 across the street at the Heather Glen (843-249-9000).

Test your cojones on: The 568-yard sixth (The Gambler) at King's North. Play it safe and it's still a monstrous three-shotter with water down the left.

Anti-golf activity: Either see Nascar at the Darlington Raceway (843-395-8499), or *be* Nascar at the Nascar Speedtrack (843-626-8725). For less than 10 bucks a ride, you can race around eight indoor and outdoor tracks.

The traps on this course are *white* sand only

Drink up: Broadway at the Beach (843-444-3200) is a big ol' slice of American cheese, but it's always teeming with college women. And at Thee DollHouse (843-449-3655), a mere $20 to $30 gets you a VIP room and a dancing girl who's ready to put you first.

Chow down: Crash one of the steak or rib joints, like the T-Bonz Grill (843-272-7111), or dare to dine at Dick's Last Resort (843-272-7794); give the waiters any lip and they'll make you wear a giant paper penis hat. Really.

Where to stay: Litchfield Beach & Golf Resort (843-237-3000) and Kingston Plantation (800-362-2779) have rooms situated right on the beach. The latter is home to Splash! a 25,000-square-foot swimming area featuring a "water screw." We warned you.

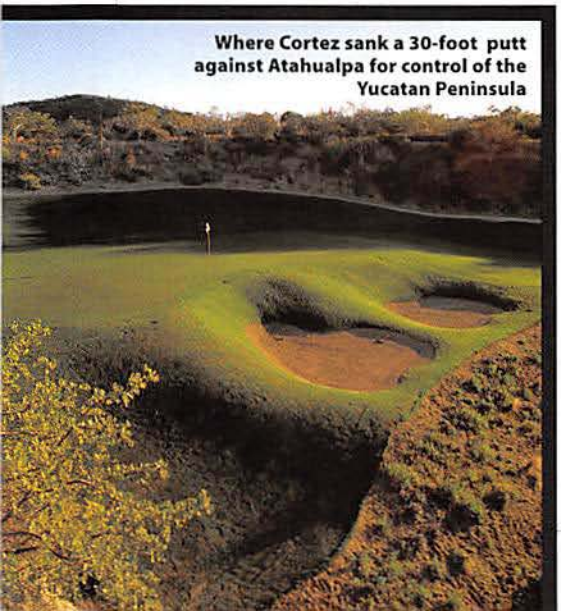
Travel tip: Sunday night flights fill up fast, so take a 6 A.M. flight out on Monday and still make it to the office—bleary-eyed but on time.

CABO SAN LUCAS, MEXICO

Hey! This place is full of Mexicans!

The lowdown: Sandwiched between the Pacific on one side and the Sea of Cortez on the other, Cabo is a tropical paradise just a two-hour flight from Los Angeles. Not only does it boast some of the best oceanfront golf around, it's also the sportfishing capital of the world.

Golf o' the gods: The Ocean Course at Cabo del Sol (800-386-2465) is one of the world's top 100 courses and the town's undisputed franchise player. Seven holes are cut into the rocky cliffs by the Pacific, and 11 other gut-busters wind through desert foothills.


Where Cortez sank a 30-foot putt against Atahualpa for control of the Yucatan Peninsula

Where else to play: The desert track Palmilla Golf Club (800-386-2465) consists of a none-too-strenuous 27 holes. But good luck on The Mountain Course's fifth hole: This long par 4 requires you to carry over an arroyo—twice. The significantly more difficult and heavily bunkered Melia Cabo Real Golf Club (800-393-0400) is built on rolling hills that play down to the shore.

Test your cojones on: The par-3 17th hole at Cabo del Sol's Ocean Course. Imagine a chimney sticking out of the Sea of Cortez. Now imagine being on a cliff, 178 yards away, and having to land your ball—yup—on top of the chimney.

Anti-golf activity: For $500, grab your buddies (up to eight), some cervezas, and a 38-foot fishing boat (with crew) from Los Cabos Sportfishing Charters (800-814-3487). Then strap yourself into the fighting chair and get ready to spend the day wrestling fish that weigh more than you do.

Calamari of the wild

Drink up: At Marina Boulevard, you'll find women dancing on tables—for free. Jell-O shots are a specialty at El Squid Roe (011-114-30655), and there's a drink called the Skip and Get Naked at The Giggling Marlin (011-114-31182), where inebriated girls *request* to be hung upside down like fish.

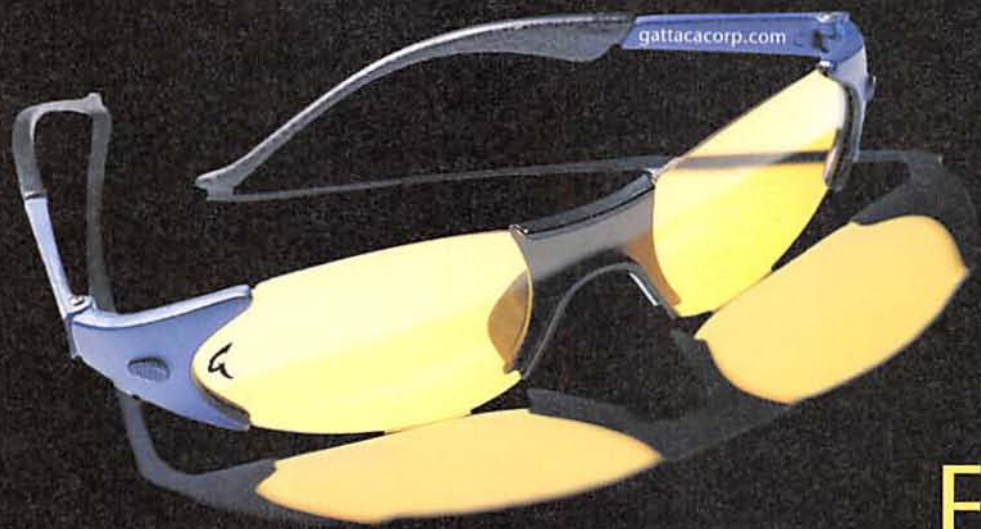
Chow down: Fishermen throw back most of the marlin they catch, but great seafood is still doled out at Seafood Mama's (011-114-31220) and at The Office (011-114-33464), a beachfront joint where vacationing *chiquitas* are as plentiful as the fish.

Where to stay: A room at the Palmilla Hotel (800-637-1058) puts you next to the golf course, and one at the Hacienda Beach Resort (800-733-2226) puts you on the Playa Medano, a beach full of girls in skimpy bikinis.

Gastrointestinal tip: Listen to your mother for once: Don't drink the freakin' tap water!

He certainly does a lot of tricks for such a big fish

Illustrations, Paul Wootton



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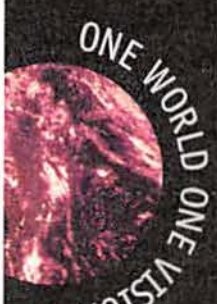

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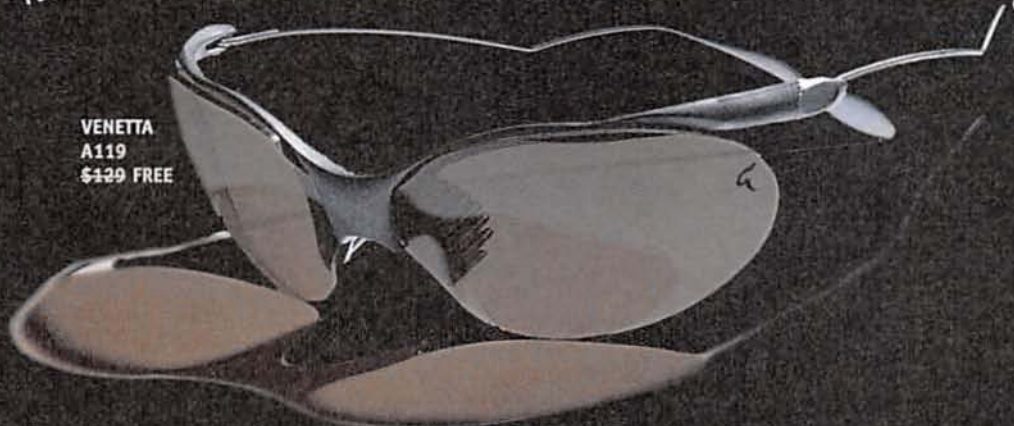

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B-4

B-5

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Yes, cheating is wrong. But an adult game based on the honor system? Please. That's just *asking* for it.

You didn't get up at 4:30 A.M. for the fresh air and male bonding—you came here to *win*, dammit! So what if your swing looks like Ralph Kramden's? This is a sport of rubes, and there are plenty of time-tested ways to cheat at golf. Follow these helpful tips and you'll be wearing one of those spiffy green jackets in no time!

The Greaser

If you can't drive a ball straight to save your life, consider one of golf's dirtier tricks: "Some guys rub Vaseline on the club faces," says a hugely disapproving Jon Winokur, author of *How to Win at Golf Without Actually Playing Well*. "It decreases the impact of the club's grooves, taking the side spin off the ball." There's been talk that pro golfer Fred "The Wet One" Couples used to rub his club on his *face* for its God-given portable emollient.

The Moving Mark

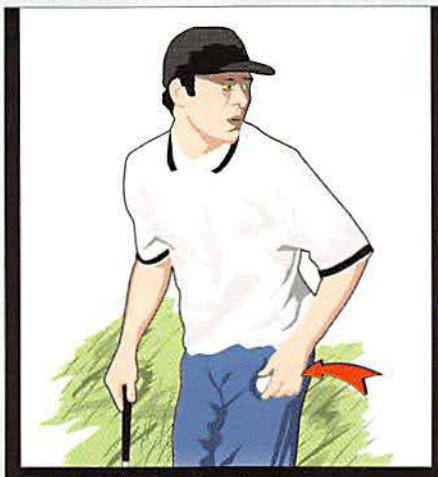
Before you lift your ball so your partners can putt out, toss your marker about an inch in front of where it belongs; when it's your turn to putt, place your ball a few inches in front of the marker. (Baby steps, my friend...)

The Psyche-Out

"Heap tons of praise on your opponent *right* before he tees off," says Rick Wolff, coauthor of *Golf Dirty Tricks*. "Tell him you've heard he has a power swing and you can't wait to watch it in action. The psychological praise turns into psychological pressure." For a faster meltdown, bring up a distracting sexual image, like the fact that his little sister must be getting old enough to give blow jobs.

The Accountant

Feign intense concentration while you point to all the shots you took bringing the ball up the fairway—then simply pencil in a better score. "People who use this pretend they don't know the difference between a six and a seven," says a still-disapproving Winokur. "They need to be audited on every hole!" Or worse: In 1993, 47-year-old Charles Carey was arrested for shaving at least 13 strokes from his golf game after having won second place and a $50 gift certificate for shooting a 67 in a charity golf tournament in Indianapolis.

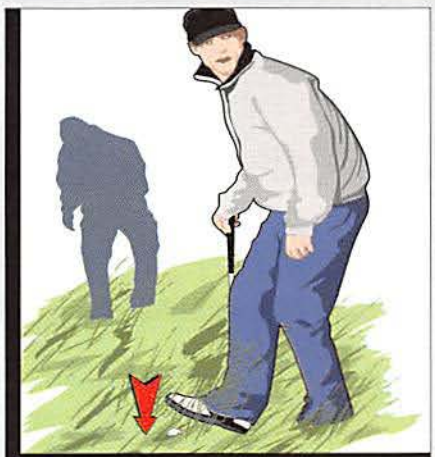


The Hole in the Pocket

Face it: Those powder-blue golf pants aren't gonna help you get laid—why not use 'em to win? Just cut a small hole in one of the front pockets. The next time you fire a dog shot into *Field & Stream* territory, pretend to search for it while you slip a spare ball into your clipped pocket. Then let it roll out to a much more gracious lie ("Ahhh, *there* it is") to set up a cakewalk shot. (Note: Not recommended for use with capri pants.) Reported to be a favorite tactic of famed criminals Auric Goldfinger and O. J. Simpson.

The Noonan

Just as your opponent reaches the top of his backswing, annoy the hell out of him: Undo the Velcro panel on your glove, press the test button on your beeper, or as Wolff suggests, "take out a pair of mirrored sunglasses to clean them, and 'accidentally' shine the glare into his eyes."



The Cockroach

To keep your opponent from employing any of *your* crafty tactics, calmly stamp his ball into the rough the next time you find it before he does. Spend a few minutes circling the area, pretending to help him look for it. Then commiserate when he has to take a penalty drop.

The Lie Detector

Crappy lie? No sweat. Just drop your bag between your ball and your nearest opponent to hide this move: Pretend to set up for your shot, then crane your neck as if you're concerned about whether you can clear the branches, birds, or machine-gun fire. While the other guys follow your gaze upward, gently nudge the ball forward with your club—out of its divot and into position.

NEW YORK CITY

That's not a greenskeeper. It's just some guy peeing.

"And that's for *you*, Mommy! Damn you!"

The lowdown: There's more to the Big Apple than pooper-scoopers and a fascist mayor. With a high-rise driving range in the heart of town and premier links just an hour's drive from the city, New York is actually a terrific golf destination. We hear there's a bit of a social scene there, too.

Golf o' the gods: The greatest value of all—if you can pull it off—is Bethpage State Park, on Long Island. Keep the redial button going 48 hours in advance (516-249-0707) for a tee time on the Bethpage Black, the best public course in the U.S. and host to the U.S. Open in 2002.

Where else to play: Practice your swing at the Chelsea Piers driving range (212-336-6400), and take some shots at New Jersey while you're at it. Or *go* to New Jersey and hit the three courses at Crystal Springs Golf & Spa Resort (973-827-2222), two of which are the best public courses in the state: Ballyowen is situated on a virtually treeless 250 acres; Crystal Springs has more challenging mountain terrain and towering grass mounds.

Test your *cojones* on: The second hole at Ballyowen. Lay up with a long-iron—or spit in the ravine, pull out your whupping stick, and try to drive the green.

Anti-golf activity: Catch a day game at Yankee Stadium (718-293-6000), or meet the Mets at Shea (718-507-8499). Either way, arm yourself on the trip with a discreetly brown-bagged cold one. Or head over to Central Park's Great Lawn and watch chubby Mexican guys play bad soccer.

Regulars at a popular NYC gay bar

Drink up: Be brave. Head underground to Siberia (212-333-4141), a bar built within the 50th Street station of the Nos. 1 and 9 trains (the urine smell is part of the charm), or drink like a local on St. Mark's Place: cheaply. The Holiday Cocktail Lounge (212-777-9637) hosts slumming NYU kids and methadone cases from nearby Beth Israel Medical Center. Then hit McCormack's (212-683-0911) on Third Avenue and step over a passed-out *Maxim* editor on the way to the can.

"Don't look at my buns."

Chow down: Gray's Papaya sells two hot dogs for a buck; cranky waiters at Peter Luger in Brooklyn (718-387-7400) serve up beef with enough cholesterol to stop Billy Blanks' heart.

Where to stay: Book the Cosmopolitan Hotel (212-566-1900) for less than $140, or the Chelsea Hotel (212-243-3700), where Sid Vicious stabbed the shit out of Nancy in 1978.

Transportation tip: A foursome can hail a cabbie for 35 blocks for the price of the train. Provided he doesn't stab you and have sex with the wounds. But that hasn't happened in months. M

Check out *Maxim*'s interactive golf course at: **www.maximonline.com/sports/backnine/**

WACKY GOLF

Golf hasn't been this fun since John Daly announced that he liked playing better as a drunk.

Speed golf

What it is: Carts are for grandmas; speed golfers sprint from shot to shot like crack-crazed whippets. International Speed Golf Association cofounder Jay Larson averages in the mid-70s—in less than 40 action-packed minutes!

But why? You know any faster ways to get to the 19th hole?

You'll need: Cleat-free sneakers and one good club—caddyless players can get by with just a 5-iron.

Just do it: Bribe your local course into letting you tee off early, or visit www.speedgolf.com.

"What was that about little puts?"

Desert golf

What it is: Twelve years ago California photographer and golf enthusiast Doug Keister dragged several equally bored friends to the Black Rock playa, a remote corner of the Nevada desert, and spray-painted a course onto the sunbaked clay. Temperatures at Lucifer's Anvil, as the course is called, can reach a toasty 100 degrees during the annual Black Rock Desert Self Invitational.

But why? No greens fees: no greens!

You'll need: A mountain bike to cruise between holes, shitloads of SPF 40 sunblock, and tees for every shot so you don't wreck your clubs on the rock-hard desert.

Just do it: Pack plenty of water and visit http://worldgolf.com/courses/unitedstates/nevada.html.

Miniature golf

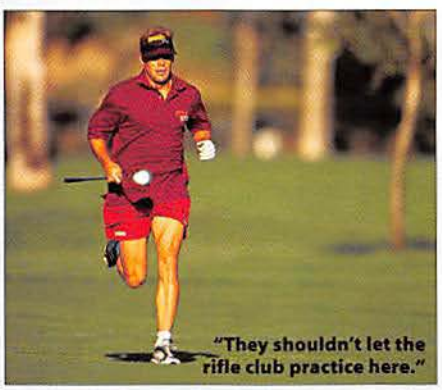
What it is: Every year, dwarf superstar Billy Barty tees off in Palm Springs to raise money for his foundation, an education and advocacy group for persons of small stature.

But why? Because dwarfs need exercise, too. And seeing a golf putts filled with little people makes regular-size spectators feel *huge*.

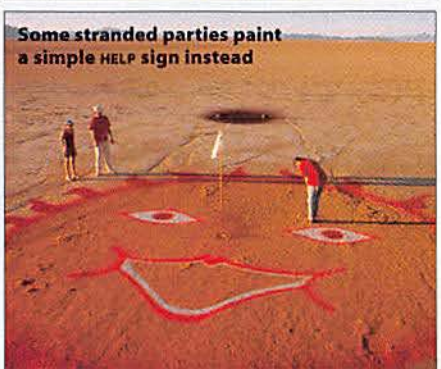
You'll need: A camera—otherwise your friends won't believe you.

Just do it: Call the Billy Barty Foundation at (818) 953-5410, or visit www.rth.org/bbf/.

—*John Walsh*



"They shouldn't let the rifle club practice here."



Some stranded parties paint a simple HELP sign instead

Photograph, Cesar Alcantar (Gray's Papaya)

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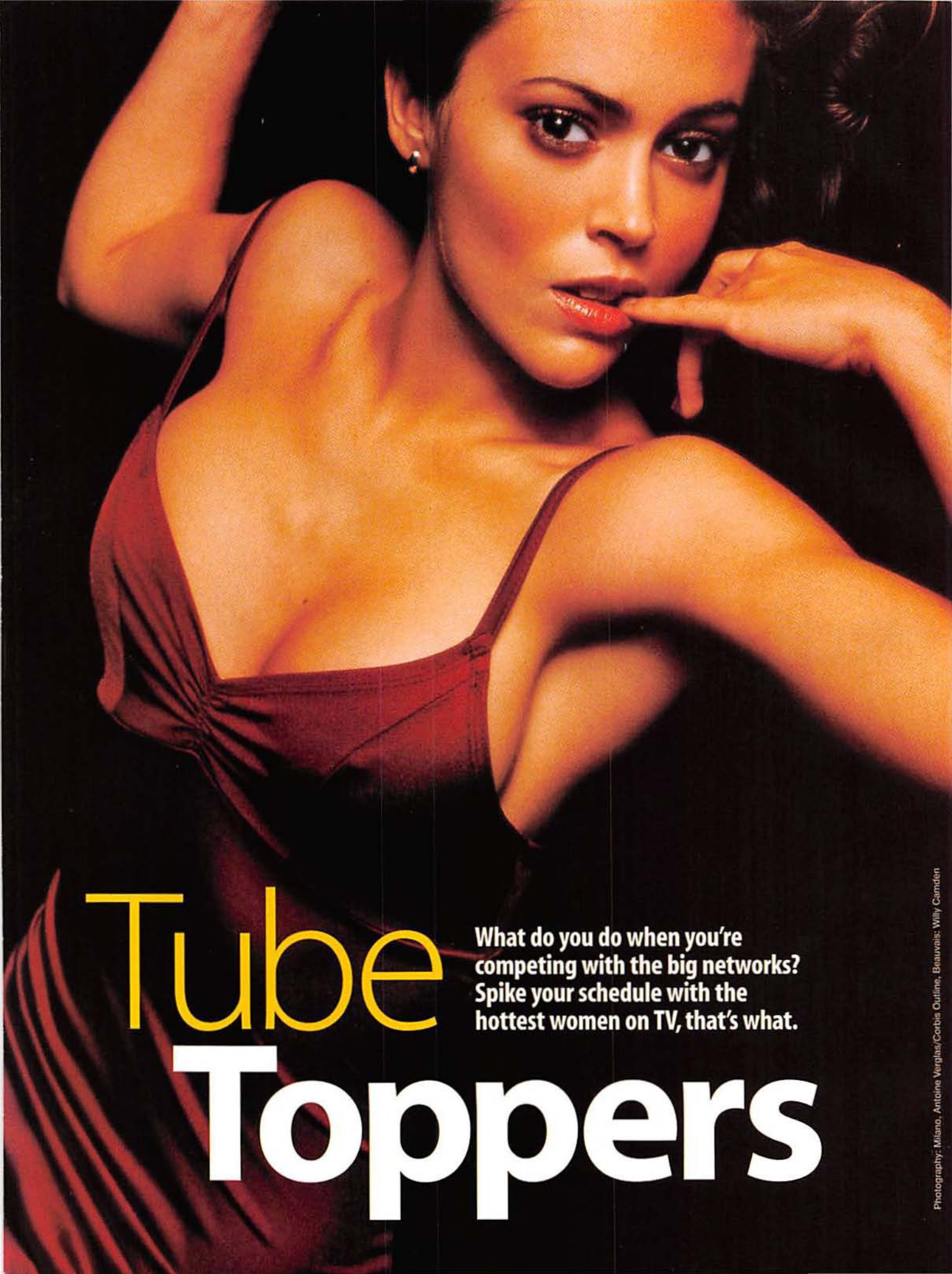


Tube Toppers

What do you do when you're competing with the big networks? Spike your schedule with the hottest women on TV, that's what.

Photography: Milano, Antoine Verglas/Corbis Outline, Beauvais: Willy Camden

Let other television networks obsess over piddling matters like ratings and profits. The WB knows what we really want: plenty of gorgeous starlets casting spells, dusting vampires, and emoting like crazy in skimpy halter tops. In case you've somehow missed out on the prime-time treasures to be found on America's most nubile network, we've put together this easy-to-use televixen guide. Hell, you may forget that there are other channels still out there.

Alyssa Milano

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: Hubba hubba, toil and trouble. As if we haven't been under her spell ever since *Who's the Boss,* 27-year-old Alyssa now uses her hex appeal to conjure big ratings every week on *Charmed* as one of three sorceress sisters who can't seem to find any nice warlock boys.

BEYOND THE WB: Alyssa stars in the upcoming film *Buying the Cow,* about a guy who goes on a skirt-chasing binge after his girlfriend pressures him to get hitched. In real life Alyssa is—abracadabra!—single again after her 11-month marriage to alterna-rocker Cinjun Tate recently vanished in a puff of smoke.

SECRET POWER: *Charmed* should do a special musical episode, considering that Brooklyn, NY-born Alyssa once performed for 40,000 screaming fans in Japan, where she was a major pop star in the '80s. Spooky.

Garcelle Beauvais

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: As hotel receptionist Fancy Monroe on *The Jamie Foxx Show,* Garcelle avoided her leading man's goofball pursuit for three seasons before surrendering. In real life they have also resisted temptation. "We made a pact that we won't fool around until the show is over," she says. "Now Jamie keeps joking that he's going to cancel the series."

BEYOND THE WB: Garcelle shared a water tower with Will Smith in *Wild Wild West,* a gig that required "wearing little more than a thong" for 12 hours.

ISLAND WHIRL: Born in Haiti, Garcelle moved with her family to Massachusetts at age 7. "Can you imagine?" she asks. "From the tropics to all the snow and ice? Plus, I'd never seen so many white people in one place in my life."

Amy Smart

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: As fresh-faced coed Ruby on *Felicity,* Amy wasted no time in stealing the spotlight from mopey, hideously shorn Keri Russell—then stealing her smitten boyfriend to boot.

BEYOND THE WB: As a central figure in the NBC miniseries *The 70's,* Amy did the Me Decade right—by protesting against the Vietnam war at Kent State, stayin' alive as a drugged-out disco mama, and joining a freaky suicide cult. Apparently they cut the part where she blows the lid off the Watergate cover-up.

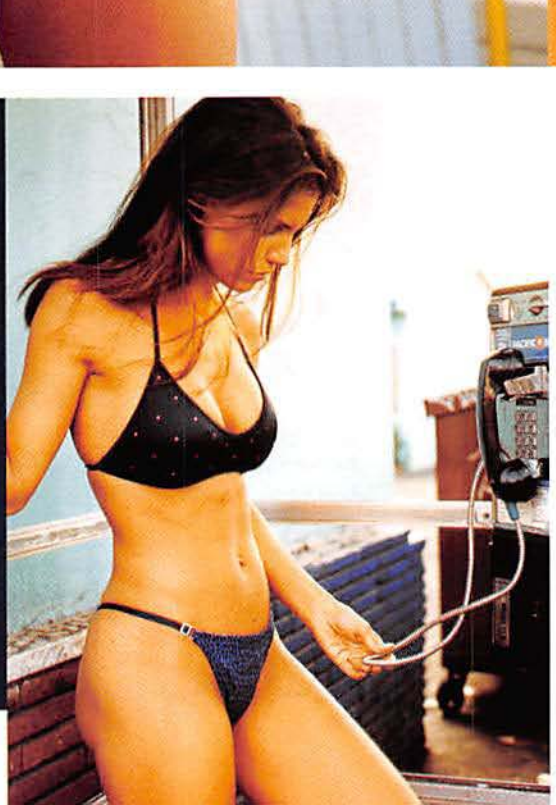
OH, BABY: Amy actually gets a kick out of donning the maternity clothes and prosthetic belly required to play her knocked-up *Felicity* character: "I've always known I wanted kids, but to actually wear this makes it conceivable." Actually, Amy, there *are* a few other steps.

Charisma Carpenter

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: After three seasons of dispatching more fashion advice than she did demons, Charisma's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* character, Cordelia, has moved to L.A. to become an actress...and the sexy girl Friday for a vampire detective on the hit spin-off *Angel.* At least we know she can stay up all night.

BEYOND THE WB: After starting with a part on *Malibu Shores* and landing guest appearances on *Baywatch* and *Pacific Blue,* Charisma now has her first big role that doesn't require biweekly bikini waxings.

SIN CITY LIMITS: Charisma is quick to defend her hometown, Las Vegas, Nev. "People make it seem like I must have been a show girl in kindergarten. It's ridiculous," she says, rolling her eyes. "Then again, my dad *was* a craps dealer."



Katie Holmes

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: As wholesomely hot Joey on the teen-targeted soap opera *Dawson's Creek,* Katie once doted on Dawson's massive forehead. Now she's had a change of heart and pines for Pacey's similarly endowed cranium.

BEYOND THE WB: On the big screen, 22-year-old Katie's career is inextricably linked with that of Tobey Maguire; she blew off the young actor in her feature film debut, *The Ice Storm,* but she was considerably more affectionate toward him in this year's *Wonder Boys.*

CASTING COUCH FANTASY: Katie the Vampire Slayer? It almost happened: Holmes reportedly passed up the role that would make network neighbor Sarah Michelle Gellar a household name—so she could finish high school in a non-demon-infested learning environment.

Photographs, Smart: Terry Doyle/Corbis Outline; Holmes: Alison Dyer/Icon International. Carpenter: Matt Gunther/Corbis Outline; Gellar: Andrew MacPherson/Corbis Outline.

Sarah Michelle Gellar

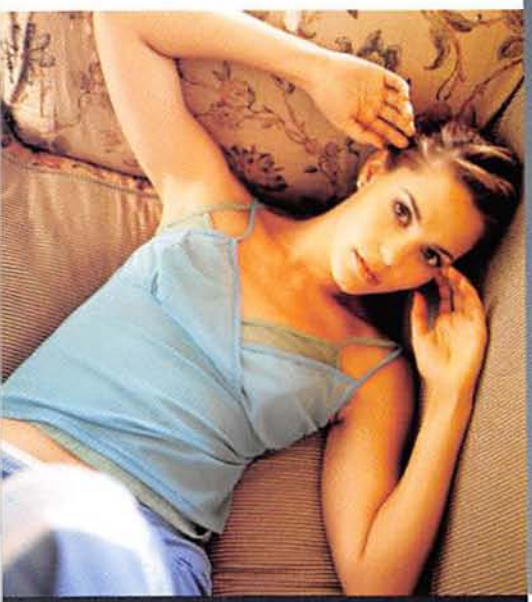
PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: Having rid her high school of the unwanted undead, Sarah's now staking out the campus of similarly infested Sunnydale University—and throwing down at the occasional frat party—on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer.*

BEYOND THE WB: Her turn in *Cruel Intentions,* a *Dangerous Liaisons* remake for the Clearasil set, can be summed up in six wonderful little words: "I'll let you put it anywhere." Well, in that and her lingering lesbo kiss with Selma Blair.

THE SPORTING LIFE: Sarah, 23, is a fan of a *Buffy* drinking game in which viewers take a chug every time her bra strap can be seen. "Usually people get plastered," she says. "But would you rather me fight the vampires without a bra on?" Hey—we were told there would be no trick questions on this test!

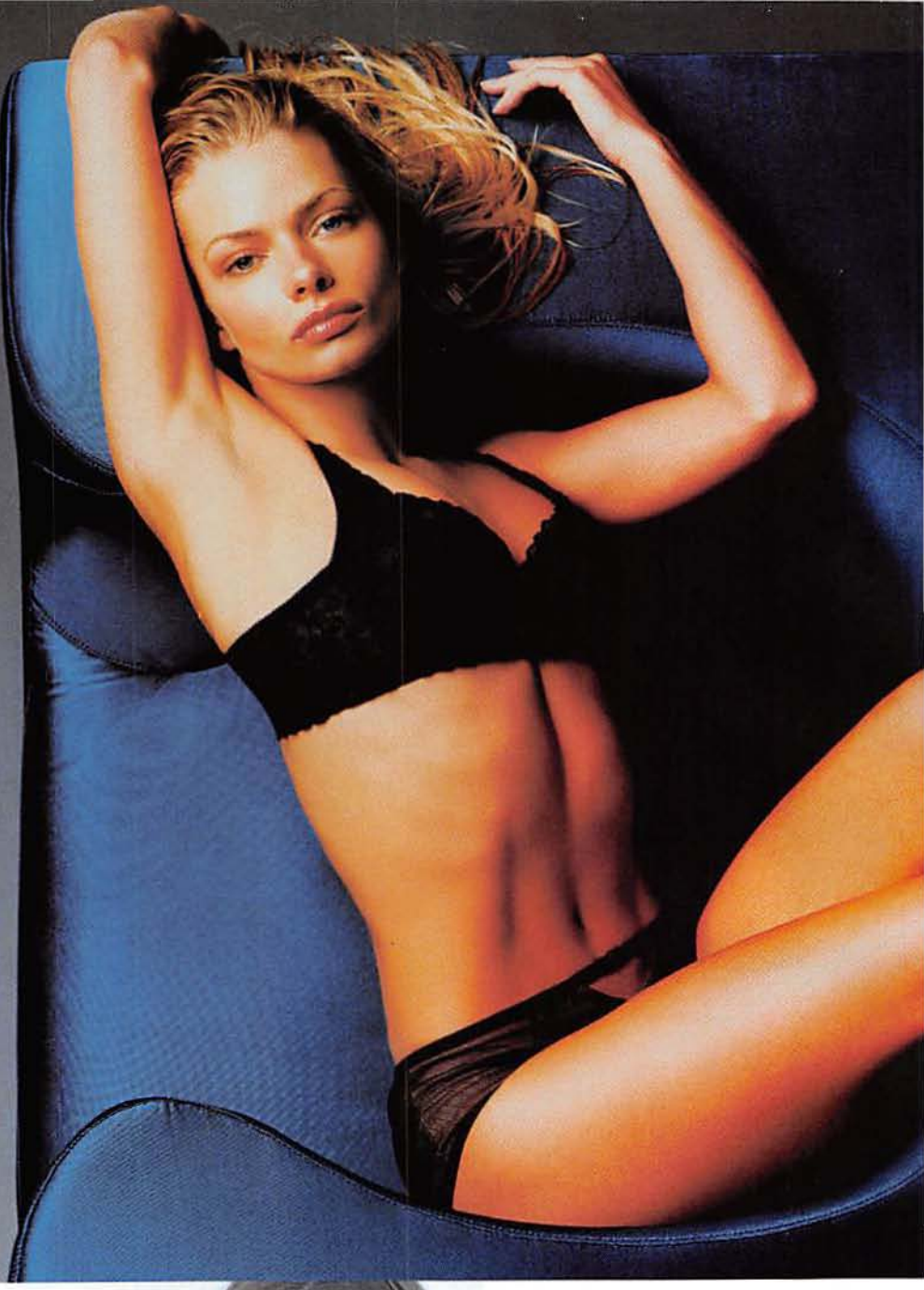
Jaime Pressly

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: *Jack & Jill* is aimed straight at Chickville, but with Jaime as the dancer next door, we admit to lingering on our way to ESPN. "Audrey treats men the way men usually treat women: wham-bam thank you ma'am," she says.
BEYOND THE WB: Jaime, 22, played a conniving starlet in recent TV movie *Best Actress* and a conniving, slutty teen in the cheesecake classic *Poison Ivy: New Seduction*. "In the original script, there were two nude scenes," she recalls. "When we started filming, suddenly there were, like, 20."
HANGIN' WITH JAIME: "I love being around men because they're not prissy," she says. "I don't want to sit and talk about where I bought my shoes, you know?"



Leslie Bibb

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: On *Popular,* Leslie's character may be the head cheerleader and queen of her high school's in-crowd, but deep down she's really a kindhearted person who just wants all the cliques to get along. In other words, she's the girl who told you that you were "so sweet," then gave it up for the Neanderthal football captain.
BEYOND THE WB: Though the thriller *The Skulls* arrived brain-dead, we prefer to remember Leslie as the hapless NBC tour guide unnerved by the talents of the Kielbasa Queen in the Howard Stern biopic *Private Parts*.
DIVA OR DEITY? Apparently, Leslie is still adjusting to her own newfound popularity. "Go worship God or Buddha or whatever," the 25-year-old advises her fans, "but not me." If the goddess commands, we must obey.



Jessica Biel

PRIME-TIME TEMPTATION: *7th Heaven* is a family drama with uplifting themes, wholesome messages, and one sinfully hot preacher's daughter. Her goody-goody character may be more interested in basketball than in boys, but 18-year-old Biel is embracing an edgier image. "It's heaven to get a totally different role," she says. "It's cool to dress like a tramp, play a chippy."
BEYOND THE WB: In the upcoming feature film *Summer Catch,* Biel falls for a poor boy who dreams of becoming a baseball player. No word on whether she lets him steal third base.
BREEZY RIDER: Upon meeting Peter Fonda on the set of 1997's *Ulee's Gold,* Biel informed him that she was no *Easy Rider* fan: "After watching for 45 minutes, I said, 'I can't take this anymore.' I was so bored."

Photographs, Pressly: Davis Factor; Bibb: Julie Dennis

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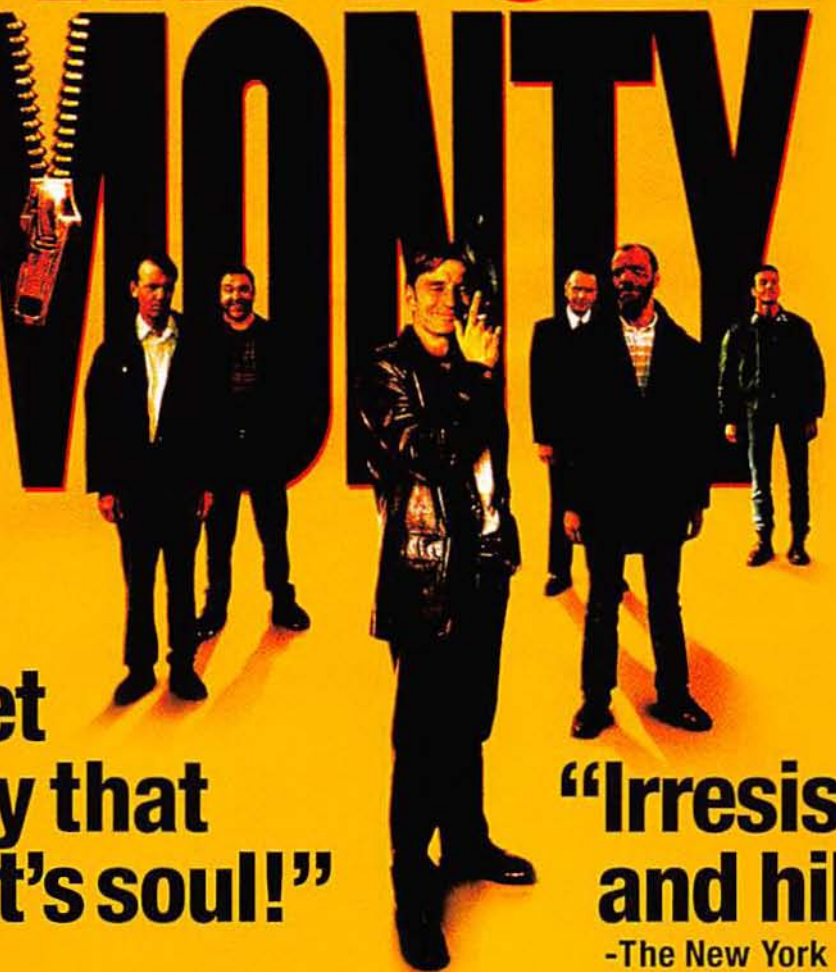

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Close Encounter

Look out Alyssa! Beware Sarah Michelle! Katherine Heigl, the supernova-hot star of *Roswell,* is television's new breakout beauty.

By Robert Abele Photographs by Willy Camden

'A girl told me my lips looked like somebody had pressed strawberry yogurt against my face.'

Katherine Heigl, the va-va-voom blonde member of a teenagers-from-space trio on the WB series *Roswell*, is the kind of woman who makes alien colonization of Earth seem like a damn fine idea. Of course, it helps that when she shows up for lunch at a San Fernando Valley cantina, she has accessorized her curvaceous 5'8" frame with formfitting white jeans and a sleeveless pink sweater instead of tentacles and antennae. Katherine's actual home planet is a green, clean place called New Canaan, Connecticut, where she was a child model before turning to acting in her teens, starring in movies with fellow suspected space aliens Gérard Depardieu *(My Father the Hero)* and Steven Seagal *(Under Siege 2)*. More recently she was the umpteenth person to attempt to kill off a certain satanic doll in the 1998 horror hit *Bride of Chucky*. Today the 21-year-old beauty absently munches on a tostado salad while the discussion bounces from alien conspiracies to dating plumbers to the dangers of asking God for bigger boobs. It's enough to make us hope for close encounters of the fourth, fifth, and sixth kind.

'Guys are kind of retarded until they're about 30.'

Do you believe in aliens?
I don't think there could possibly be only us here in the whole universe. Human beings are great. Most of them. And Earth is amazing. But it's much more fun to think that there are other worlds and beings, whether we ever contact them or not.

Who are the aliens among us?
Hmmm. Well, I seriously wonder about Dennis Rodman. I mean, you have to, right? He's a little sketchy. And possibly Carmen Electra too.

Do you think the government is really hiding some alien evidence at Roswell, New Mexico?
Yeah, because I don't know how a rumor like that could perpetuate for so long. My father gave me this book, the official government records on Roswell, and they're trying to blame all the UFO sightings on weather balloons and a dummy found out in the desert, blah, blah. That sounds really fishy.

As one of the alien teens on *Roswell*, you aren't supposed to get it on with humans. What'll happen?
Nobody really knows! And I'm shocked the cast hasn't come up with some theories, because we have the most vulgar set ever. Most of the time I'm cringing, because I'm sort of a priss.

What goes on?
Mostly it's just well-timed farting. But that's gotten to the point where nobody cares anymore. Everybody just rolls their eyes. And, oh, this is terrible. I shouldn't be saying this.

Oh, c'mon.
[laughs] OK. Majandra Delfino, who plays Maria on the show, will jokingly do what she calls the…fanning-the-pussy dance. See, I hate that word. At first I'd just cover my ears and walk away. Now I can say it freely. But not often.

Before our brains short-circuit, can you demonstrate?
[shimmies a little in her seat, then makes flapping hand gestures just below the waist] It's mostly just waving, but it's all done…in the vicinity. That's my stupid East Coast cheerleader version of it. She's Latin, so she can do it really well. I do mine more like Marcia Brady.

***Roswell* revolves around trying to keep your identities secret. When was the last time you couldn't keep a secret?**
Probably when I sat down and told *Maxim* about the fanning-the-pussy dance. Are you kidding? I can never keep a secret!

In that case, tell us about the sordid side of growing up in suburban Connecticut.
Actually, I was a good girl in high school. There wasn't a lot to do for fun. There were kids who hung out at the Mobil station on weekend nights, and that was about it. We weren't out partying and drinking late into the night. Maybe we'd throw water balloons at passing cars.

You never did anything crazy back then?
Well, I went skinny-dipping with a boyfriend when I was about 16. We were just fooling around, and then we decided to go skinny-dipping. Actually, I think that was the first time I ever really saw a man naked. It was at night. Then the light hit just right and I was, like, "Whoa! OK! Let's pretend that didn't happen." I was not prepared.

By then you had starred in *My Father the Hero*. Did Gérard Depardieu teach you to say anything dirty in French?
No, but I had a friend in high school who was French and she did. It was that "Voulez-vous couchez avec moi, ce soir?" thing. Then I realized that was from a disco song. I went, "Everybody knows this—you didn't teach me anything original!"

Did Seagal teach you martial arts moves for *Under Siege 2*?
When you're an aikido master, like he was, you have these followers, and they taught me. I only learned one move, for when I flipped a guy down a hall. I was really excited about it, but for some reason I completely forgot how to do it the next day.

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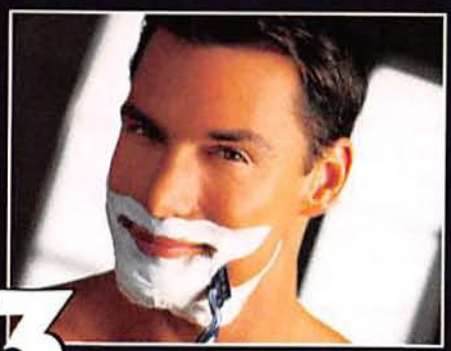

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You were also in *Bride of Chucky*. Were you allowed on the set when the dolls were doing the nasty?
[laughs] People either love that scene or hate that scene. I can't decide. That's where my romanticism kicks in and I go, "This is just disgusting." I don't know why I have such grand ideals in my head about men and romance and all that stuff.

What attracts you to a guy?
The first thing I look at is the way he dresses, which is really shallow. There are lots of different styles. There's the L.A. style, which is pretty much all black. Then there's my favorite style, which is very East Coast: a guy in a nice pair of khakis, a T-shirt, and baseball cap. That's like *[sighs]*, "Give me your number!"

So you don't mind making the first move?
I'm really bad at it, which is probably why I'm not dating anybody right now. Normally I just wait for something to happen, and then nothing ever happens. If I go to a bar, that's not the kind of environment where I want to meet somebody. And nobody talks at auditions. Everybody just stares at the wall and goes over their lines and looks insane, like people on the subway talking to themselves. I've been thinking that I should take a kayaking class or a rock-climbing class, and maybe I'll meet some guys that way.

Do guys act flustered around you? At a loss for words?
That'd be nice. There's this one guy I keep seeing at premieres and things like that, and he always comes up to me: "Hey! Are you back in town again? How's it goin'?" And I have no idea who he is. Apparently I should know him. And I'm dumb enough to keep giving him my phone number because I get embarrassed. Then he calls my machine and says, "Hey, Kat, this is me!" Who says that? "It's me"? Pretty weird. I've got to figure out a way to gently say, "Look, I'm sorry, but I don't give out my number to people I don't know, and I don't know you." It's hard for me to just be blatantly mean. I don't want to be a bitch.

What was your worst date?
Oh, I cringe when I think about it. When I first moved here, my trainer at the gym asked me out. And this guy had seen me really sweating too, which is always a bad thing. But that wasn't the problem. We went to this steakhouse, and he spent the entire time talking about his acting aspirations and showing me his portfolio. He knew I was in the business and just wanted to see what I could do for him. I was completely mortified and stopped going to that gym.

Maybe you should just date a regular guy.
Well, I'd love to find a really great plumber. But that's just not gonna happen.

How do you feel about older guys?
I actually prefer older men. Guys are kind of retarded until they're about 30. I've been interested in a man who was 35, but he didn't act 35, you know? Like, I don't think I could really be interested in a 35-year-old Wall Street type. But I do relate to older men better, because it's easier to connect with someone who's a little older and wiser.

Where would you go on a date with this older, regular guy?
We don't have to go to the Four Seasons or anything fancy like that. My favorite kind of date is something really casual, like burgers and milk shakes at a cool diner, just talking and getting to know each other. Of course, those dates can really suck if you have nothing to talk about.

What leaves you breathless?
One of those kisses that is so much more than just having somebody's tongue in your mouth. It catches you by surprise, and it's so perfect at that exact moment that it makes you forget everything around you. And then it's over, and later you're in your bed at home, and all of a sudden you remember it and it leaves you breathless.

Visitors from a cute planet

'It's more fun to think that there are other worlds.'

Speaking of kissing, describe your lips.
In high school a girl said that my lips looked like somebody had taken a spoonful of strawberry yogurt and pressed it up against my face. So that's what I've been going with ever since.

What are your thoughts on the possibility of a female-prescribed version of Viagra?
Never felt like I needed it, but for those who feel they do, by all means! We should all feel horny all the time. *[laughs]*

You've got a movie coming up called *100 Girls*. Good title.
It's a cute movie. I just wish I wasn't wearing only jeans and a bra in this one scene.

Why?
Because I'm leaning over this guy and shaking him, and I didn't realize exactly what *they* do when you're moving around a lot. If they were fake it'd probably look better.

Don't you think natural is good?
Most guys think whether they're real or fake doesn't really matter, as long as they're big. When I was 13, I was flat as a board and totally unhappy about it. I would write in my diary every day, *Oh, if I could just have a B cup by summer!* I actually prayed for big boobs. So I developed at about 14, and then I was 15, 16, 17, and they kept going.

Now that you mention it...
Yeah, obviously prayer works.

WANT MORE KATHERINE HEIGL? Extra pictures and exclusive audio on www.maximonline.com

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Laura Elton for Privé; makeup, Hiromi for Artists Group Management; prop stylist, Jake Klein

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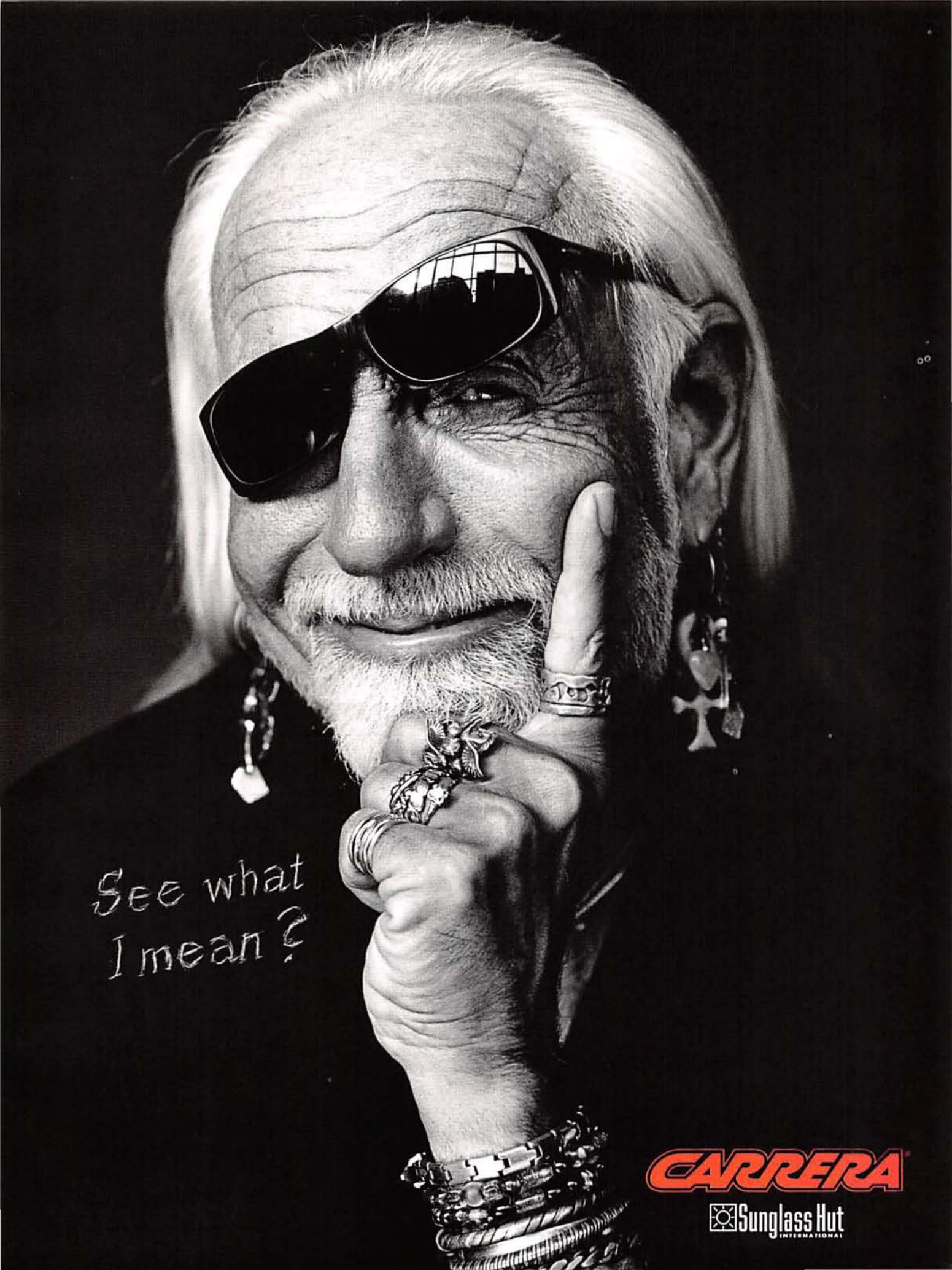
'I prefer a kiss that is so much more than just a tongue in your mouth.'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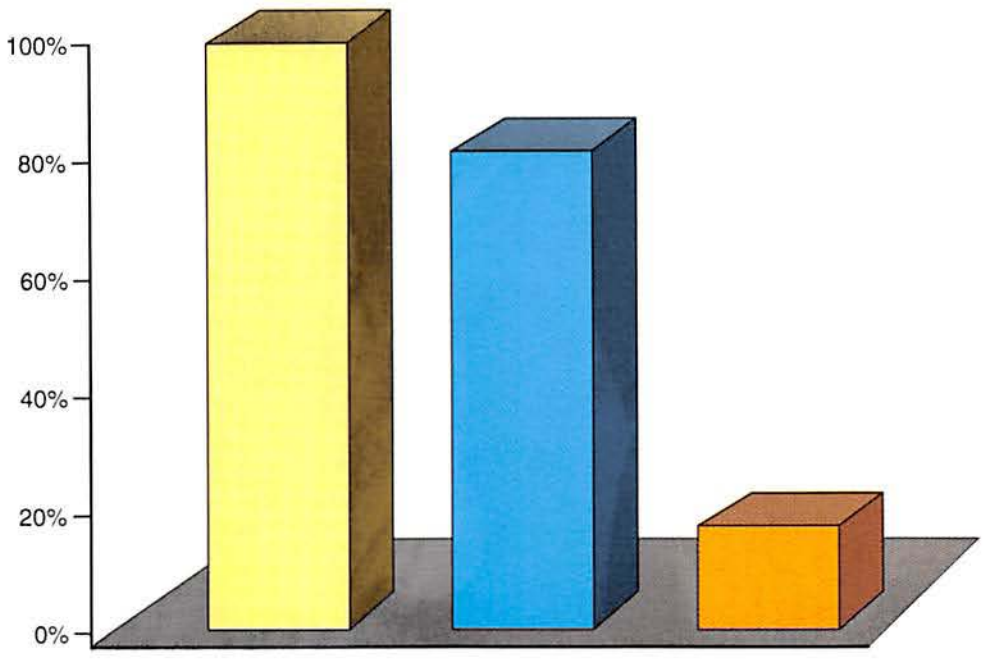

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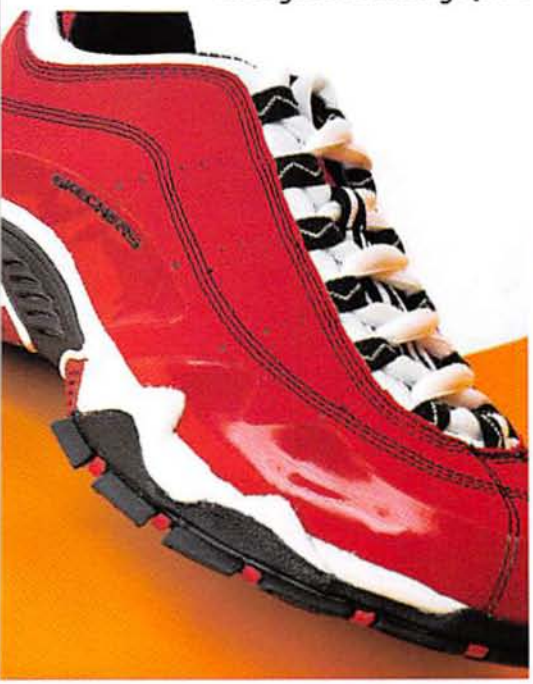
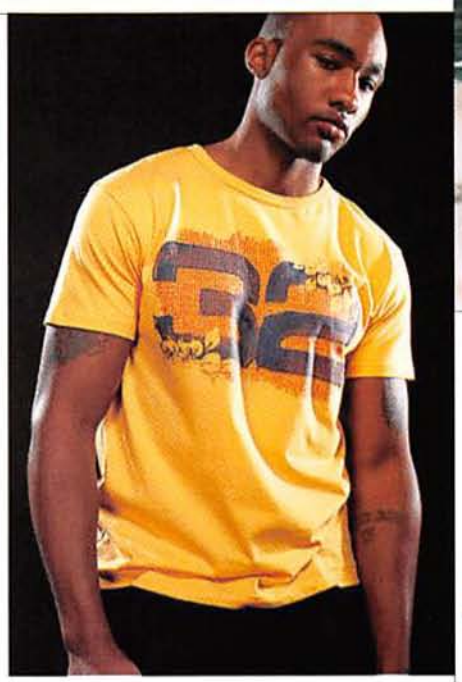
How do you want to look today? June 2000

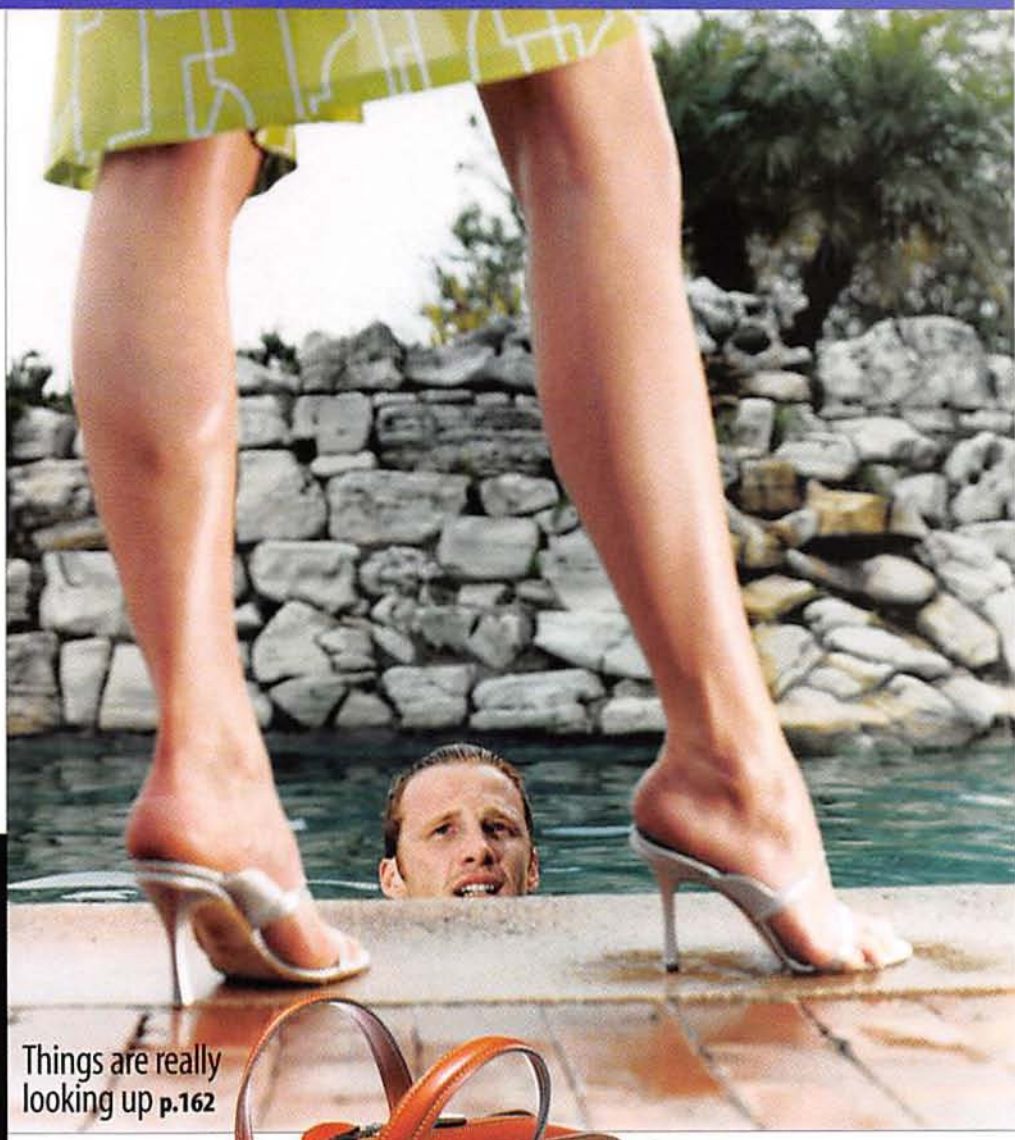
MaximWear



Thought of training? **p.178**



Run the numbers **p.174**

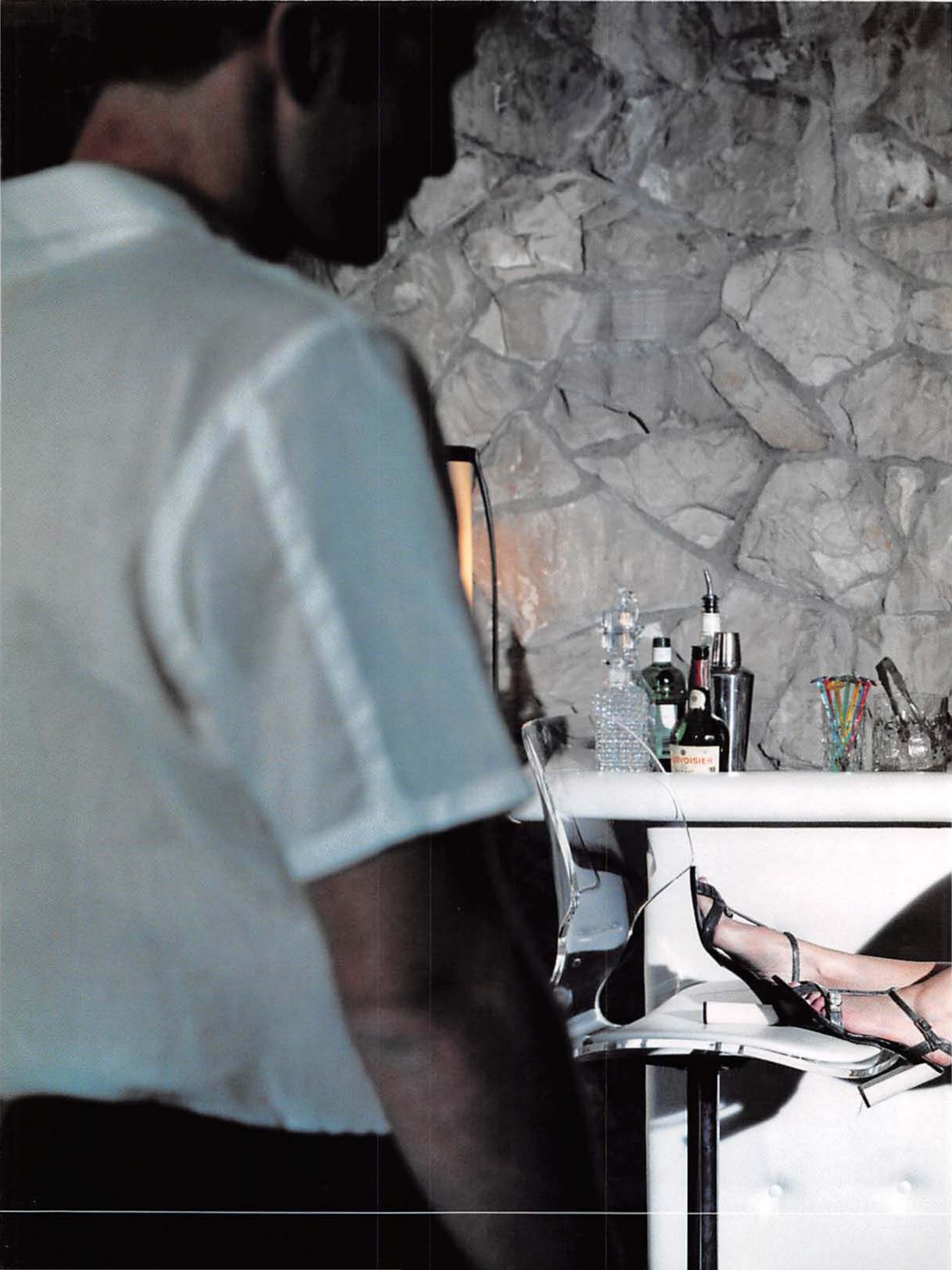


Things are really looking up **p.162**

Just go away **p.170**

new

17 pages of the coolest clothes



Summer and smoke

When the night heats up, stay cool in '60s style threads.

Photographs by Darren Keith Styling by Stan Williams

Cotton organza shirt, $138, and cotton poplin trousers, $210, by Richard Edwards. On her: dress and shoes by Tom Ford for Gucci, bracelet and ring from Mondera.com, vintage necklace from Jennifer Lanza

Cotton shirt, $110, and khaki pants, $165, by Moschino Jeans Uomo. On her: (from left) coat by Dolce & Gabbana, dress by Missoni, ring by Mondera.com; dress by D&G Dolce & Gabbana

Cashmere cardigan, $630, stretch poplin shirt, $330, leather pants, $1,350, and shoes, $350, all by Prada

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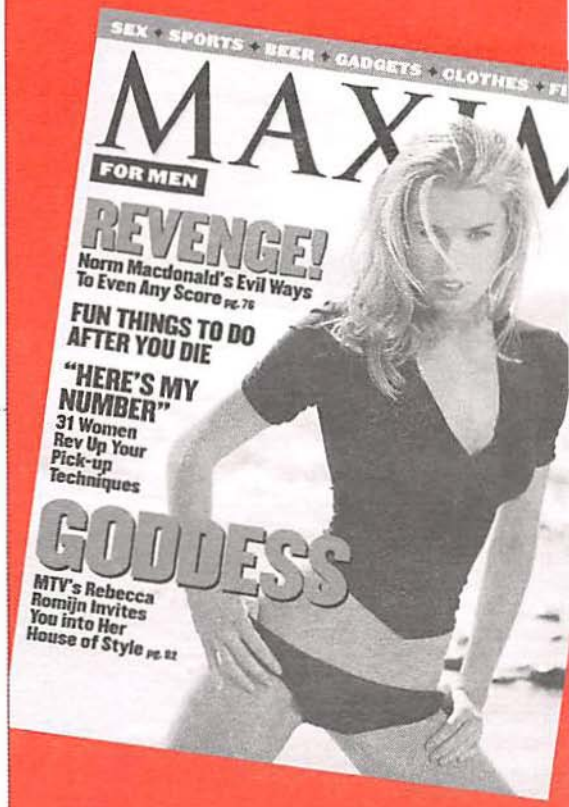
SEX • SPORTS • BEER • GADGETS • CLOTHES
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FOR MEN
REVENGE!
Norm Macdonald's Evil Ways To Even Any Score pg. 76
FUN THINGS TO DO AFTER YOU DIE
"HERE'S MY NUMBER"
31 Women Rev Up Your Pick-up Techniques
GODDESS
MTV's Rebecca Romijn Invites You into Her House of Style pg. 82

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Cashmere sweater, $685, cotton shirt, $260, and stretch cotton trousers, $430, all by Burberry/Prorsum

Left **Lightweight wool suit, $775, by Tommy Hilfiger; poly/cotton shirt, $46, by Ben Sherman. On her: sweater by Missoni**

Hair, Bernhard Tamme for Royal Organics; makeup, Kara Yashimoto for Celestine. Models, Morgan Bennett for Next Model Management, L.A.; Ursa for Ford Models; Alley Dunne for L.A. Talent

Above **Stretch cotton jacket, $770, cotton shirt, $200, cotton trousers with suede trim, $230, and leather lace-up shoes, $280, all by D&G Dolce & Gabbana. On her: dress by Missoni, shoes by Jimmy Choo, ring from Mondera.com, vintage necklace from Jennifer Lanza**

Cotton shirt, $165, and tropical-wool trousers, $325, by Sandy Dalal; shoes, $370, by Fratelli Rossetti. On her: top by Parallel, trousers by Sisley by United Colors of Benetton, shoes by D&G Dolce & Gabbana

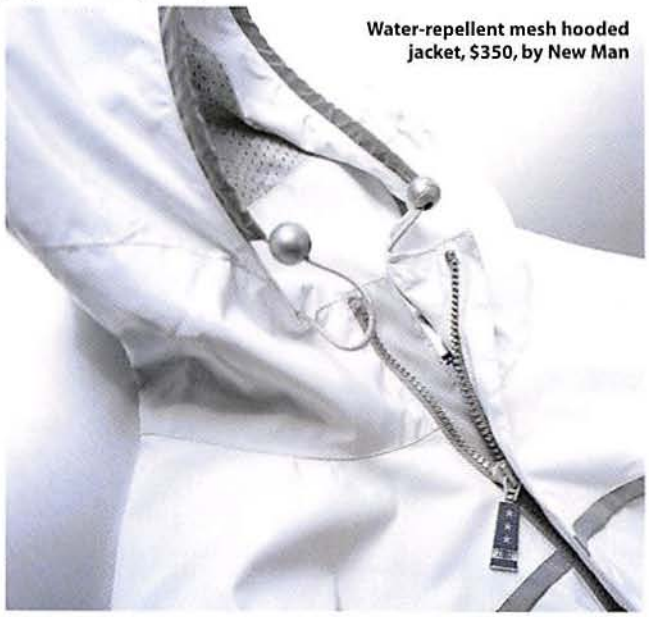
For buying information, see page 182.

Instant Upgrade

Whether you go by plane, train, or automobile, here are the necessities for getting there in style.

Still lifes by Mark Weiss Photographs by Joe Chaves Styling by Kimberly Keily

Leather moccasins by Tod's, $245



Water-repellent mesh hooded jacket, $350, by New Man

(from left) World Time watch in stainless steel, $375, by Bulova; Full Steel Worldtimer watch, $1,995, by Oris

Stretch cotton trench coat, $950, merino sweater, $135, and stretch wool trousers, $195, all by Burberry/ Prorsum. Luggage: (counterclockwise from top) Rolling duffel, $370, carry-on garment bag, $500, and handheld overnight bag, $235, all by Longchamp

Oxford shirt with sunglass cords, $150, and reflective pants, $300, by Samsonite Blacklabel Travel Wear. Luggage: (on arm, from top) Expandable computer bag, $195, by Tumi; waterproof cotton garment bag, $345, by Tardini. (on cart, counterclockwise from top) Fabric travel bag with leather trim, $700, by Tardini; Wheel-A-Way packing case in ballistic nylon, $595, T2 duffel, $195, and tri-fold ballistic-nylon garment bag, $395, all by Tumi

Endurance travel suit, $600, by Ted Baker

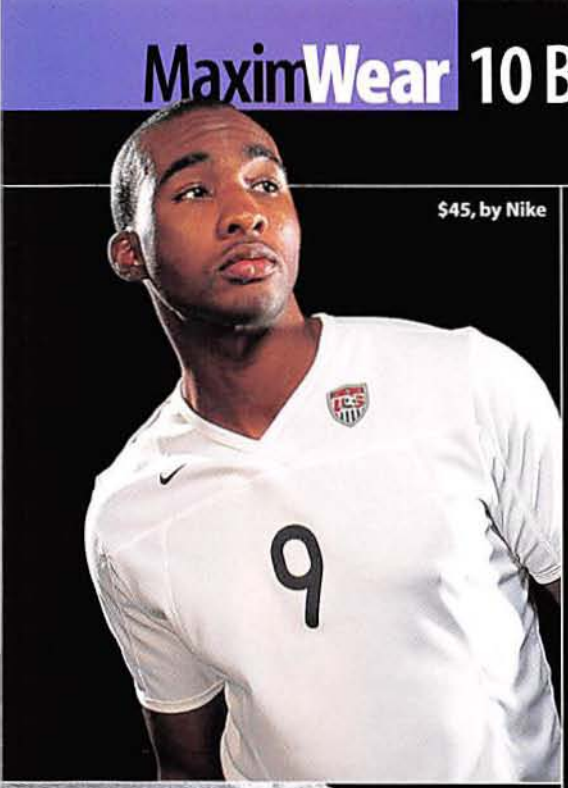
(from left) Vanity case, $575, and silver trolley case, $875, by Samsonite

Wrinkle-resistant shirt, $45, by Claiborne 2.0

Bellows leather laptop bag, $800, by Bill Amberg

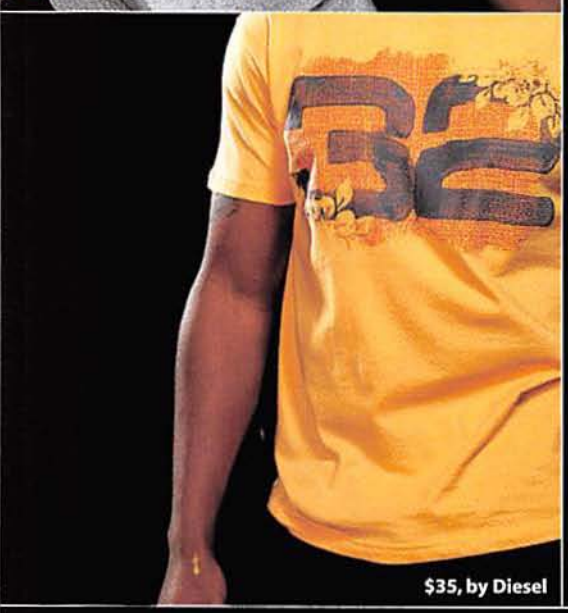
Aspirin-holder cuff links, $75, by Simon Carter

Fashion assistance, Robyn Goldberg; fashion intern, Christine Todd; model, Trey Riley for Zoli. For buying information, see page 182.



$45, by Nike

$12.99, by B.U.M. Equipment



$35, by Diesel

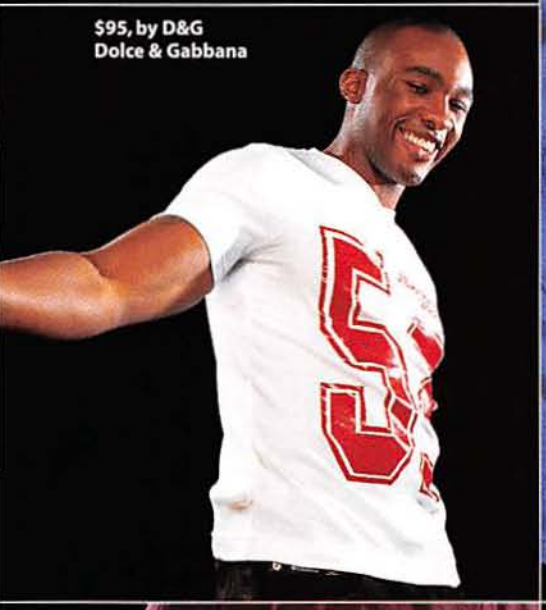
$19, by Levi's

Your Lucky Number

Count down the top 10 T-shirts for summer.

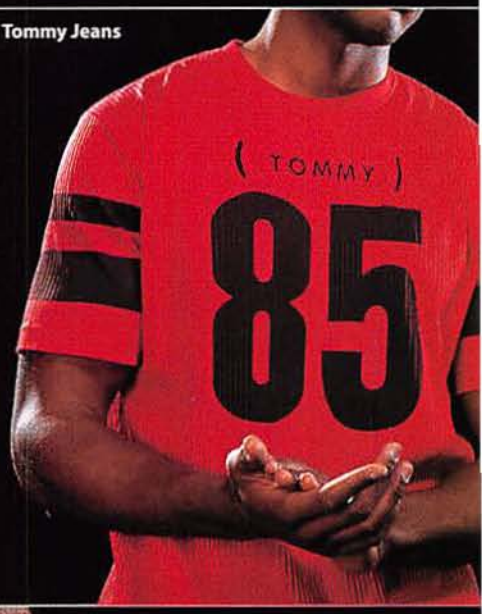
Photographs by Adam Weiss Styling by Robyn Goldberg

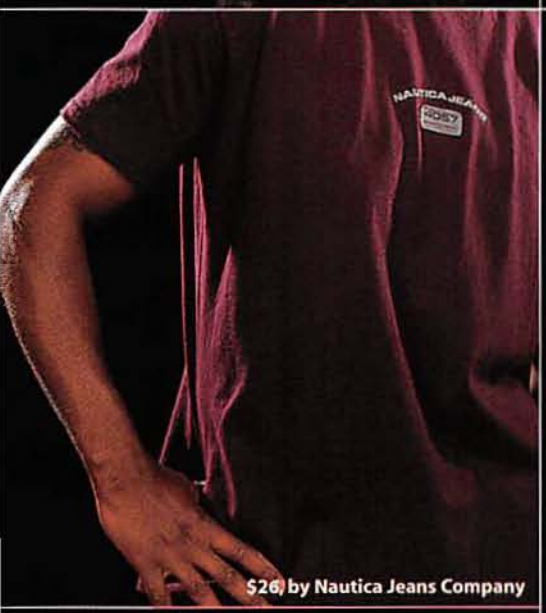
$95, by D&G
Dolce & Gabbana



$20, by Puma

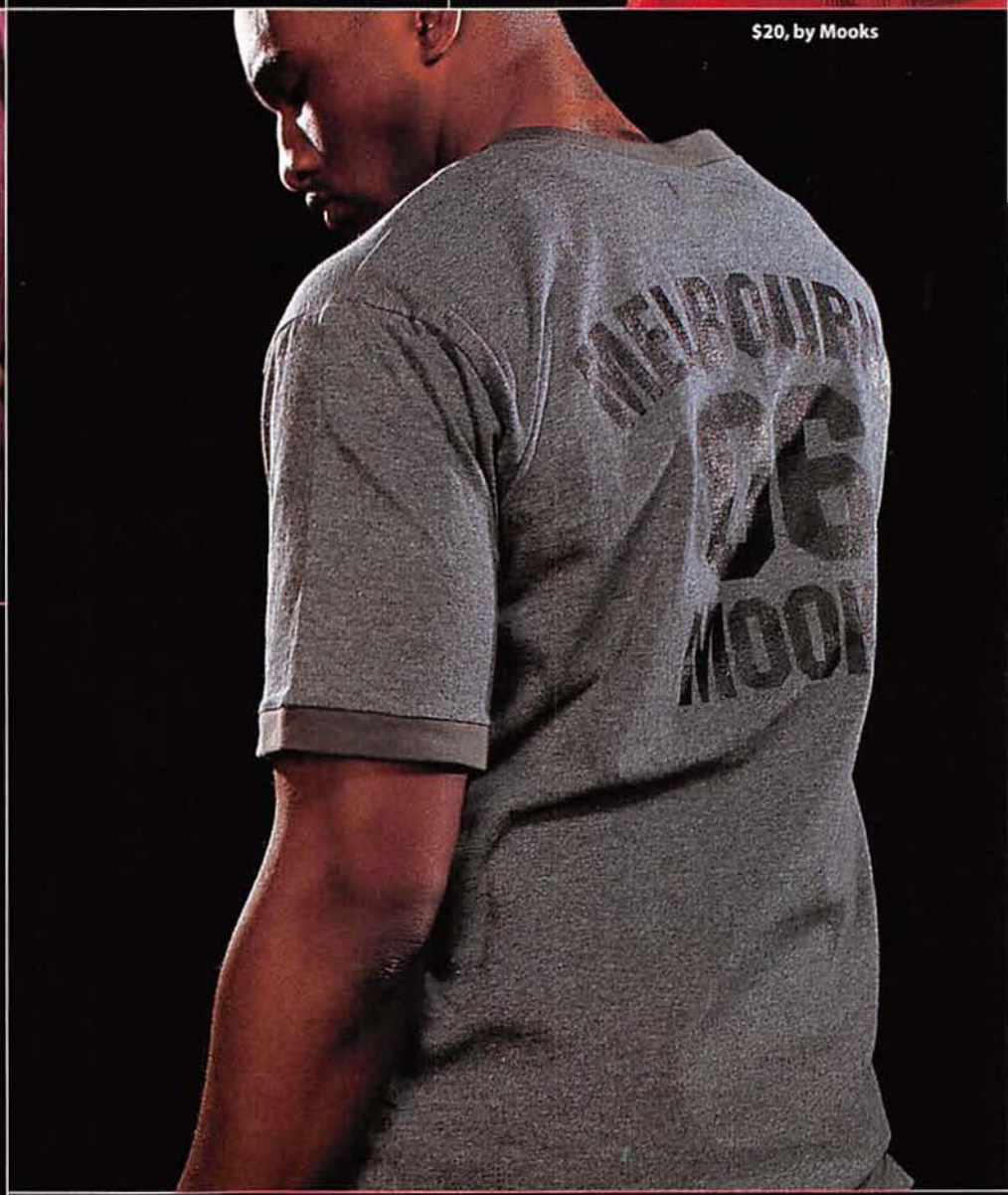
$34, by Tommy Jeans



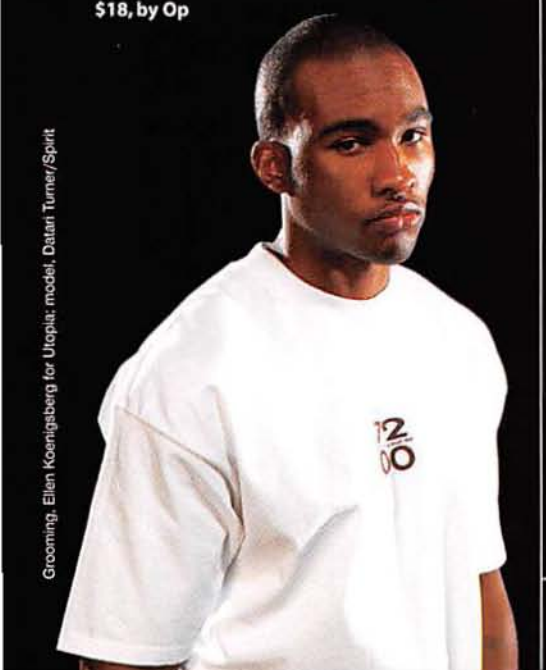


$26, by Nautica Jeans Company

$20, by Mooks



$18, by Op



Grooming: Ellen Koenigsberg for Utopia; model: Datari Turner/Spirit

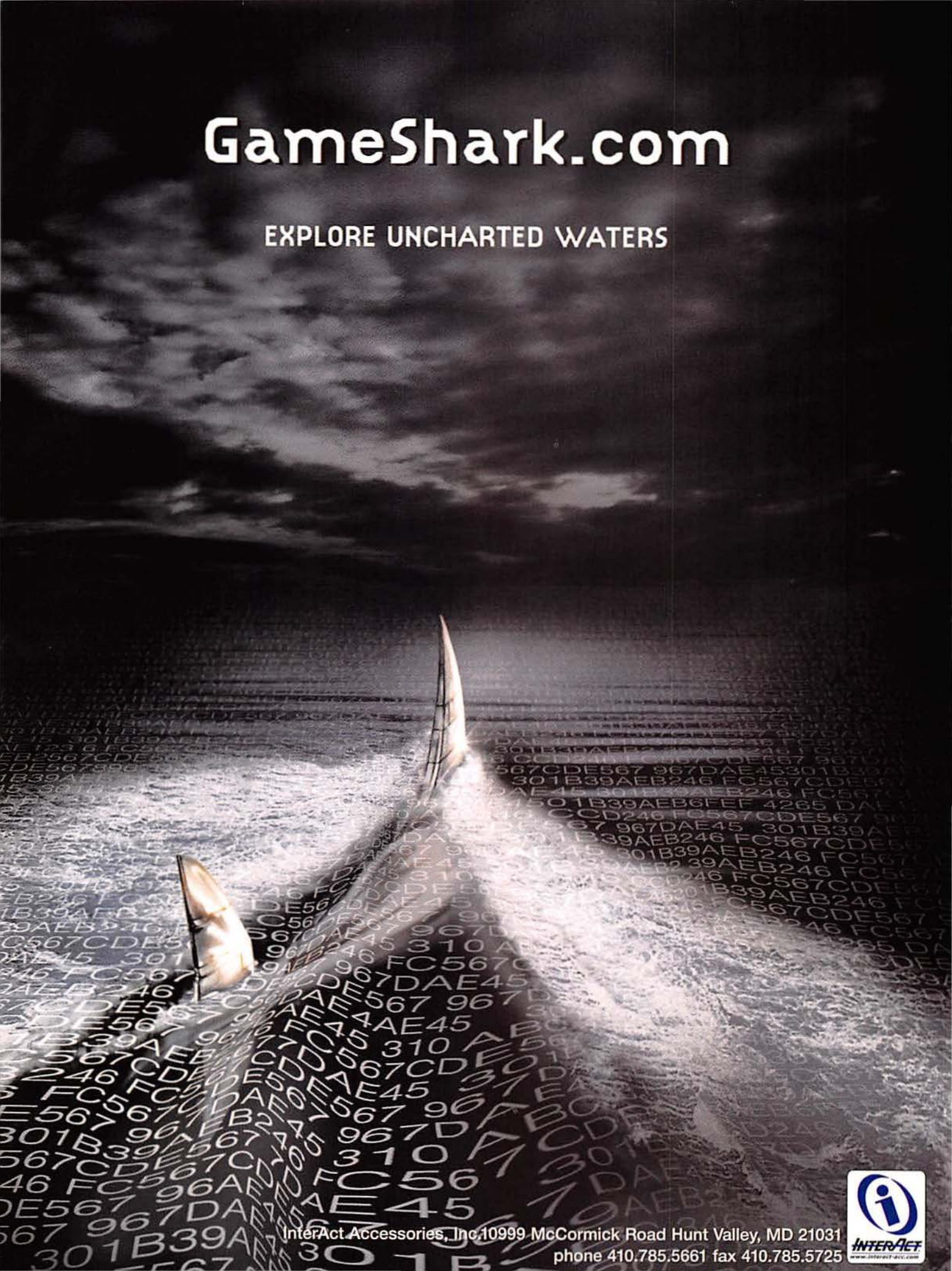
For buying information, see page 182.

All that glitters just might be gold. Shade the sun with this 22-karat hardware from L.A. Eyeworks, $380.

Liquid Gold

Photograph by Eran Offek

For buying information, see page 182.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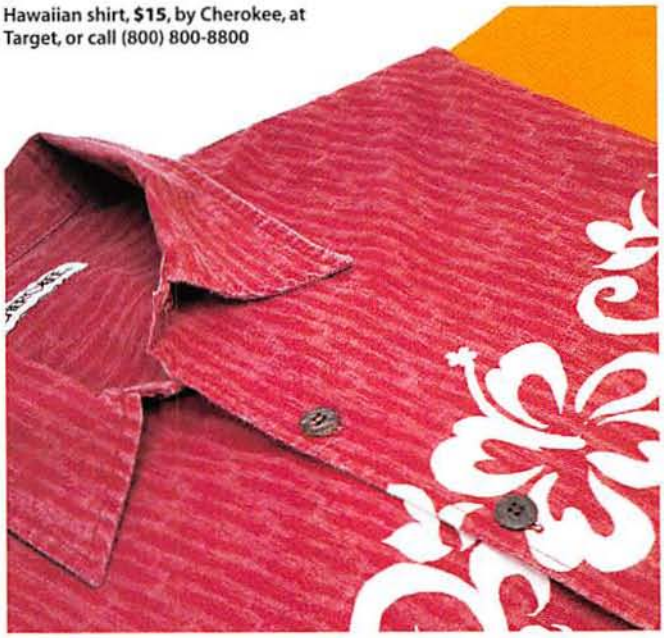
Silk bucket hat, **$59**, by Silversilk; visit www.citistuff.com

Jet Stream Turbulence shoe, **$68**, by Skechers; visit www.skechers.com

Jeans, **$58**, by Mavi, at Mavi store, NYC, and Nordstrom

Hawaiian shirt, **$15**, by Cherokee, at Target, or call (800) 800-8800



Dollar daze

Save your money for brewskis on the beach and check out these budget-savers.

Photographs by Eran Offek Styling by Robyn Goldberg

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(FOR YOUR CAR, THAT IS.)

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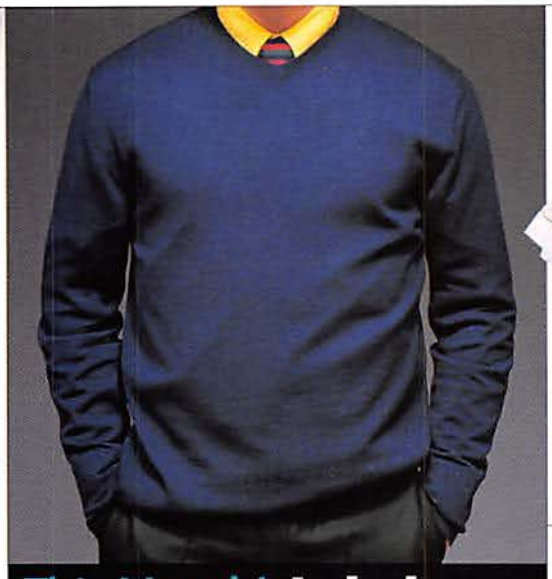

This Month's Label

It's only rock'n'roll? Not to Sandy Dalal. Sure, top rockers like Aerosmith, Beck, and the Foo Fighters clamor for his clothes, but the 23-year-old designer is also a favorite of comic Chris Rock. Try on his bold designs in top-quality fabrics at Barneys New York, Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Louis Boston.

Cut Me Some Slacks

A waist is a terrible thing to mind. Try these hidden-expansion pants before your next big feed and let the good times roll. The $70 trousers, by Louis Raphael, let themselves out as much as two inches.

Aw, Vucket

Is it a hat? Is it a visor? Is it a Frisbee? No! It's a Vucket, an open-air lid that guards your eyes but keeps air flowing to your noggin. It retails for $12.99 and can be found at Lids stores nationwide; or log on to www.lids.com.

Career Grill

What kind of man brings a briefcase to the beach? The kind who enjoys a perfectly grilled steak, thanks to Williams-Sonoma's portable BBQ grill. Get yours for $299 by calling (800) 541-2233, or visit www.williams sonoma.com.

Name Your Price

In the market for a cool summer slide? Whether it's from Cyclonic, Cole Haan, or Patrick Cox, you'll find a pair that suits your style *and* your budget.

Photographs, Mark Weiss
For buying information, see page 182.

Nashville Pussy "High As Hell"
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No purchase necessary. Must be a legal US resident 18 years of age or older. Contest ends 7/10/2000. Void where prohibited by law. For complete details and a list of the official rules visit www.maximonline.com/webercontest or send a self-addressed envelope to "Weber Contest Rules", Maxim Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Fl, New York, NY 10018.

BUYING GUIDE

SUMMER AND SMOKE

Page 162: Shirt, $138, and pants, $210, by Richard Edwards, at Jeffrey New York; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; and Rolo, San Francisco; or visit www.richardedwardsnyc.com.

Page 164: Shirt, $110, and pants, $165, by Moschino Jeans Uomo, at Moschino stores, NYC and L.A.; Untitled, NYC; Azul, Coconut Grove and South Beach Miami, FL; Outline, Baltimore; and No Problem, L.A.

Page 165: Sweater, $630, shirt, $330, pants, $1,350, and shoes, $350, by Prada, at Prada stores, Chicago and Beverly Hills; or call (888) 977-1900.

Page 166: Suit, $775, by Tommy Hilfiger, call (800) 888-9902. Shirt, $46, by Ben Sherman, at The Buckle, Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, and Urban Outfitters.

Page 167: Sweater, $685, shirt, $260, and trousers, $430, by Burberry/Prorsum, at select Burberry and Barneys New York stores.

Page 168: Jacket, $770, shirt, $200, trousers, $230, and shoes, $280, by D&G Dolce & Gabbana, at D&G stores, L.A. and NYC.

Page 169: Shirt, $165, and trousers, $325, by Sandy Dalal, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Barneys New York, NYC and Beverly Hills; and Louis Boston. Shoes, $370, by Fratelli Rosetti, at Fratelli Rosetti stores, NYC and Chicago; or call (212) 888-5107.

INSTANT UPGRADE

Page 170: (clockwise, from top) Moccasins, $245, by Tod's, call (800) 457-TODS. Jacket, $350, by New Man, at New Man stores and select specialty stores; or call (888) 479-9900. (from left) Watch, $375, by Bulova, call (800) A-BULOVA; or visit www.bulova.com. Watch $1,995, by Oris, at Tourneau, NYC; Feldmar, Beverly Hills; and DeBoulle, Dallas.

Page 171: Trench coat, $950, sweater, $135, and trousers, $195, by Burberry/Prorsum, at Burberry stores. Luggage: (counterclockwise from top) Duffel, $370, garment bag, $500, and overnight, $235, all by Longchamp, call (877) LONGCHAMP.

Page 172: (clockwise from top left) Bag, $800, by Bill Amberg, at Bill Amberg, NYC. Suit, $600, by Ted Baker, at Nordstrom, Midwest; Mario's; Ron Robinson; Ted Baker, NYC; and Fred Segal. (from left) Vanity case, $575, by Samsonite, by special order, call (212) 888-7442. Trolley case, $875, by Samsonite, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Fred Segal, Santa Monica; and Jeffrey New York. Shirt, $45, by Claiborne 2.0, at Lord & Taylor and Macy's. Cuff links, $75, by Simon Carter, at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, and Barneys New York.

Page 173: Shirt, $150, and pants, $300, by Samsonite Blacklabel Travel Wear, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Jeffrey New York, and Fred Segal. Luggage: (on arm, from top) Computer bag, $195, by Tumi, call (800) 322-TUMI. Garment bag, $345, by Tardini, at Takishimaya, NYC; and Tardini shop, NYC; or call (888) 549-5577. Luggage, on cart: (counterclockwise, from top) Bag, $700, by Tardini, at Takishimaya, NYC; and Tardini shop, NYC; or call (888) 549-5577. Packing case, $595, duffel, $195, and garment bag, $395, all by Tumi, call (800) 322-TUMI.

"I poisoned her Siamese Muffy and Cassandra doesn't have a clue."

YOUR LUCKY NUMBER

Page 174–175: Puma, $20, call (800) 782-PUMA. Nike, $45, visit www.nike.com. B.U.M. Equipment, $12.99, at Target and Shopko. Tommy Jeans, $34, at select department stores; or visit www.tommy.com. Diesel, $35, call (877) 4D-DIESEL; or visit www.diesel.com. D&G Dolce & Gabbana, $95, at D&G stores in NYC and L.A. Levi's, call (800) USA-LEVI; or visit www.levi.com. Nautica, $26, at select Marshall Field's, Burdine's, and Lord & Taylor stores; or call (877) NAUTICA. Mooks, $20, call (877) 22MOOKS. Op, $18, at select Dillard's and Kohl's stores.

LIQUID GOLD

Page 176: Eyeglasses, $380, by L.A. Eyeworks, at L.A. Eyeworks, L.A.; Myoptics, NYC; or Modern Age, Philadelphia; or call (800) 348-3337; or visit www.laeyeworks.com

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 180: Cyclonic, $90, at Barneys New York; DDC Lab; American Rag; Rolo, San Francisco; and Zebra Club. Cole Haan, $125, call (800) 201-8001. Patrick Cox, $256, at Bastille Shoes, Salt Lake City.

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p.38: Purple cotton camisole by Kieran available at Curve LA, white bikini bottoms by La Perla**p.84-85:**ivory silk slip dress by Sara's Lingerie, Encino, CA; **p.86:** white fur wrap by Somber Furs, Beverly Hills, CA; **p.87:**strappy shoes by Manolo Blahnik available from Montana Rader, jewelry provided by Imelda's Closet, NYC; **p.88:**white fur cropped jkt. by Somber Furs, Beverly Hills, CA, white lace briefs by Sara's Lingerie, Encino, CA**p.92:**black long sleeve cotton shirt by Gucci, cranberry leather jacket by Marc Jacobs, platinum watch by Harry Winston, Platinum cigar; **p.93:**suit by Burdi Clothing, Chicago, Illinois; **p.94:**black biker jacket by Allessandro Del'Acqua from H. Lorenzo, Beverly Hills; **p.97:**denim suit, blue t-shirt by Phat Farm; **p.98:**on Olim, baby blue v-neck reversible sweater by Pal Zaleri, khaki pant by Gucci, socks by Gene Meyer; on Scott, camel cashmere sweater, khaki pants by Ralph Lauren Polo Collection**p.102-103:**on blonde, lingerie by Natori II; on brunette, bikini by XOXO Swim; **p.104:**bikini by OMO by Norma Kamali; **p.106:**bikinis by LaPerla; **p.108:**bikini by OMO by Norma Kamali:**p.150-151:**top, Plein Sud; bra, Shan; skirt available at Lisa Klein, LA **p.152:**bra, Shan **p.154:**dress, Ultra Ozbek **p.156:**top & skirt, Plein Sud **p.158:**skirt available at Lisa Klein, LA

A Historic First For The New Millennium...

WORLD'S FIRST YEAR 2000 GOLDEN DOLLAR

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on a Giant Quarter-Pound Proof

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A HISTORIC FIRST ...DATED 2000

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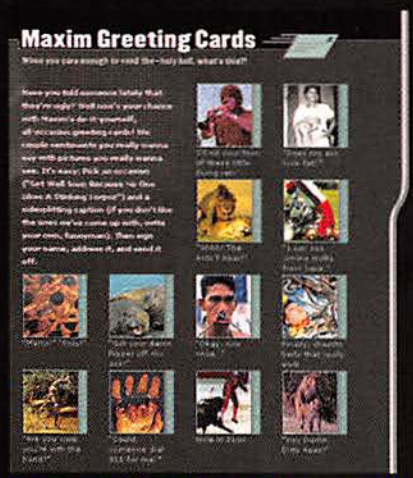

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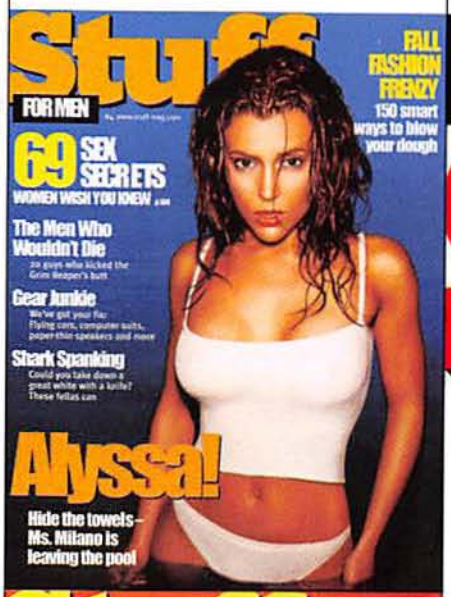

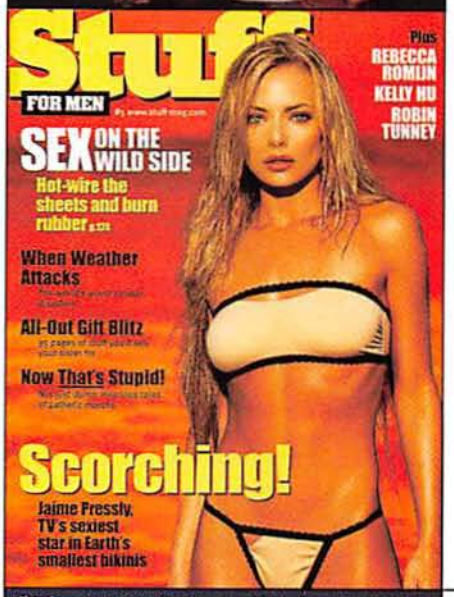

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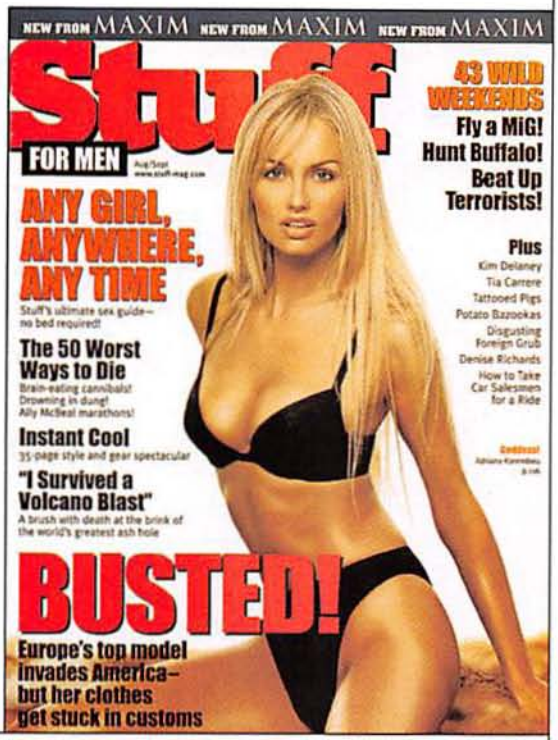
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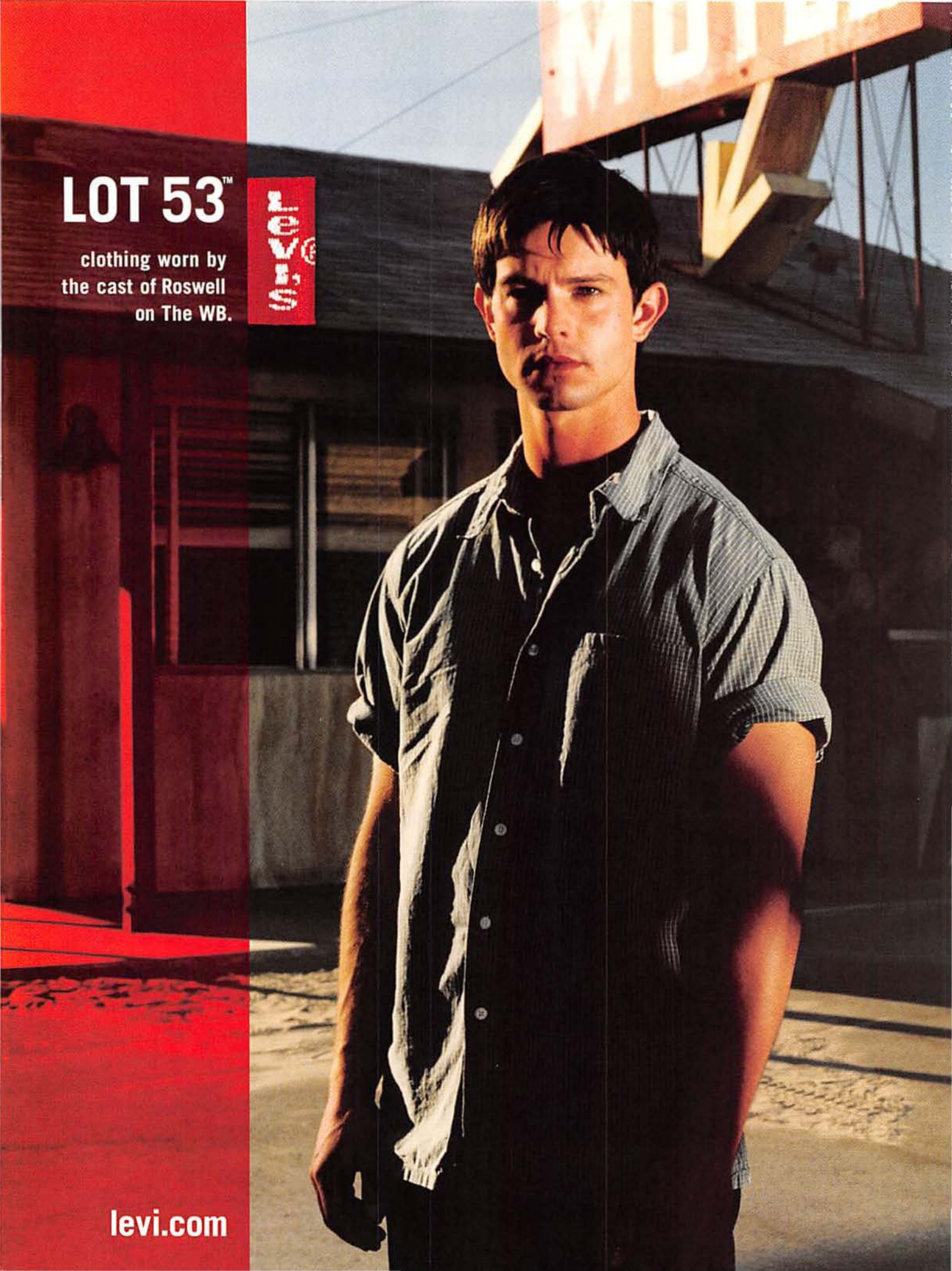
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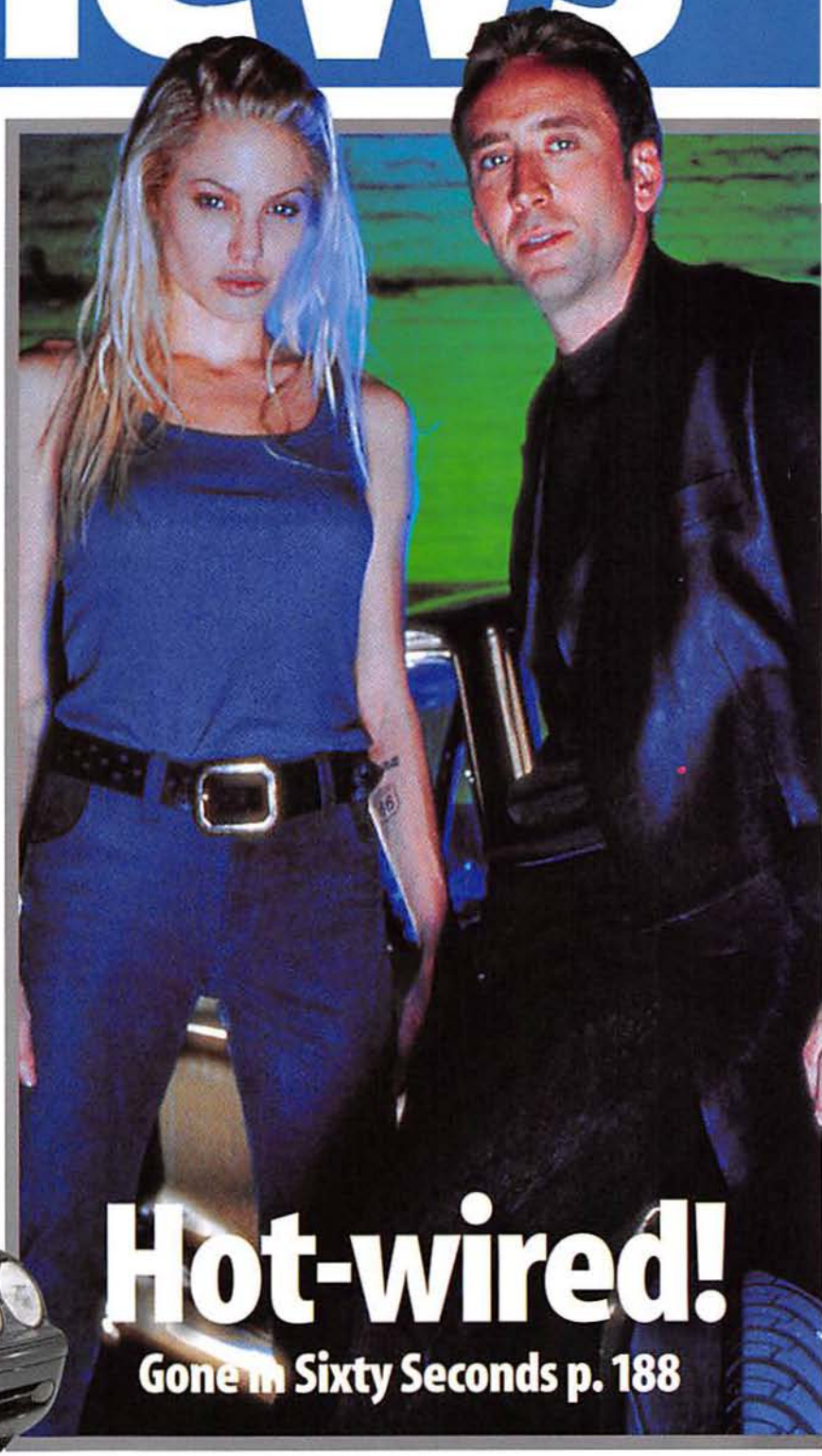
Digital girls we dig **p.194**



Hot-wired!

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Plus in Grinder

- **Maxim's first topless spread! A shining roundup of this year's coolest convertibles** p. 198
- **The strangest meats you'll ever eat** p. 202
- **Kozmo and Urbanfetch in a street fight** p. 204

We hear ya; Nic, it's like staring at the sun, isn't it?

PICTURE THIS

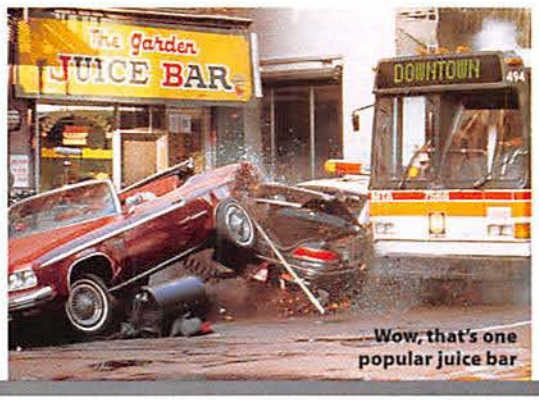
Gone in Sixty Seconds

Supercharged hot rods and Angelina Jolie's hot bod jump-start a cool car-chase caper.

You can trick out a family SUV with all the beverage holders and optional leather packages under the sun, but what your inner speed demon really wants to drive is the kind of Goodyear-smoking muscle machine that Detroit lost the nuts and bolts to make more than 20 years ago. That's why we're running every red light between us and the multiplex for the high-octane remake of '70s cult classic *Gone in Sixty Seconds*.

Nicolas Cage plays Randall "Memphis" Raines, a legendary car thief who's undeterred by fancy alarm systems or—snicker—The Club. (Cage does much of his own stunt driving, in a supercool '67 Shelby Mustang GT500.) Luckily for his neighbors' insurance rates, Raines has quit the "profession." Unluckily, his little brother Kip (Giovanni Ribisi) carries on the grand-theft tradition, and in the first of a half-dozen fuel-injected chase scenes, leads the fuzz back to his ring's chop shop. His pissed-off boss gives Kip a choice—steal 50 autos in 24 hours or die. And we ain't talking Yugos here; just try boosting a '62 Aston Martin DB1, a '71 Plymouth Hemi Cuda, and an '87 Ferrari Testarosa from your local Wal-Mart parking lot.

To save his sibling's ass, Raines rounds up his old gang, including master mechanic Robert Duvall and old flame Angelina Jolie—the perfect back-seat accessory. With Cage, Jolie, and Duvall owning an Oscar apiece, it shouldn't come as too big a shock that in the film's few quiet moments, they actually find a heart beating beneath all the chrome and horsepower. Once the thieving starts, however, the movie really shifts into overdrive. The extended chase sequences push the limits of big-screen vehicular mayhem (check out the cop-cruiser-vs.-wrecking-ball showdown) but, fortunately, aren't as frenetic as Cage's migraine-inducing spin in *The Rock*. *Gone in Sixty Seconds* will bring out the vicarious car thief in practically everyone; just resist making those embarrassing *vroom-vroom* noises until you're out of the theater. (Touchstone, June 9)—*Steven Russell*



Wow, that's one popular juice bar

FLICK FLAK

Fast-Forward

Cut to the chase!—with the coolest, most obscure chase scenes on four wheels.

You've watched the chase scenes in *The Blues Brothers*, *Bullitt*, and *The French Connection* so many times, you should have your Blockbuster card revoked. Next time check out these overlooked smash-ups, ranked by gear-grinding glory.

1. RONIN (1998) Robert De Niro and four other mercenaries in fancy Euro sedans gun for four cars they're following, treating the streets of a chichi French resort town as if they were the site of a backwoods demolition derby. **Chase cliché:** A fishmonger's stall, a roadside flower stand, and a sidewalk café all wind up on the grille. **Overdrive moment:** Who needs a passing lane when you've got a sunroof-launched bazooka?

2. THE SEVEN-UPS (1973) Supercop Roy Scheider hunts the hoodlums who wasted one of his men, creating a symphony of squealing tires and roaring engines on the gritty streets of NYC. **Chase cliché:** Good thing those schoolkids have such fast reflexes. **Overdrive moment:** Seconds after having his hood blown off by a shotgun, Scheider slams into the back of a tractor-trailer rig, losing his top but keeping his head.

3. TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. (1985) Crooked cop William L. Petersen flees a bust-gone-bad in an LAPD junker, FBI agents closing in from all sides. **Chase cliché:** If you don't want to dodge forklifts, don't drive through a warehouse district. **Overdrive moment:** Flooring it the wrong way through oncoming traffic on a busy interstate, our anti-hero has the balls to scream "Get out of the way!" at a jackknifing 18-wheeler.

4. THE HIDDEN (1987) Not many sci-fi flicks have car-chase scenes, perhaps because not many alien slug monsters swipe Ferraris and run from cops through Hollywood. **Chase cliché:** What is it about panes of glass being carried across the street? In this one the deliverymen get smashed, too. **Overdrive moment:** Alien Andretti has a close encounter with a barricade of shotgun-wielding lawmen. E.T., phone your Allstate agent.

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Mission: Impossible 2 (Paramount) Release date: May 24	Tom Cruise, Thandie Newton, Anthony Hopkins, Ving Rhames	IMF agent Ethan Hunt (Cruise) is back with new gadgets, a sultry new partner (Newton), and a new director (Hong Kong action guru John Woo).	The best part about being a secret agent is getting your briefs declassified—especially by an *Über*-hottie like Thandie. Cruise as a face-kicking, bullet-spraying tough guy? Affirmative.	Woo-hoo! The first *MI* self-destructed (OK, fizzled), but with the modern action director at the helm of the sequel, we're eager to get in the *Mission* position again.
	Shanghai Noon (Touchstone) Release date: May 26	Jackie Chan, Owen Wilson, Lucy Liu	It's *Rush Hour* on a stagecoach as a martial artist and his American sidekick battle gunslingers in the Old West.	Plenty of cowpokes get their clocks punched.	Go, Grasshopper. The formula may be blander than a bowl of rice, but the chance to see Chan dismantle a saloon is too good to pass up.
	Shaft (Paramount) Release date: June 16	Samuel L. Jackson, Vanessa Williams, Busta Rhymes	The '70s black private dick who's a sex machine to all the chicks is back, this time in a big-budget, modern-day remake starring a bald Jackson as the bad mutha—	Shut yo' mouth!	Talk about daft. A gold mine for nostalgic blaxploitation buffs, but we're against digging up an icon who forever belongs in the era of big 'fros and foxy hos.
	Titan A.E. (20th Century Fox) Release date: June 16	Voices of: Matt Damon, Drew Barrymore, Bill Pullman	No lion kings and little mermaids here; this cartoon is about a teenager searching the cosmos for a spaceship to battle nasty aliens who are exterminating humanity.	The survivors are too busy dodging lasers to repopulate the species. Earth gets blown up like a rusty Pinto.	'Toon out. The edgy, futuristic animation *is* pretty damned cool, but we just can't seem to sit through cartoons that don't star a wisecracking wabbit.
	Me, Myself & Irene (20th Century Fox) Release date: June 23	Jim Carrey, Renée Zellweger	When a schizoid cop goes off his medication, his split personalities (one mild, one wild) fight it out over the same confused babe.	This is from those sick-fuck Farrelly brothers, so count on plenty of flying bodily fluids and neck-snapping slapstick.	Go! Don't go! It's hilarious! It sucks! No, really, we hear voices, and they say this is the summer's funniest movie about mental illness. Shut up! No, *you* shut up!
	Chicken Run (DreamWorks) Release date: June 23	Voices of: Mel Gibson, Julia Sawalha, Miranda Richardson	Clay-animated cluckers stage madcap escapes from the concentration camp—like Tweedy's Chicken Farm.	A rooster does chickens right. It's a dog-eat-poultry world.	Why did the chicken cross the road? We don't know, but we doubt it was to pay seven dollars to see this.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Rewind? No problem. Be kind? They wish.

Sleepy Hollow It's 1799, and a prissy New York City detective (Johnny Depp) is sent to a spooky, remote village to investigate stories of a ghostly horseman on a beheading binge. The first cut is always the deepest, but this visually cool gorefest is worth a second look. (May 23)

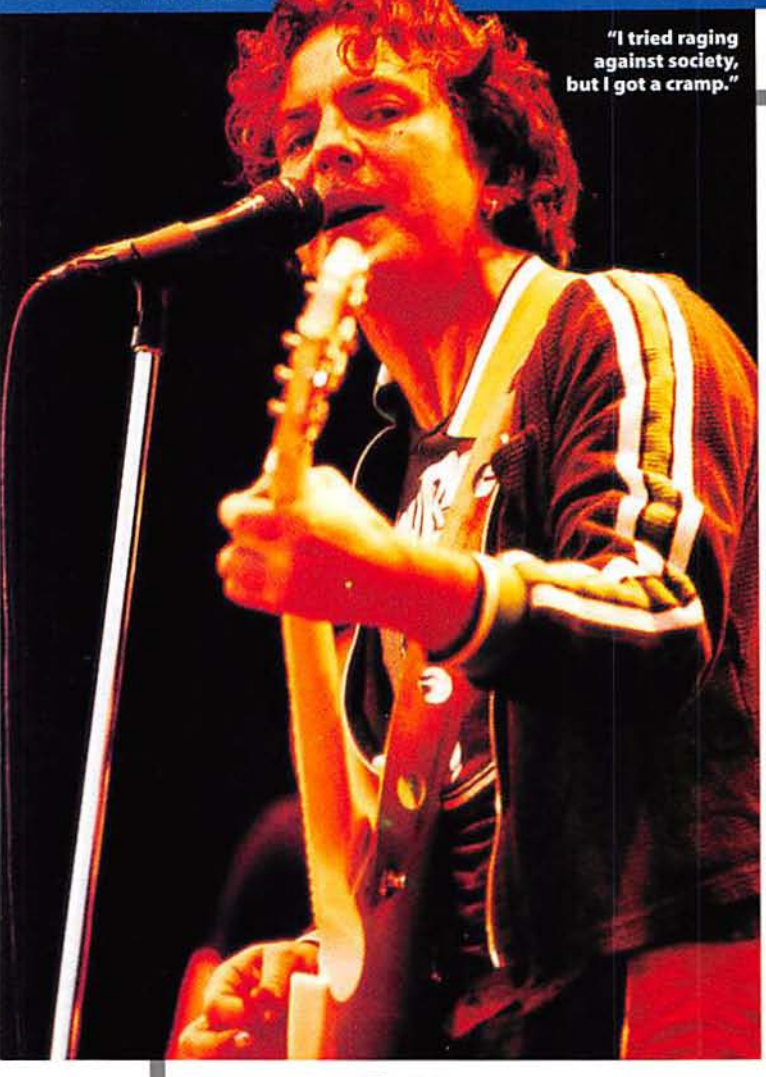
Man on the Moon Wonder why comics worship dead bizarro *Taxi* star Andy Kaufman? Then watch Jim Carrey channel him in this overlooked biopic, laugh your ass off, and tank us veddy much. (May 30)

Girl, Interrupted Winona Ryder is a teen who swallows too many pills, lands in a posh nut house, and learns about life from other loony ladies, including sexy sociopath Angelina Jolie. Pass those pills, please. (June 6)

Bicentennial Man Robin Williams plays an android that observes its owners to learn more about human emotions. Boy, he's come a long way since *Mork & Mindy*, huh? (June 13)

Anna and the King A proper English widow (Jodie Foster) is hired by the King of Siam (Chow Yun-Fat) to teach his dozens of children, and she can't keep her limey nose out of his royal business. We could have yawned all night. (June 20)

Illustration, Shawn Barber


"I tried raging against society, but I got a cramp."

Pearl Jam

Binaural (Epic)

Pearl Jam's debut record exploded onto the scene with the force of an adolescent boy who had just stumbled across a nudist beach, but none of the band's four original albums since 1991's *Ten* have come close matching its impact. If their latest, *Binaural*, makes any statement at all, it's that grunge's last standing superstars don't give a crap: They're not trying to compete with teen popsters for chart supremacy (just try to picture them hanging with Carson Daly on *Total Request Live*); these guys are in it for the long haul. The results don't always come together, but when they do it is still something to behold. The explosive opener, "Breakherfall," finds the group tapping into its punk influences, while the bluesy, sludgy guitars of "Nothing as It Seems" make it sound as if Seattle has been packed up and FedEx'd to the Mississippi Delta. If there's one drawback to *Binaural*, it's the band's hesitation to cut loose more often. While Eddie Vedder's ukulele-strumming solo turn on "Soon Forget" is weirdly effective, one yearns for a few more balls-out rockers. Just because Pearl Jam is no longer trying to blow up the Top 40 doesn't mean they can't try to light a fire under their fans' asses once in a while.—*Steve Baltin*

Steve Earle

Transcendental Blues (E-Squared/Artemis)

Country-rock shitkicker Steve Earle's been through jail, rehab, and more car wrecks than Dale Earnhardt, but he's not dead yet. His latest, a harrowing blend of country, folk, bluegrass, and rock, bares the scars of his personal battles. Across songs of survival that echo with the spirit of many of his heroes (Cash, Dylan, Springsteen, and even the Beatles), it's Earle's own gruff voice that comes through loud and clear, making him sound like a guy who's been to hell and come back with a really good story to tell.—*David Peisner*

The Tragically Hip

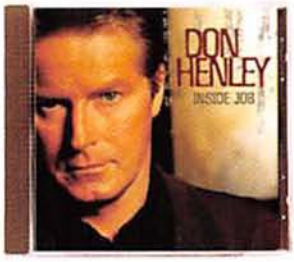
Music @ Work (London/Sire)

Like those pesky French, who feed tourists snails while scarfing cheeseburgers, Canada has shoveled manure like Celine Dion on us and kept its good music close to home. But the guitar rock of The Tragically Hip could not stay a secret forever. Their ninth album, *Music @ Work*, is way better than the Matchbox/Third Eye/Dolls drivel that dominates American modern rock radio, with tracks such as "Freak Turbulence" capturing the energy that has made them one of the best concert bands in any country. To miss that would be, well, a tragedy.—*Charles Coxe*

Olive

Trickle (Maverick)

British duo Olive concocts a brand of lush trip-hop that, like scented candles and edible panties, can seem to make a lot of sense during late-night bedroom antics. Unfortunately, their second album wilts a bit in the harsh light of day. *Trickle*'s slinky Sade-gone-electronic mix is loaded with moody melodies and sultry grooves that glide along effortlessly enough, but the by-the-book beats are as about as exciting as the Valium-prescription pap you'd hear wafting from the speakers at your mother's health spa. And that's the pits.—*D.P.*



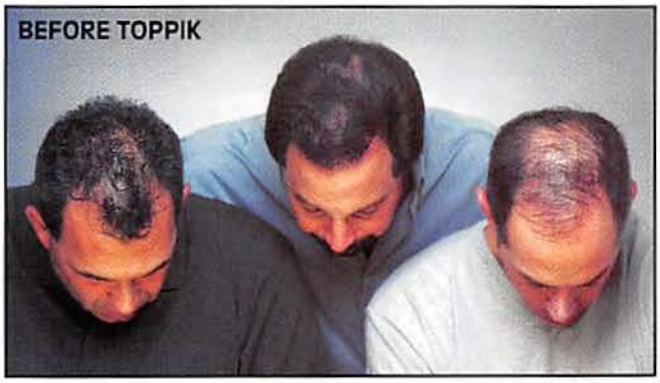
Don Henley

Inside Job (Warner Bros.)

We're down with Don's mission to save Mother Earth—it's his hackneyed music that makes us want to drown ourselves in Walden Pond. His first album in more than a decade (hey, he's been busy saving the world) is loaded with ballads so lethargic, they make his last hit, "The End of the Innocence," sound like speed metal. And half-hearted stabs at funk and soul won't sell his eco-preaching to the unconverted. VH1 may eat this up, but it's clear that this Eagle has turned into a lame duck.—*D.P.*

Holey shit

CD Photograph, Robert Glasgow



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Mark Kress (center) created Toppik to solve his own thinning hair problem. After putting Toppik to the test, CNN reported that..."it's incredible ...and you can't even tell." With Toppik, nobody will ever suspect that you had a balding or thinning problem.

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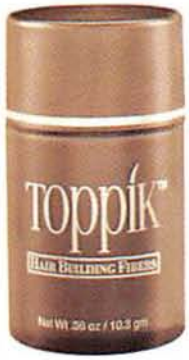

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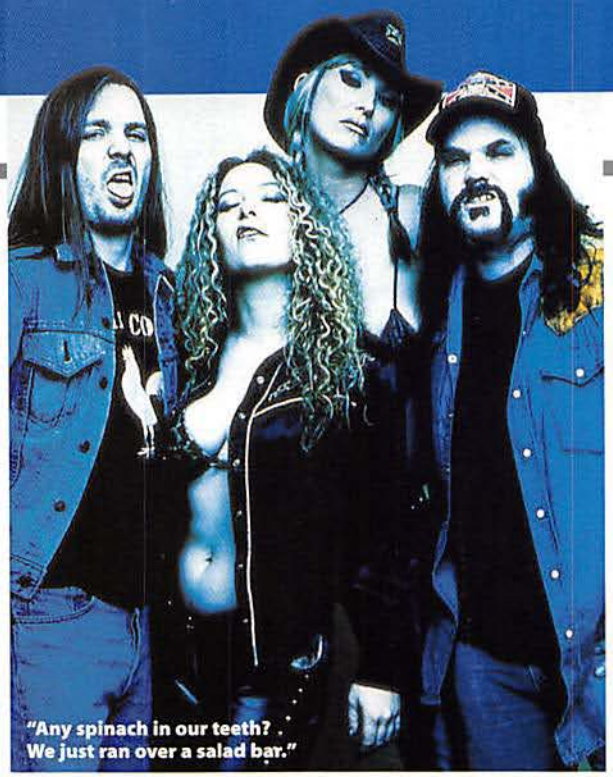
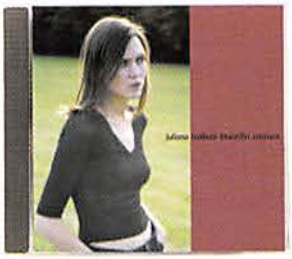


"Any spinach in our teeth? We just ran over a salad bar."

Nashville Pussy
High as Hell (TVT Records)

Think rock'n'roll is feeling a tad tame? Then get your trembling hands on a little Nashville Pussy. Bookended by a trailer-park temptress on guitar and a fire-belching 6'5" beauty on bass, Pussy pounds like a cross between AC/DC and Lynyrd Skynyrd, complete with a lucky dude on vocals who sings like he chews shot glasses for breakfast. Not surprisingly, such a redneck circus is more fun in a sweaty juke joint than on any record, but with anthems like "Struttin' Cock" and "Blowjob from a Rattlesnake," this is still some Pussy worth getting whipped by.—*Victor Blair*



Juliana Hatfield
Beautiful Creature (Zoe/Rounder)

When she first surfaced, Juliana Hatfield got as much attention for revealing she was a 25-year-old virgin as for her spiky post-punk pop. Eight years later, and several albums past her Blake Babies cult fame, *Beautiful Creature* finds her without the virginity or the noise, but only rarely missing either. Whether mourning a junkie ex-boyfriend ("I say it's me or drugs/You choose drugs") or merely missing having sex with him ("You once had me on that floor...sweet lay"), Hatfield finds humor in her relationship hell and, in doing so, keeps even her laziest acoustic strummers from getting bogged down or boring. File this one under Waifs with Attitude.–*D.P.*

CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

Louise Post, of Veruca Salt

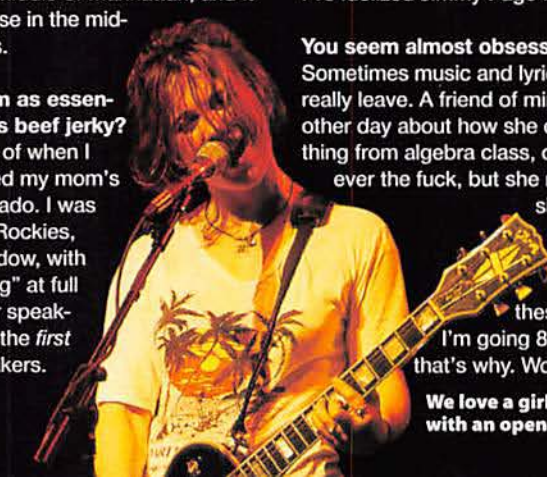
***Led Zeppelin III* (1970)**

So you still like getting the Led out?
Hell, yes. That album just blows me away, and it will indefinitely do so. It's really good driving music. I've probably listened to it more in the car than anywhere else, which is what I'm doing right now, actually, heading up the West Coast Highway. I think a good album should take you on a real journey. *Zep III* is an urban record and a rural record: It makes so much sense when listening to it in the middle of Manhattan, and it makes so much sense in the middle of the mountains.

Is having this album as essential to a road trip as beef jerky?
Yeah. It reminds me of when I was 21 and borrowed my mom's car to drive to Colorado. I was driving through the Rockies, hanging out the window, with "The Immigrant Song" at full blast, and I blew her speakers. I think that was the *first* time I blew her speakers.

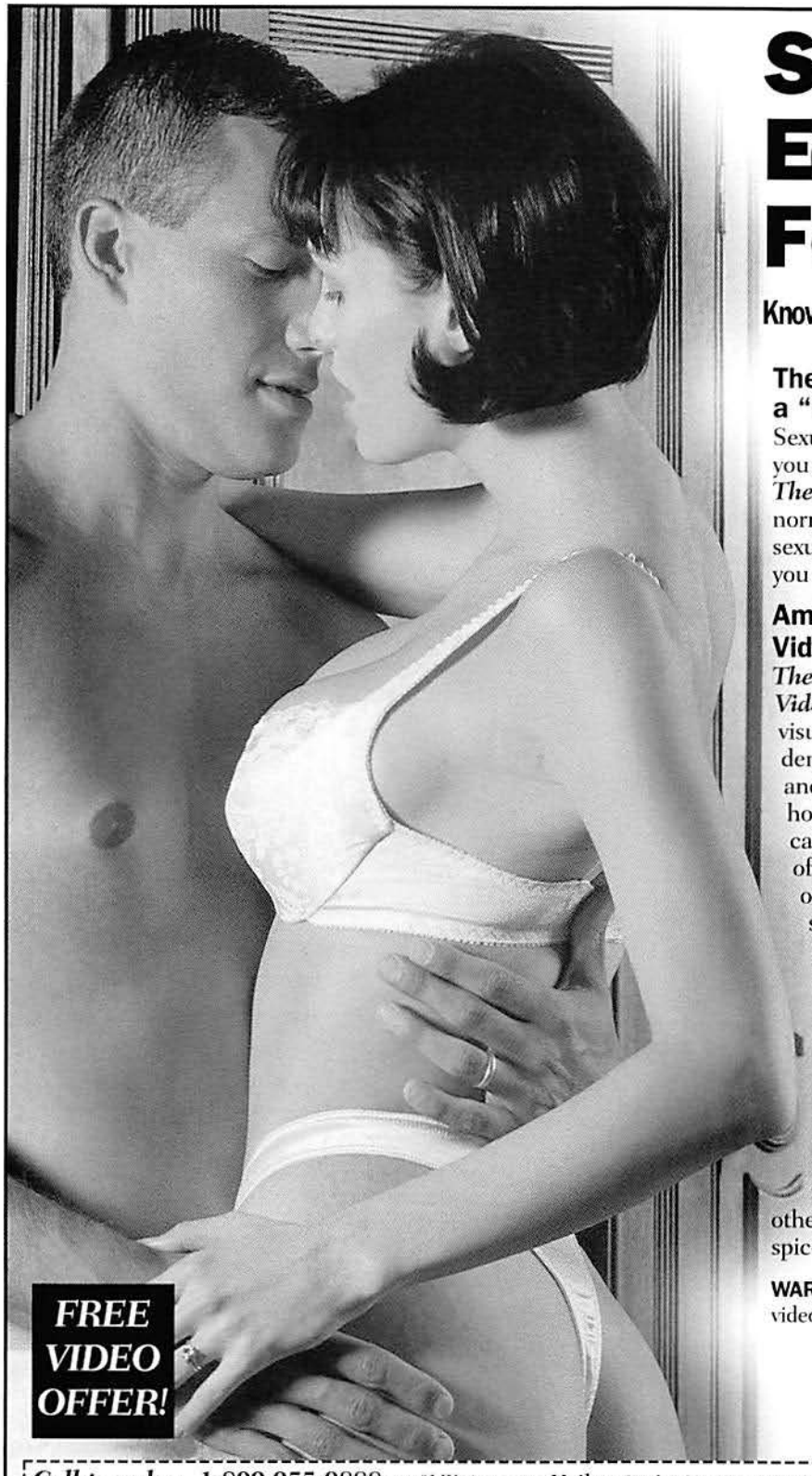
Is that your favorite song on the album?
I have a new favorite song every time I listen to it. I don't like records that you have to skip around on. *Zep III* runs the gamut, sonically and emotionally. It's like each element of the band, each person, is so critical to the whole. The first thing that got me was Robert Plant's voice, of course, and then John Bonham's drums. And I've idolized Jimmy Page forever.

You seem almost obsessive about the album.
Sometimes music and lyrics enter us and never really leave. A friend of mine was talking the other day about how she can't remember anything from algebra class, or pre-calc, or whatever the fuck, but she remembers every single lyric from her favorite songs in seventh grade...Uh, why am I passing all these cars? Oh my God, I'm going 85 miles per hour, that's why. Wooo!



We love a girl who plays with an open G string

CD Photograph, Robert Glasgow



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"Look into my eyes. My eyes. Hello!"

TEASE TIME

Virtual Vixens

Can't control the women in your life? Use a joystick.

Some people say that the gun-totin', high-kickin' female characters in video games possess outrageously exaggerated physiques designed only to titillate horny guys. What's their point?

Fear Effect

(Eidos—PlayStation, PC)

If the future has as many shapely babes wearing tight, space-age polymers as video games depict, we're ready to be flash-frozen now and thawed in 100 years. Until then we'll settle for this *Blade Runner*–ish action-adventure game in which you play as one of three mercenaries—including the only reasonable choice, buxom butt-kicking Hana. To rescue the daughter of a Chinese businessman, Hana descends into the grimy underworld, a great place for blasting dopey gangsters and demonic whores in gory, hyperrealistic fashion. It's hard to tear your eyes from Hana's cleavage, but do so and you'll notice the cool adrenaline meter: The bar grows during fierce gunplay, indicating vulnerability; sneaky kills lower the meter and keep you alive longer. Moral: Length alone won't always get you further with the ladies.

Tomb Raider: The Last Revelation

(Eidos—PlayStation, Dreamcast, PC)

Tomb Raider pretty much pioneered the jugs 'n' guns adventure-game genre, and for that, hey, we're grateful. But aside from a slightly more rounded and realistic Lara Croft, this latest (and last?) version is about as much of a revelation as George Michael admitting he likes guys. Mostly there's just more of the same pulling levers, scurrying around ancient burial sites, and searching for the lost what's-it du jour offered by the previous three versions. And the clunky controls and endless sandstone-block backgrounds are great—if being sealed in a tomb is your idea of a good time. In other words, we'll wait till Angelina Jolie fleshes out our favorite sex-bomb explorer on the big screen for our next Lara Croft fix.

Get me drunk enough and I'll show you level nine

"Geisha? I hardly know ya."

Dead or Alive 2

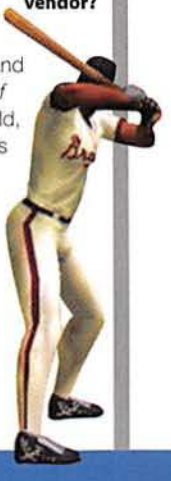
(Tecmo—Dreamcast)

Sometimes our home-video collection of *V.I.P.* episodes can't satisfy the craving for cheap thrills and cheesecake action. That's when we switch to this fast-paced fighting-game sequel. You play as one of 12 characters, including five different lasses whose unique moves and preposterous bazooms are rendered in lovingly detailed 3-D. These gals don't fight fair: Towering Tina thigh-masters her lucky opponents' head, and Ryu can't seem to execute a roundhouse kick without flashing panty. Beyond the jiggled-pixels factor, the furious action comes in standard one-on-one mode or in story mode, in which dialogue such as "You killed my mother!" reveals character history worthy of a Hong Kong melodrama. The best feature of all? Virtual nail polish never cracks, chips, or flakes.—*Alex Porter*

All-Star Baseball 2001

(Acclaim Sports—Nintendo 64)

Why wait until October to see who'll win the World Series? From spring training through a 162-game season and playoffs, the obsessively detailed *All-Star Baseball 2001* lets you out-MVP Derek Jeter, Mark McGwire, and more than 700 other MLB players with quick, responsive action at every position (you'll love the ability to control a pitch—in the air—on its way to a batter). Fenway, Camden Yards, and every other MLB ballpark look so real, you might try to hail a hot-dog vendor in your den. And there's even a *Field of Dreams*–style cornfield, perfect for the game's most intriguing feature—putting a Hall of Fame team (featuring legends such as Reggie Jackson and Nolan Ryan) up against today's spoiled pretty boys. —*Avi Fryman*


Where's the virtual beer vendor?

GAME GEAR

Intellimouse Optical

(Microsoft)

If Microsoft thinks the Justice Department is giving them a rough time, wait till PETA finds out those geeks are castrating mice. Now there's a computer mouse that's had its roller ball yanked out and replaced with an optical sensor that tracks movement with pinpoint accuracy (and emits a cool red light). This means no moving parts to wear down, get gummed up, or otherwise screw up your performance in the middle of a frenzied *Quake* showdown. So now you can really go balls to the wall. ($45)—*A.F.*

"C'mon baby. Give me some tail."

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ESRB

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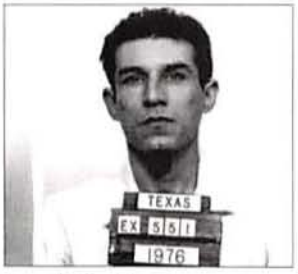
SPORTS

SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

Oh, what a tangled Web they weave. We find the good stuff.

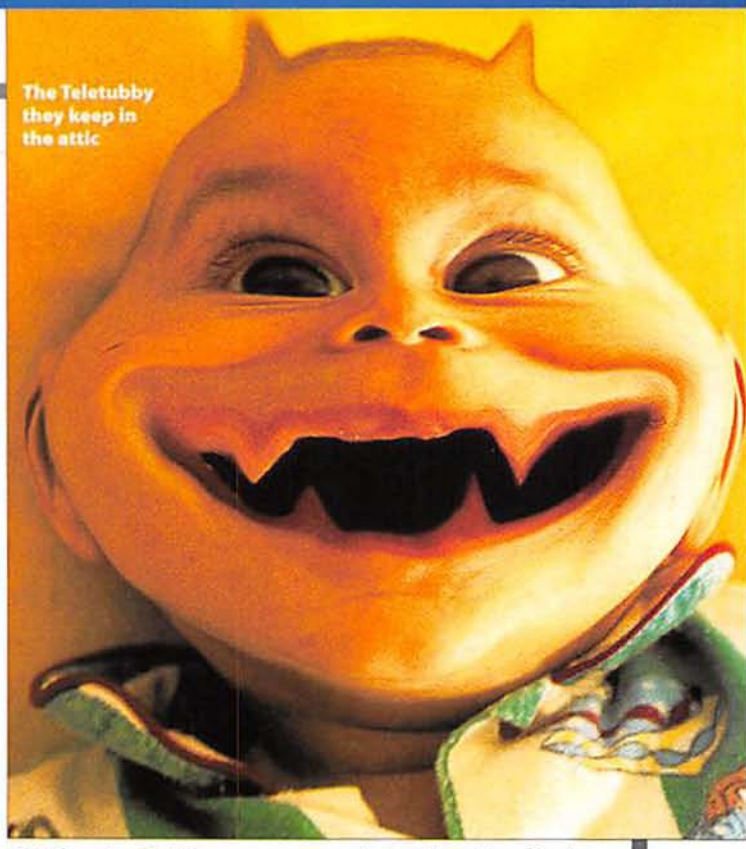


Dead Men Eating

Who says entrées and executions don't go together? The Final Meal Requests page, brought to us by the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, offers details on the last suppers of more than 200 "former" Lone Star State inmates who've pigged out before being put down. So what does a man get a hankering for in his final hours? Mostly the usual suspects like T-bones and fried chicken, though there were a few requests for Frosted Flakes or one flour tortilla and water. We have more respect for the con who demanded 24 tacos, six enchiladas, six tostadas, two onions, five jalapeños, two cheeseburgers, one chocolate shake, and one quart of milk. After all, moments before your lethal injection is no time to worry about a healthy cholesterol level. (www.tdcj.state.tx.us/stat/finalmeals.htm)

Drink-O-Matic

The good news: The after-hours drunken orgy is moving to your place. The bad news: Your party supplies consist of milk, margarine, and four minibar-size bottles of Old Frat Bastard bourbon. No problem. Just log on to iDrink.com and check off whatever random ingredients on its extensive list you have; the site will search its vast database of more than 6,000 drink recipes for one that fits the bill. Want to finally deplete your surplus of Coca-Cola, Pop Rocks, and grain alcohol? Then whip up a tasty pitcher of highly flammable Assfucker 5000+. Other extras include the ability to browse recipes and to enter your own brain-killing concoction. Luckily each drink has been rated by other thirsty thrill seekers, so you'll have some advance warning to call the nearest poison center. (www.idrink.com)



The Teletubby they keep in the attic

Bidding for Babies

Sure, there's some weird shit for auction on eBay, but you can spend hours online searching for a little human flesh with a price tag. That's why we like eBaby, a spoof site that offers contraband bundles of joy to the highest bidder. As the site proclaims, think of eBaby "as a giant dirty alley with men in leather trench coats selling babies, right at your fingertips." Among the bouncing bargain babies are a satanic toddler (only two months old and already speaking in tongues!) and a bacon-flavored infant (perfect for the aging pooch still craving the thrill of the hunt). If such exotic offspring make your own progeny seem boring, you can always auction 'em off for quick cash. (www.discountbabies.com)—*Shane Mooney*

NET GAIN

Download This

Cool crap you can use!

"How do you spell @#%&?"

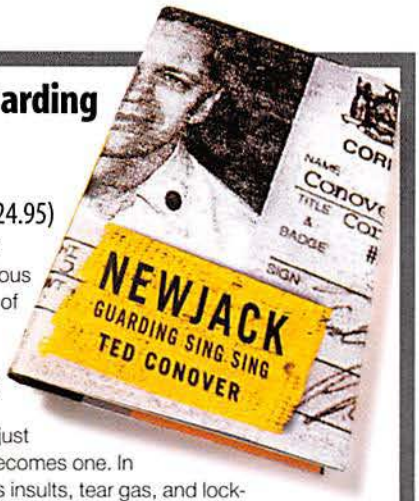
The Fuck You Say?

We all say the F-word, but when was the last time we paused to truly appreciate its near-infinite flexibility? This two-and-a-half-minute audio documentary on the semantics of that most infamous of words declares that "it's the one magical word that just by its sound can describe pain, pleasure, hate, and love." To classical music, the narrator describes the many grammatical categories into which it falls, such as transitive verb ("John fucked Shirley"), part of an adverb ("Shirley talks too fucking much"), and noun ("I don't give a fuck"). We couldn't have fucking said it better ourselves. (www.inter.net.il/~radu/fun-stuff/The-F-Word.wav)

Fake a Break

The boss is busting your balls for goofing off again, but you can't work if your computer is busy, say, scanning for a virus, right? That's where the nifty Nap and Coffee program comes in, displaying a bogus (but realistic) window of your PC debugging or downloading software while you goof off. You can even set the running time.(www.multimania.com/kinkodev/main_eng.html) —*Shane Mooney*

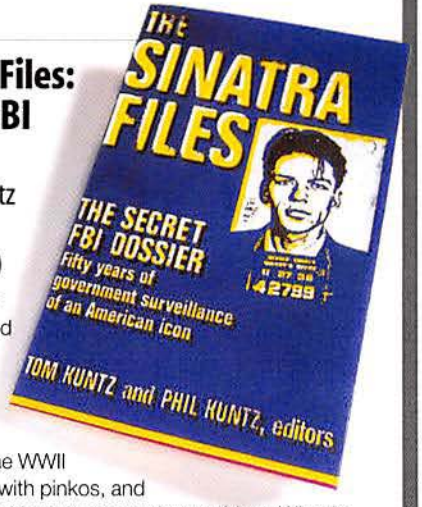
"Shine on, you crazy shoes."



Newjack: Guarding Sing Sing

By Ted Conover
(Random House, $24.95)

When journalist Ted Conover grows curious about how the lives of real prison guards compare with the night-stick-swinging stereotypes in the movies, he doesn't just interview one. He becomes one. In doing so he endures insults, tear gas, and lock-downs...and that's before he even graduates from the training academy. As a rookie guard, or "newjack," Conover lands behind bars at Sing Sing, one of the country's most infamous maximum-security prisons, and finds it a hybrid of Dante's *Inferno* and an old *Night Court* episode. He participates in tense cell searches, listens to a psych-unit inmate warble end-less choruses of "New York, New York," and dreads the con-vict's payback—a bowl of feces flung into a guard's face. In his riveting, well-paced account, Conover struggles to walk the fine line between pushover and tyrant, eventually admitting that being in a position of power and danger brings out "a side of myself I don't like." Maybe so, but we like the arresting story it lets him tell.—*Steven Beeber*


THE SINATRA FILES
THE SECRET FBI DOSSIER
Fifty years of government surveillance of an American icon
TOM KUNTZ and PHIL KUNTZ, editors

The Sinatra Files: The Secret FBI Dossier

Edited by Tom Kuntz and Phil Kuntz
(Times Books, $15)

It's no surprise that Frank Sinatra earned an FBI file larger than J. Edgar Hoover's girdle, considering he allegedly dodged the WWII draft, sympathized with pinkos, and shared mistresses with mobsters and a president. What is surprising is that reading through almost 50 years' worth of declassified documents on Ol' Blue Eyes is about as exciting as pulling surveillance duty in a soybean field. Sure the bureau invaded a private life as intriguing as any lyric the late crooner committed to vinyl: Among *The Sinatra Files*' cooler revela-tions are a 1944 memo detailing his youthful arrest for the "seduction" of a married woman, and a Rat Pack–era report on his rampage through Las Vegas' Sands Hotel after Howard Hughes cut off his gambling credit. The hitch is that the dry-as-dust files, dashed off in G-man gobbledygook and marred by blacked-out censored text, produce a book that lurches around like an unedited VCR manual. In the end Sinatra outlived the FBI's active interest in him, and *The Sinatra Files* outlasts our interest in staying awake.—*Craig Stephenson*

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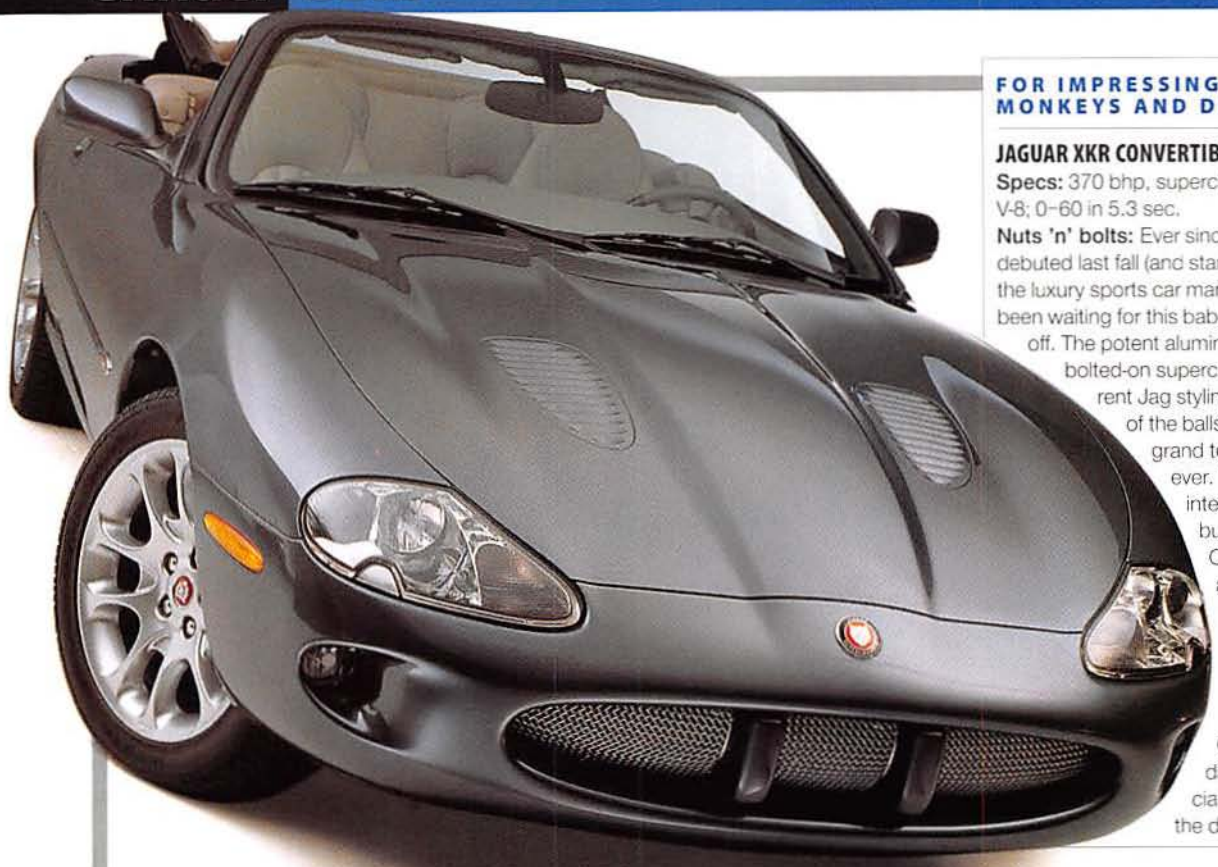


FOR IMPRESSING GREASE MONKEYS AND DEBUTANTES

JAGUAR XKR CONVERTIBLE $81,800

Specs: 370 bhp, supercharged four-liter V-8; 0–60 in 5.3 sec.

Nuts 'n' bolts: Ever since the XKR debuted last fall (and started dominating the luxury sports car market), the world's been waiting for this baby to strip its top off. The potent aluminum V-8 with its bolted-on supercharger—plus high-rent Jag styling—makes it one of the ballsiest, classiest grand touring vehicles ever. The sumptuous interior reeks of burled walnut, Connoly leather, and old money.

Best for: Making poor people feel like dirt

Kind of babe it attracts: Al Gore's oldest daughter, especially if you pump up the death-rap tunes.

Topless Models!

If this season's hottest new convertibles (and a pair of shades) don't make you feel good, no amount of love ever will.

By Anthony Chiarella Photographs by Simon Clay

FOR PARKING IN HELL'S GARAGE

PORSCHE BOXSTER S $50,000

Specs: 250 bhp, 3.2 liter Flat-6; 0–60 in 5.7 sec.

Nuts 'n' bolts: If it hadn't been cancer, Steve McQueen would have died in a Porsche Boxster—quite possibly this brand-spankin'-new S version. Its 3.2-liter engine outpowers Porsche's base model, while the sixth gear and bigger brakes, wheels, and tires mean shattering performance for $30,000 less than Porsche's top-of-the-line Carrera Cabriolet. Mountain roads will become asphalt Twinkies.

Best for: Achieving immortality after you crash and burn

Kind of babe it attracts: Any girl named Sandy, Mandy, or Brandy

THE CAR THAT WAS BORN CONVERTIBLE

FORD MUSTANG GT $25,500

Specs: 260 bhp, 4.6-liter V-8; 0–60 in 5.8 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: The best buy in American iron, this classic muscle car delivers world-class power and comfort at a price that imports can't match. Last year Ford updated the exterior with sleek stealth-bomber styling and squeezed another 35 horsepower out of the GT's excellent engine. For the truly power-hungry, the Mustang SVT Cobra adds 60 more horses and independent suspension at a $6,000 premium over the GT. At $100 a pony, the Cobra's the better car but the GT's the better deal.
Best for: Decorating a trailer park 20 years from now
Kind of babe it attracts: Any hottie who's not a communist

CLASSIC COMFORT CAR

MERCEDES-BENZ CLK430 CABRIOLET $56,000

Spec check: 275 bhp, 4.3-liter V-8; 0–60 in 6.1 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: The best Mercedes ride so smooth and quiet that you feel like you're in some mobile crack high. M-B's CLK line was no different when it came out last year, but this updated V-8 version is even more powerful, and far cheaper than anything in the SL class. A sumptuous four-seater with build quality and attention to detail, it outranks nearly every other marque on the road. And thanks to its ASR traction control and a three-layer convertible top, it's no garage queen in winter.
Best for: Taking ex-dictators for Sunday drives
Kind of babe it attracts: The bored neglected doctor's wife who hangs out at the tennis club and bangs the pro out of vengeance

CHEAPEST THRILL

TOYOTA MR2 SPYDER $23,000

Specs: 138 bhp, 1.8-liter I-4; 0–60 in 7.7 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: Back in 1995 Toyota discontinued the MR2—an angular monstrosity that looked like a giant sliver of wood. This year the company resurrected it, finally getting it right. With a cheap price and an anorexic weight of 2,210 pounds, this bullet-shaped beauty will claim its share of the ragtop market.
Best for: Buying impulsively after your girlfriend dumps you for a rich guy with a Porsche
Kind of babe it attracts: An eager-to-please first-year college girl, who will think it's a Porsche

Photographs, Simon Clay

Grinder Gear

THE CAR TO SELL BODY PARTS TO OWN

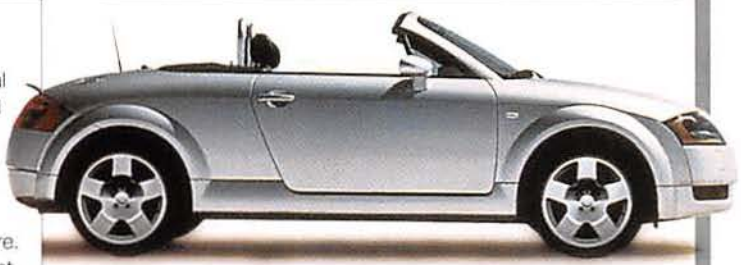
Aston Martin DB7 Vantage Volante $150,000
Specs: 420 bhp, 6.0-liter V-12; 0–60 in 5.1 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: If you can afford the new DB-7, welcome to the world of kings, coke barons, and secret-agent men. An omnipotent twin-cam, 48-valve motor; a superb six-speed transmission; and perhaps the biggest brakes ever fitted to a production car insure that other men will both hate and respect you. Perfect 50-50 front-rear weight balance means handling's as neutral as Switzerland. Most important, the Aston's stunning sheet-metal chassis qualifies it to be called the most flat-out beautiful convertible anywhere—and you know we're suckers for a beautiful body.
Best for: A fast, stylish exit after saving the world. Again.
Kind of babe it attracts: An exotic European heiress who carries a purse containing a change of underwear, a MAC-10, and a contract on your life.

MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE

Saab 9-3 Convertible $39,725
Specs: 185 bhp, two-liter turbocharged I-4; 0–60 in 7.2 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: You want a zippy convertible to remind yourself you still have cubes. Your pregnant wife, high on protective instinct, wants a Russian tank. The 9-3, Saab's latest, is your only way out. Tell her about Saab's incomparable safety features: front-wheel drive, side air bags, head restraints, blah blah blah. Then get in, pop down the hydraulic top, hit the turbo button, and get a tan as you do 120 mph on the way to the hospital.
Best for: Safely crashing through a liquor store's windows while on a beer run
Kind of babe it attracts: Any cute single mom with a five-year-old brat. (Don't forget to call him Sport.)

BEST ALL-AROUND PARTY CAR

Audi TT Quattro Roadster $38,550
Specs: 225 bhp, 1.8-liter turbocharged I-4; 0–60 in 6.2 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: Only John Rocker at a New York street festival has more attitude than Audi's bold new TT line. Heads turned when it rolled out last fall, but the topless version, naturally, will get even more attention. The badass body holds a turbocharged engine and six-speed tranny welded to a Quattro all-wheel-drive system; optional amber-red leather seats with baseball stitching make a Harley-Davidson saddle feel insecure.
Best for: Cramming three women into the one passenger seat
Kind of babe it attracts: Every kind. It's automotive catnip.



THE CAR EVEN HER PARENTS WILL LOVE

BMW 323Ci $35,000
Specs: 170 bhp, 2.5 liter I-6; 0–60 in 7.9 sec.
Nuts 'n' bolts: Most convertibles are like supermodels: ideal for a fun-filled test drive or impressing friends but impractical for more than a fair-weather fling. But the 323Ci's great brakes, synaptic handling, flexible power, intuitive controls, and quiet, snug-fitting top make it a winner in both summer and winter.
Best for: Fading into the woodwork in Beverly Hills
Kind of babe it attracts: The fox at your high school reunion who once thought you were a loser.

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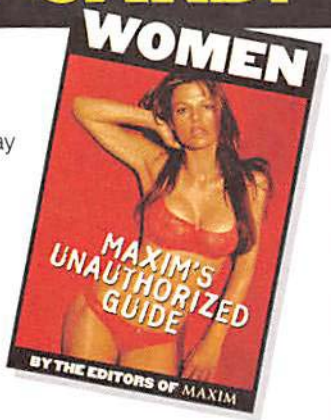

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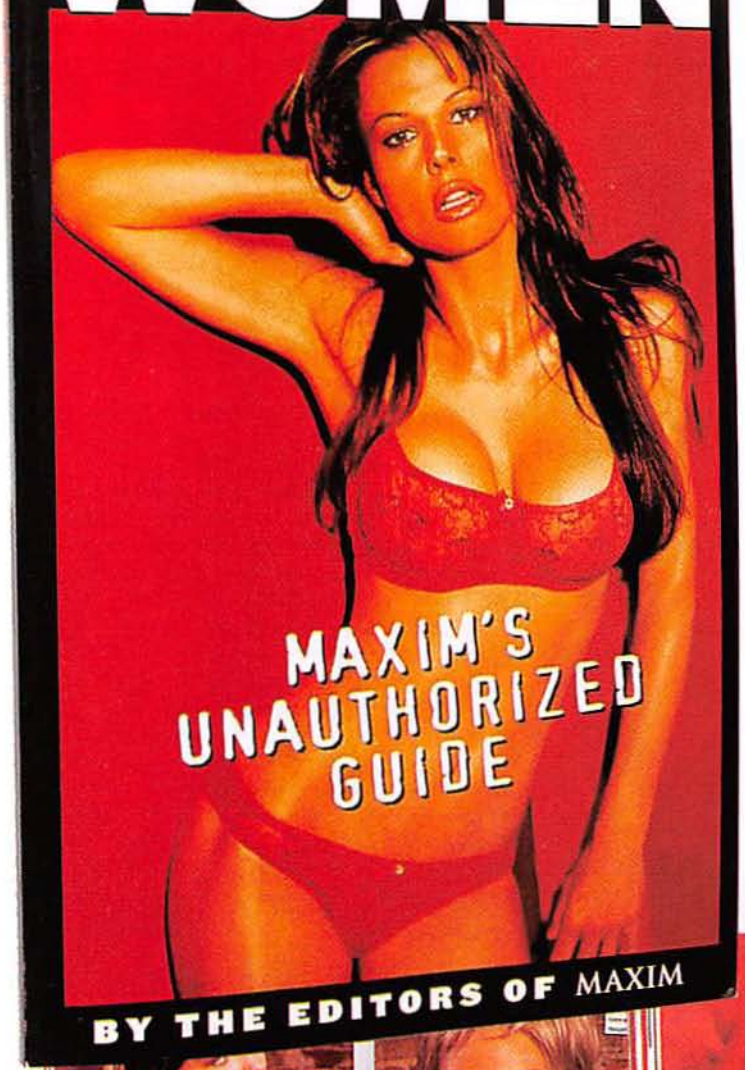

BY THE EDITORS OF MAXIM

PREVIEW! FREE PREVIEW! FREE PREVIEW!

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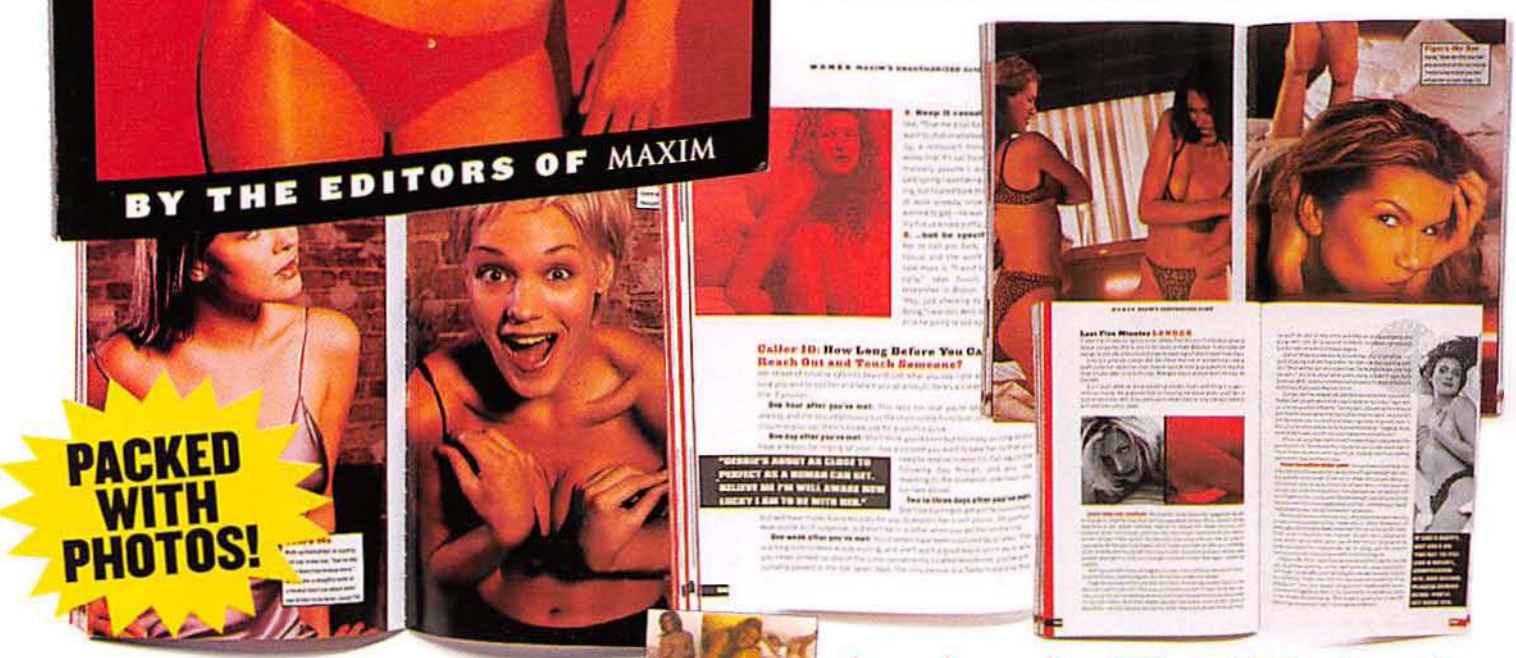
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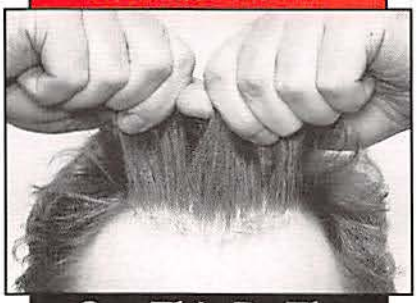

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Jeez. Those Lion King outtakes are harsh.

IN THE FLESH

Slaughterhouse Five

Five mail-order meat companies, five exotic butchered beasts, and a heaping spoonful of starving staffers. *Bon appétit!* By Albert Baime

Your token tofu loser aside, every guy appreciates the thrill of sinking a knife into a cut of steak, watching the blood drip out, then swallowing it all down. Hey, it's nature, right? So what if we went one step further: If a cow is so fun to eat, what about more feisty beasts, the kind you see at the zoo or in *When Animals Attack* videos? To find out we ordered five boxes of exotic (but reportedly legal) frozen meats from five overnight mail-order meat companies. Then we gathered seven of our bravest staffers in a backyard in Jersey, plied them with beer and Rolaids, and fed 'em hunks of five princes of the animal kingdom—lion, rattlesnake, ostrich, kangaroo, and alligator. And guess what—everybody lived. But know this: To bring you this review, our guys had their intestines twisted into nooses they could easily have hung themselves with. Here's what they thought of the menu:

"Note to self: Moisturize, moisturize, moisturize!"

LION

The deal: $150 for a five-pound bag of bite-size boneless stew-meat chunks from 888-EAT-GAME
The meat: Wait a minute, aren't lions endangered? "That's why the meat's so expensive," our source at Eat-Game says. (Relax—he was, uh, joking.) The flesh comes from domestic cats—pets, zoo attractions—who've maimed humans or who were sent to the butcher because their "quality of life has become poor." Whatever that means.
Recipe: We seasoned the chunks with salt and pepper and grilled 'em medium. As the flesh sizzled, neighborhood cats gathered at a distance and watched curiously. Here, pussy, pussy...
Taste test: Our tasters couldn't agree. Said one, "It's like pork. I thought it'd be a lot gamier. I'll bet this cat ate lots of milk-fed human." Said another, "It's tough. Like a lion, it fights back. And it ain't *lion* in my stomach so well."

RATTLESNAKE

The deal: $23 for a one-pound bag of coiled snake from Seattle's Finest Exotic Meats (800-680-4375)
The meat: Our rattler was a *Crotalus atrox* (Western diamondback) from a farm in Texas. It showed up skinned but not deboned, looking every bit as evil as we'd hoped.
Recipe: To get the meat off, we poached the sucker whole in chicken stock. Even so, getting at the white flesh was like prying the truth out of a politician. We punched it, kicked it, and gnawed on it as if it were a mutant nipple. Next time we'll shell out for the boneless stuff.
Taste test: Because we cooked it in chicken stock, it tasted just like chicken (duh)—as far as we could tell from the minuscule string-cheeselike sinews that we managed to scrounge. Said one taster, "It's chewy and weird, like a well-seasoned rope."

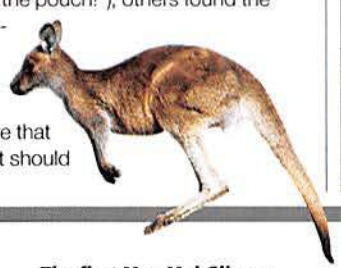
Photographs, Robert Glasgow (products)

ALLIGATOR

The deal: $10 for one pound of frozen gator from Game Sales International (800-729-2090)
The meat: The Creole classic tail loin came in bite-size boneless slices hacked from four- to six-foot-long Louisiana-farm-raised reptiles.
Recipe: We skewered the prehistoric lizard chunks, kicked them up a notch with paprika *(bam!)*, and laid the kabobs on a hot grill. To steer clear of gastrointestinal tsunamis, we cooked 'em all the way through.
Taste test: The sinewy flesh tasted like something created in a lab by crossbreeding an octopus, a chicken, a monkfish, and a warthog. "It's like eating an entire zoo in one bite," said one taster. The verdict: lip-smackin'! We have a taste-test winner!

KANGAROO

The deal: $13 for four four-ounce medallions from Nicky USA (503-234-4263)
The meat: The dark-red boneless flesh came from the leg of a wild hopper hunted down in Australia—none of this farm-raised crap. Blood poured out of the bag when we opened it—like lunch at the Bates Motel.
Recipe: We seasoned those medallions and grilled 'em medium, like fine steaks.
Taste test: The jury's still out. While some loved it ("It's a delicious reindeer-meets-duck combo. Gimme some of the pouch!"), others found the whole thing dubious ("It's like week-old pork liver. My mouth is definitely aware that this is not meat it should be eating").



OSTRICH

The deal: $4.50 for four four-ounce ground-ostrich patties from Golden Ostrich (606-635-8161)
The meat: If you think these weird-ass birds are glorified chickens, you're wrong. They grow to be eight feet tall, can go from zero to 40 miles per hours in seconds, and have been known to treat humans like piñatas. Our burgers came from the thighs of tweeties grown on farms throughout the South. "They have such well-developed thighs," the dealer said. Mmm, thighs.
Recipe: We grilled the patties up medium-rare and served 'em on hamburger buns.
Taste test: They came off like tangy chicken with the consistency of beef, our tasters agreed. Said one, "It's like eating bald eagle, only legal...like a receding-hairline eagle."

MEET THE MEAT: HOW THEY SCORED

ALLIGATOR
NATURE FACT: Because of water pollution in Florida's Lake Apopka, the penises of these gators have shrunk by 75 percent (average length now: just 1.5 inches). They now drive large 4x4s.
CALORIES PER SERVING (3.5 OUNCES): 143
TASTE:

OSTRICH
NATURE FACT: The ostrich is one of only two birds that urinate and defecate separately. It reads *Maxim* during number two.
CALORIES PER SERVING: 124
TASTE:

LION
NATURE FACT: A (male) African lion can ejaculate 50 times in one day. No wonder they sleep so much.
CALORIES PER SERVING: unknown
TASTE:

KANGAROO
NATURE FACT: In 1966 a kangaroo named Skippy kicked Woody Allen's ass on a TV variety show. Attaboy!
CALORIES PER SERVING: 93
Taste:

RATTLESNAKE
NATURE FACT: Like Apache helicopters, rattlesnakes are equipped with infrared vision.
CALORIES PER SERVING: 94
TASTE:

The first Mrs. Mel Gibson

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HAUL OF FAME

The High-Speed Connection

Finally the Internet has become what it was always meant to be: a 24-hour concierge desk. By Alex Straus

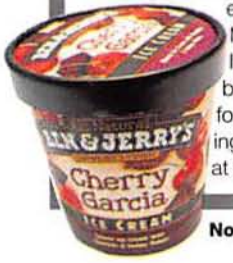
Thanks to two companies, everything from cigarettes to DVD players can now be ordered online and delivered before you can say, "it's scary out there." Kozmo launched in 1997, but last year Urbanfetch opened with a more upscale, less party-friendly selection. Now the companies are in a raging turf battle. To see which is the fastest, bravest, and coolest, we tested 'em in the world's toughest city, hoping they'd cater to our twisted lifestyle. Here's how it went:

KOZMO

Personality: www.kozmo.com, the love child of Amazon.com and 7-Eleven, will deliver any legal vice (a full alcohol selection is in the works)—and a few healthy goodies.
Resumé: Up and running in eight major cities nationwide, with plans to be operating in more than 20 by the end of 2000
Slogan: "We'll be right over."
Hours: 10 A.M.–1 A.M., 7 days a week
Selection: 25,000 movies, 2,000 DVDs, 2,000 CDs, books, food, mags, games. Bonus: lots of porno tapes and tobacco!

URBANFETCH

Personality: www.urbanfetch.com, a high-end upstart, feels like a Martha Stewart/Sharper Image mutt. Lotsa gourmet bagels and electronic gifts for Mommy (and wine's coming soon). Need a Palm Pilot at 3 A.M.? Nobody's better.



Nothing beats a cold pint

Resumé: At press time Urbanfetch operated only in NYC, but it plans to expand globally, into "every major city" within two years, says founder and CEO Ross Stevens.
Slogan: "What can we fetch for you?"
Hours: 24 hours, 7 days a week
Selection: More than 50,000 items—videos, books, big-screen TVs, you name it (but no mags or porn!). Bonus: free rental pickup and a no-tipping policy

Round 1—Park and Hide On a lazy Saturday, our tester rolled into Central Park with some buds and ordered a few CDs, a pint of Cherry Garcia, and some Chee-tos to see who'd go off-road.
Kozmo: Thirty-one minutes after receiving the firm's first-ever Central Park order, Kris, a bubbly twentysomething, cruised in. "We thought this might be a gag," she said, relieved. "You guys are *cool*!"
Urbanfetch: The contender came out swinging, beating the champ by 5 minutes. Unlike Kozmo, they also had Chee-tos.
Winner: Urbanfetch

Round 2—Tending Bar After outlasting friends at a bar, our tester steadied himself and ordered a carton of Marlboros, Preparation H, and some jumbo Pampers (to eliminate those pesky bathroom trips).
Kozmo: The dirty Angelina Jolie of delivery showed in 24 minutes with all the goods.
Urbanfetch: These guys are cleaner than a Bob Jones panty raid—no freakin' smokes! We'd kill the messenger, but, believe it or not, after 33 minutes an adorable 50-year-old woman arrived with complimentary fresh-baked cookies.
Winner: Kozmo

Round 3—Harlem Nights Needing crucial supplies in his Harlem pad while his girl was in the mood, our tester keyed in a midnight delivery of condoms, K-Y...and a pregnancy test, just in case.

Kozmo: They made it in 26 minutes, well before the clock struck 12—but she was snoring by then! Luckily our guy'd also ordered *Rocco: Animal Trainer* from Kozmo's adult-video list.
Urbanfetch: "When we said everywhere, we didn't mean up *there*," Urbanfetch's operator said after refusing our order. The Reverend Al Sharpton had a different take: "They say 'up there' as if it's some jungle. A business with that attitude should not be permitted to operate in this city." Bring us *Rocco* or bring us death!
Winner by TKO: Kozmo

FINAL VERDICT

Kozmo remains King of the Streets, having given Urbanfetch a sound whacking, 2–1, and shown an admirable willingness to roam farther afield to fulfill our desires. Urbanfetch gets major points for pulling the all-nighter, but in the end we'd rather rage till 1 A.M. with Angelina than break night hobnobbing with Martha.

Photographs, Dirk Westphal

How to make your car invisible to radar and laser

Rocky Mountain Radar introduces a device guaranteed to make your car electronically "invisible" to speed traps beyond 200 feet—if you get a ticket while using the product, the manufacturer will pay your fine!

by Phil Jones

■ *The Phazer will "jam" both radar and laser guns, preventing police from measuring your speed.*

It seems that as speed-detection technology has gotten more and more advanced, speeding tickets have become virtually unavoidable. And although devices exist that enable motorists to detect these speed traps, they are outlawed in many states.

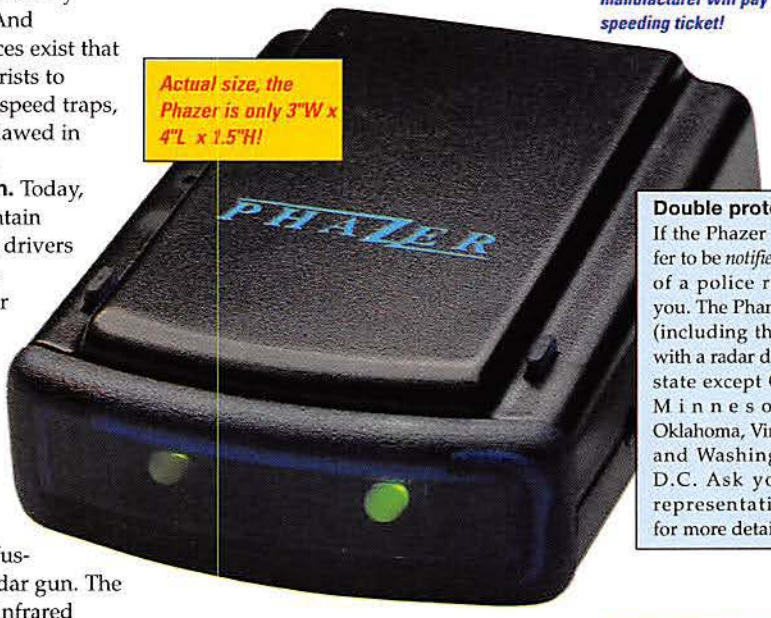
The solution. Today, Rocky Mountain Radar offers drivers like me a perfect solution—the Phazer. The Phazer makes your automobile electronically "invisible" to police speed-detecting equipment. The radar component works by mixing an X, K or Ka radar signal with an FM "chirp" and bouncing it back at the squad car by way of a wave-guide antenna, effectively confusing the computer inside the radar gun. The laser component transmits an infrared beam that has the same effect on laser Lidar units.

Perfectly legal. Some radar devices have been outlawed because they transmit scrambling radar beams back to the waiting law enforcement vehicle. The Phazer, however, reflects a portion of the signal plus an added FM signal back to the police car. Unless you are a resident of California, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Virginia or Washington, D.C., using the Phazer is completely within your legal rights.

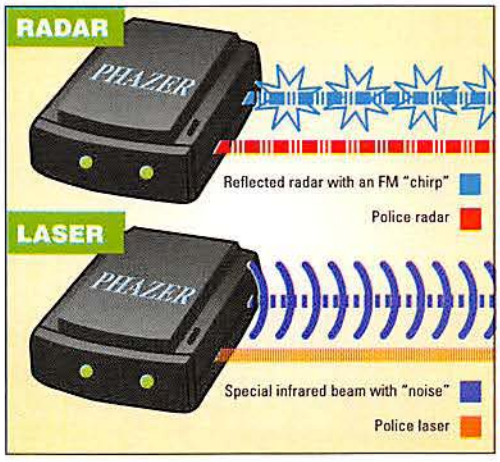
Encourage responsible driving. While the Phazer is designed to help you (and me) avoid speed traps, it is not intended to condone excessive speeding. For that reason, within the first year, the manufacturer will pay tickets where the speed limit was not exceeded by more than 30%, or 15 miles per hour, whichever is less.

Risk-free. The Phazer and Phantom are both backed by our risk-free trial and three-year manufacturer's warranty. Try them, and if you're not satisfied, return your purchase within 90 days for a "No Questions Asked" refund.

■ *The Phazer makes your car invisible to police radar and lasers or the manufacturer will pay your speeding ticket!*



Double protection from speed traps. If the Phazer sounds good, but you prefer to be *notified* when you are in range of a police radar, the Phantom is for you. The Phantom combines the Phazer (including the Ticket Rebate Program) with a radar detector. It's legal in every state except California, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Virginia and Washington, D.C. Ask your representative for more details!



HOW TO MAKE YOUR CAR DISAPPEAR

Radar and laser scramblers are devices that foil speed traps by making vehicles electronically "invisible" to police radar. Radar scramblers mix a portion of the radar signal with background clutter and reflect it back to the squad car. This technique, pioneered by Rocky Mountain Radar, creates an unreadable signal that confuses the computer inside the radar gun.

The laser scrambler in the Phazer works in a similar manner. It transmits a special infrared beam with information designed to scramble the laser signal. The result? Readouts on police radar and laser guns remain blank. As far as the police officer is concerned, your vehicle is not even on the road.

Where high tech hits home

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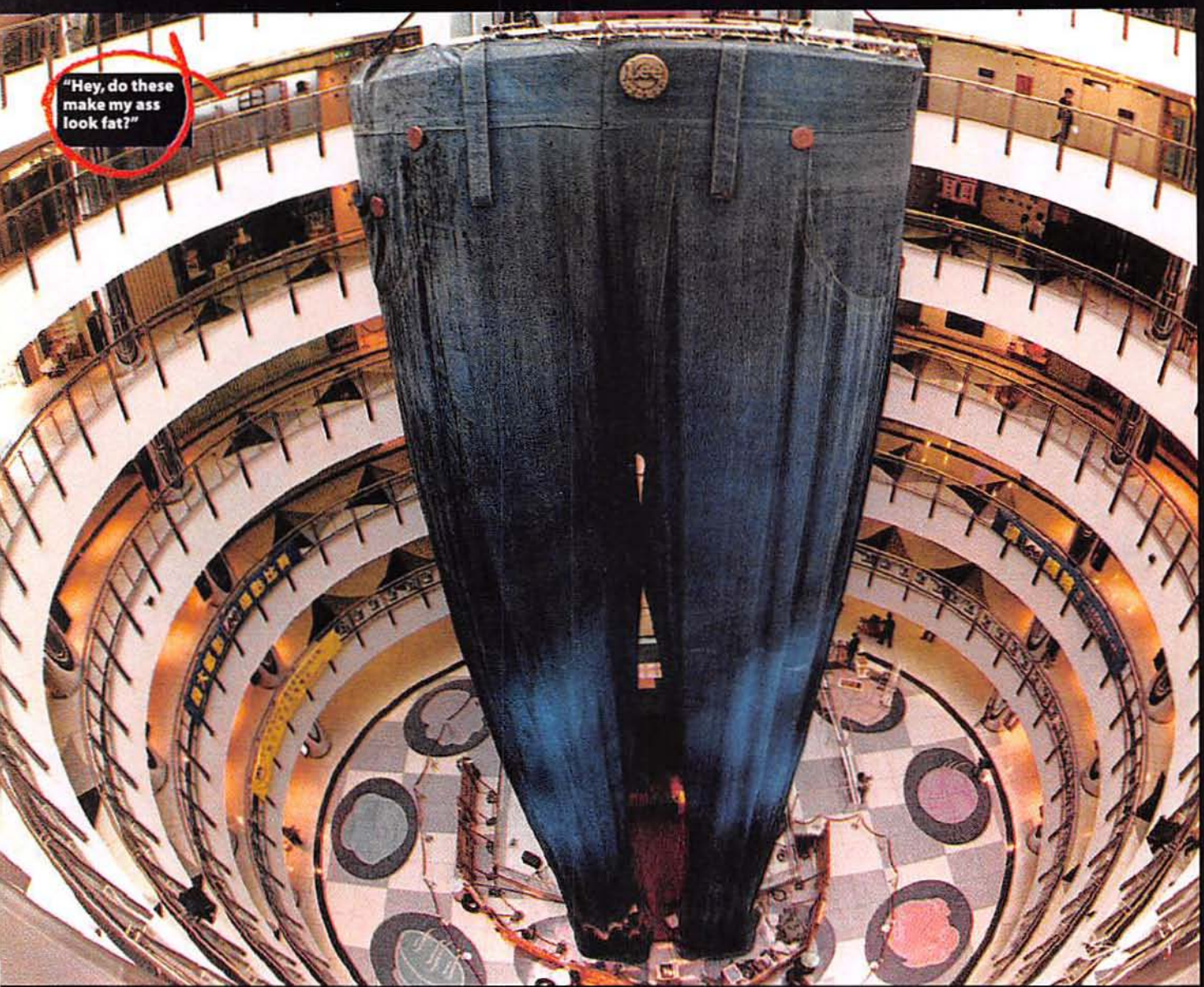

Beat This Caption!

As you read through an issue of *Maxim*, do you ever get the feeling you could come up with wittier captions for our photos than we do? Hey, we don't doubt it. But we can't just take your word for it; we want you to prove it. So take a look at this photo above, of a pair of XL pants, and write in with your best one-liner. If you can drum up a caption that beats the one we've got circled, we'll send you three pairs of shades of your choice, one from each of Carrera's new lines of state-of-the-art sunglasses. We'll also frame your caption on this very page in an upcoming issue, making you the envy of anyone who can read. So E-mail your best shot to caption@maximmag.com, or snail mail it to "Beat This Caption!" Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-9701. Faxes will be firmly spanked.

The selection of the winning captions shall be within the sole discretion of the editors of *Maxim*, and any decision by the editors shall be final. That means we say whose caption is the best, and that's all there is to it. Can you dig?

April's Winning Captions

Winner:
"All we can say at this point is, Miss Harding is cooperating with authorities."
Alex Walker, Altadena, CA

Runners-up:
It's a draw at the "Drink Grandma Under the Table contest."
Tom Bean, Danbury, CT

The Invertebrate family!
Paul Matsalla, Invermere, BC

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) is published 12 times per year by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018. Tel (212) 302-2626. • Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. • POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.

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